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The COMPLETE WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

BY

JAMES CURRIE M.D.

LONDON

ALLAN BELL & CO. WARWICK SQUARE

1820

THE ENTIRE WORKS

OF

ROBERT BURNS;

WITH AN

ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE,

AND

A CRITICISM ON HIS WRITINGS.

To which are prefixed,

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE CHARACTER AND CONDITION

OF

THE SCOTTISH PEASANTRY.

BY JAMES CURRIE, M.D.

THE FOUR VOLUMES COMPLETE IN ONE,

WITH

AN ENLARGED AND CORRECTED GLOSSARY.

Fifth Diamond Edition.

Embellished with

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LONDON:

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BODLEIAN
29 JUL 1935
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TO

CAPTAIN GRAHAM MOORE,

OF THE ROYAL NAVY.

When you were stationed on our coast about twelve years ago, you first recommended to my particular notice the poems of the Ayrshire ploughman, whose works, published for the benefit of his widow and children, I now present to you. In a distant region of the world, whither the service of your country has carried you, you will, I know, receive with kindness this proof of my regard; not perhaps without some surprise on finding that I have been engaged in editing this work, not without some curiosity to know how I was qualified for such an undertaking. These points I will briefly explain.

Having occasion to make an excursion to the county of Dumfries, in the summer of 1792, I had there an opportunity of seeing and conversing with Burns. It has been my fortune to know some men of high reputation in literature, as well as in public life, but never to meet any one who, in the course of a single interview, communicated to me so strong an impression of the force and versatility of his talents. After this I read the poems then published with greater interest and attention, and with a full conviction that, extraordinary as they are, they afford but an inadequate proof of the powers of their unfortunate author.

Four years afterwards, Burns terminated his career. Among those whom the charms of genius had attached to him, was one with whom I have been bound in the ties of friendship, from early life—Mr John Syme of Ryedale. This gentleman, after the death of Burns, promoted with the utmost zeal a subscription for the support of the widow and children, to which their relief from immediate distress is to be ascribed; and, in conjunction with other friends of this virtuous and destitute family, he projected the publication of this work for their benefit, by which the return of want might be prevented or prolonged.

To this last undertaking, an editor and biographer was wanting, and Mr Syme's modesty opposed a barrier to his assuming an office for which he was, in other respects, peculiarly qualified. On this subject he consulted me! and with the hope of surmounting his objections, I offered him my assistance, but in vain. Endeavours were used to procure an editor in other quarters, but without effect. The task was beset with considerable difficulties; and men of established reputation naturally declined an undertaking, to the performance of which it scarcely to be hoped that general approbation could be obtained, by any exhibition of judgment or temper.

ıg an acquaintance with a man closely allied to Burns, in
ɔd, in whose future fortunes the friends of virtue will n
sted.
ɔublication of this work has been delayed by obstacl
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ıte. At length the task is finished. If the part whicl
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ıave my recompense. The errors into which I have fa
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ɜe circumstances under which this undertaking has b
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LIFE

OF

ROBERT BURNS.

PREFATORY REMARKS.

THOUGH the dialect in which many of the happiest effusions of Robert Burns are composed, be peculiar to Scotland, yet his reputation has extended itself beyond the limits of that country, and his poetry has been admired as the offspring of original genius, by persons of taste in every part of the sister islands. The interest excited by his early death, and the distress of his infant family, have been felt in a remarkable manner wherever his writings have been known: and these posthumous volumes, which give to the world his works complete, and which, it is hoped, may raise his widow and children from penury, are printed and published in England. It seems proper, therefore, to write the Memoirs of his life, not with the view of their being read by Scotchmen only, but also by natives of England, and of other countries where the English language is spoken or understood.

Robert Burns was in reality what he has been represented to be, a Scottish peasant. To render the incidents of his humble story generally intelligible, it seems, therefore, advisable to prefix some observations on the character and situation of the order to which he belonged,—a class of men distinguished by many peculiarities: by this means we shall form a more correct notion of the advantages with which he started, and of the obstacles which he surmounted. A few observations on the Scottish peasantry will not, perhaps, be found unworthy of attention in other respects; and the subject is in a great measure new. Scotland has produced persons of high distinction in every branch of philosophy and literature; and her history, while a separate and independent nation, has been successfully explored. But the present character of the people was not then formed; the nation then presented features similar to those which the feudal system and the catholic religion had diffused over Europe, modified, indeed, by the peculiar nature of her territory and climate. The Reformation, by which such important changes were produced on the national character, was speedily followed by the Accession of the Scottish monarchs to the English throne; and the period which elapsed from that accession to the Union, has been rendered memorable, chiefly by those bloody convulsions in which both divisions of the island were involved, and which, in a considerable degree, concealed from the eye of the historian the domestic history of the people, and the gradual variations in their condition and manners. Since the Union, Scotland, though the seat of two unsuccessful attempts to restore the House of Stuart to the throne, has enjoyed a comparative tranquillity; and it is since this period that the present character of her peasantry has been in a great measure formed, though the political causes affecting it are to be traced to the previous acts of her separate legislature.

A slight acquaintance with the peasantry of Scotland, will serve to convince an unprejudiced observer, that they possess a degree of intelligence not generally found among the same class of men in the other countries of Europe. In the very humblest condition of the Scottish peasants, every one can read, and most persons are more or less skilled in writing and arithmetic; and under the disguise of their uncouth appearance, and of their peculiar manners and dialect, a stranger will discover that they possess a curiosity, and have obtained a degree of information, corresponding to these acquirements.

These advantages they owe to the legal provision made by the parliament of Scotland in 1646, for the establishment of a school in every parish throughout the kingdom, for the express purpose of educating the poor; a law which may challenge comparison with any act of legislation to be found in the records of history, whether we consider the wisdom of the ends in view, the simplicity of the means employed, or the provisions made to render these means effectual to their purpose. This excellent statute was repealed on the accession of Charles II. in 1660, together with all the other laws passed during the commonwealth, as not being sanctioned by the royal assent. It slept during the reigns of Charles and James, but was re-enacted precisely in the same terms, by the Scottish parliament, after the Revolution in 1696; and this is the last provision on the subject. Its effects on the national character may be considered to have commenced at the period of the Union; and doubtless it operated with the peace and security arising from that happy event, in producing the extraordinary change in favour of industry

[illegible] towards the rising upon [illegible] certain, solid, and sure course" for [illegible]ing and entertaining a school in each [illegible]h. This was ratified by a statute of Char. [illegible]he act, 1633, chap. 5.) which empowered [illegible]ishop, with the consent of the heritors of [illegible]rish, or of a majority of the inhabitants, if [illegible]eritors refused to attend the meeting, to [illegible] every plough of land (that is, every [illegible], in proportion to the number of ploughs [illegible]it) with a certain sum for establishing a [illegible]ol. This was an ineffectual provision, as [illegible]nding on the consent and pleasure of the [illegible]ors and inhabitants. Therefore a new [illegible]r of things was introduced by Stat. 1646, [illegible] 17, which *obliges* the heritors and minis[illegible]f each parish to meet and assess the several [illegible]ors with the requisite sum for building a [illegible]ol-house, and to elect a school-master, and [illegible]ify a salary for him in all time to come. [illegible] salary is ordered not to be under one [illegible]lred, nor above two hundred merks, that [illegible] our present sterling money, not under [illegible] 11s. 1⅓d. nor above *L.* 11, 2s. 3d. and [illegible]assessment is to be laid on the land in the [illegible] proportion as it is rated for the support of [illegible]clergy, and as it regulates the payment of [illegible]and-tax. But in case the heritors of any [illegible]sh, or the majority of them, should fail to [illegible]harge this duty, then the persons forming [illegible]t is called the *Committee of Supply* of the [illegible]ty, (consisting of the principal landholders) [illegible] *any five of them*, are authorised by the statute [illegible]pose the assessment instead of them, on [illegible] representation of the presbytery in which [illegible]arish is situated. To secure the choice of [illegible]per teacher, the right of election by the [illegible]ors, by a statute passed in 1693, chap. 22, [illegible]ade subject to the review and control of the [illegible]ytery of the district, who have the ex[illegible]mination of the person proposed, [illegible]

other subjects respecting S[illegible]formation may soon be exp[illegible] Sinclair's Analysis of his [illegible] complete the immortal mo[illegible]ed to his patriotism.

The benefit arising in S[illegible]struction of the poor, was [illegible] act of the British parliame[illegible] 6, it is enacted, "that of [illegible] from the sale of the Scott[illegible] in the rebellion of 1715, *L.* [illegible] be converted into a capital [illegible] which shall be laid out in [illegible]taining schools in the High[illegible] for propagating Christian[illegible] porated in 1709, have app[illegible] their fund for the same pu[illegible]port, 1st May, 1795, the s[illegible] by them, in supporting [illegible] Highlands and Islands, [illegible] 10d. in which are taught th[illegible] reading and writing, and [illegible]ligion. The schools of t[illegible]tional to the legal school[illegible] great extent of many of the [illegible] were found insufficient. [illegible]lished schools, the lower [illegible] Scotland, where the parish[illegible] combine together, and esta[illegible] of their own, at one of whi[illegible] received the principal part [illegible] convinced indeed are the p[illegible]land, by experience, of the [illegible] to their children, that tho[illegible] find it difficult to feed and [illegible] kind of school-instruction [illegible] procure them.

The influence of the sch[illegible] Scotland on the peasantr[illegible] seems to have decided by e[illegible]

d, which may be called its school-establishment. The clergyman, being every where resident in his particular parish, becomes the natural patron and superintendant of the parish school, and is enabled [illegible] made the comfort of the [illegible] ciency of the scholars. The [illegible] often a candidate for h[illegible] the long course of study [illegible] in the Scottish church, [illegible] can be spared from his [illegible] useful to others as well as to [illegible] ing the respectable character [illegible] It is common for the rural [illegible] in the country parishes of Sc[illegible] the means of classical instruc[illegible] of the farmers, and where [illegible] submit to much privation, [illegible] for one of their sons at [illegible] advantage of a learned [illegible] to be surmounted, arise, [illegible] expense of instructing the [illegible] the charge of supporting them. [illegible] parish schools, the Lat[illegible] and accounts, are generally [illegible] of six shillings, and Lat[illegible] twelve shillings per annum. In the town, [illegible] prices are somewhat higher.

It would be improper [illegible] minutely into the merits of [illegible] at these seminaries, or to attempt [illegible] estimate of its effects, either on the [illegible] who are the subjects of this instruction, [illegible] the community to which they belong. [illegible] is on the whole favourable to industry [illegible] morals, though doubtless with some [illegible] exceptions, seems to be proved by the [illegible] striking and decisive experience; and it [illegible] equally clear, that it is the cause of the spirit of emigration and of adventure so prevalent among the Scotch. Knowledge, [illegible] Verulam, been denominated power; [illegible] it has, with less propriety, been [illegible] virtue of happiness: we may with [illegible] consider it as motion. A human [illegible]

---

ness them as frequently guilty of robbery, nay sometimes of murder: "In years of plenty," says he, "many thousands of them meet together in the mountains, where they feast and rad for many days; and at country weddings, markets, fairs, and other public occasions, they are to be seen, both men and women, perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together."* This high-minded statesman, of whom it is said by a contemporary, "that he would lose his life readily to save his country, and would not do a base thing to serve it," thought the evil so great that he proposed as a remedy, the revival of domestic slavery, according to the practice of his adored republics in the classic ages! A better remedy has been found, which in the silent lapse of a century has proved effectual. The statute of 1696, the noble legacy of the Scottish Parliament to their country, began soon after this to operate; and happily, as the minds of the poor received instruction, the Union opened new channels of industry, and new fields of action to their view.

At the present day there is perhaps no country in Europe, in which, in proportion to its population, so small a number of crimes fall under the cognizance of the criminal law, as Scotland. We have the best authority for asserting, that on an average of thirty years, preceding the year 1797, the executions in that division of the island did not amount to six annually; and one quarter-sessions for the town of Manchester only, has sent, according to Mr Hume, more felons to the plantations, than all the judges of Scotland usually do in the space of a year.† It might appear invidious to attempt a calculation of the many thousand individuals in Manchester and its vicinity who can neither read nor write. A majority of those who suffer the punishment of death for their crimes in every part of England are, it is believed, in this miserable state of ignorance.

There is now a legal provision for parochial schools, or rather for a school in each of the different townships into which the country is divided, in several of the northern states of North America. They are, however, of recent origin there, excepting in New England, where they were established in the last century, probably about the same time as in Scotland, and by the same religious sect. In the Protestant Cantons of Switzerland, the peasantry have the advantage of similar schools, though established and endowed in a different manner. This is also the case in certain districts in England, particularly, in the northern parts of Yorkshire and of Lancashire, and in the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland.

A law, providing for the instruction of the poor, was passed by the Parliament of Ireland; but the fund was *diverted from its pur-*

** Political Works of Andrew Fletcher, octavo, London, 1737, p. 144.*

† Hume's Commentaries on the Laws of Scotland, Introduction p. 50.

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pose, and the measure was entirely frustrated. *Peck Parlor!*

The similarity of character between the Swiss and the Scotch, and between the Scots and the people of New England, can scarcely be overlooked. That it arises in a great measure from the similarity of their institutions of instruction, cannot be questioned. It is doubtless increased by physical causes. With a superior degree of instruction, each of these nations possesses a country that may be said to be sterile, in the neighbourhood of countries comparatively rich. Hence emigrations to the other effects on conduct and character which such circumstances naturally produce. This subject is in a high degree curious. The points of dissimilarity between these nations might be traced to their causes also, and the whole investigation would, perhaps admit of an approach to certainty in our conclusions, to which such inquiries seldom lead. How much superior in morals, in intellect, and in happiness, the peasantry of those parts of Lancashire who have opportunities of instruction, of the same class in other situations, those who inquire into the subject will speedily discover. The peasantry of Westmoreland, and of other districts mentioned above, if their real and moral qualities be taken together in the opinion of the Editor, superior peasantry of any part of the island.

riers be removed that kept them separate; igration from the former to the latter will e place to a certain extent, by laws nearly uniform as those by which heat diffuses itself ong surrounding bodies, or water finds its el when left to its natural course. By the cies of the Union, the barrier was broken n which divided the two British nations, l knowledge and poverty poured the adven- ous natives of the north over the fertile plains England, and more especially, over the colo- which she had settled in the East and in West. The stream of population continues low from the north to the south; for the ses that originally impelled it, continue to rate; and the richer country is constantly igorated by the accession of an informed l hardy race of men, educated in poverty, l prepared for hardship and danger, patient labour, and prodigal of life.*

---

* It has been supposed, that Scotland is less ulous and less improved on account of this gration; but such conclusions are doubtful, not wholly fallacious. The principle of ulation acts in no country to the full extent ts power; marriage is every where retarded ond the period pointed out by nature, by the culty of supporting a family; and this ob- le is greatest in long settled communities. emigration of a part of a people facilitates marriage of the rest, by producing a rela- increase in the means of subsistence. The uments of Adam Smith, for a free export of n, are perhaps applicable with less exception he free export of people. The more certain vent, the greater the cultivation of the soil. subject has been well investigated by Sir

received that deep tinge of ra coloured their public transac their private virtues, and of traces may be found in our ow the public schools were establi tion communicated in them pa ligious character of the people. of the Westminster Divines w school-book, and was put into young peasant as soon as he knowledge of his alphabet; an ciles in the art of reading intro most mysterious doctrines of th This practice is continued in After the Assembly's Catechis of Solomon, and the New and follow in regular succession; departs, gifted with the kn sacred writings, and receiving according to the interpretatic minster Confession of Faith. instruction of infancy in the sch are blended the dogmas of the and hence the first and most of ingenuity among the peasan is displayed in religious disput strong attachment to the natio joined a bigoted preference of worship; the source of which ther obscure, if we did not re ceremonies of the Scottish chu in direct opposition, in every p the church of Rome.

The eccentricities of conduct ties of opinion and manners, w ired the English sectaries in afforded a subject for the comic whose pictures lose their inte archetypes are lost. Some of common among the more ri

om living manners are singularly ex
and exact. Unfortunately the correct
his taste did not always correspond with
ngth of his genius; and hence some of
exquisite of his comic productions are
l suit for the light.*

nformation and the religious education
ssantry of Scotland, promote sedateness
ct, and habits of thought and reflection.

good qualities are not counteracted by
blishment of poor laws; which, while
ect credit on the benevolence, detract
wisdom of the English legislature.
a legal provision for the inevitable
of the poor, who by age or disease
ered incapable of labour, may indeed
indispensable duty of society; and if,
tecution of a plan for this purpose, a
on could be introduced, so as to exclude
benefits those whose sufferings are pro
y idleness or profligacy, such an insti
ould perhaps be as rational as humane.
ay a general tax on property, for the
of poverty, from whatever cause pro
is a measure full of danger. It must
n a considerable degree as an incite
idleness, and a discouragement to induc
akes away from vice and indolence the
of their most dreaded consequences,
n virtue and industry their peculiar
s. In many cases it must render the
se price of labour, not a blessing, but a
the labourer; who, if there be an ex
what he earns beyond his immediate
es, may be expected to devote this ex
is present gratification; trusting to the
made by law for his own and his
support, should disease suspend, or
minate his labours. Happily, in Scot
same legislature which established a
f instruction for the poor, resisted the
ion of a legal provision for the support
y; the establishment of the first, and
tion of the last, were equally favourable
ry and good morals; and hence it will
r surprising, if the Scottish peasantry
ore than usual share of prudence and
, if they approach nearer than persons
rder usually do, to the definition of a
d of "a being that looks before and
These observations must indeed be
h many exceptions. The favourable
of the causes just mentioned, is coun
y others of an opposite tendency; and
et, if fully examined, would lead to
n of great extent.

the reformation was established in
instrumental music was banished
churches, as savouring too much of
minstrelsy." Instead of being regu
n instrument, the voices of the con
are led and directed by a person
name of a precentor; and the people
pected to join in the tune which he
or the psalm which is to be sung.
usic is therefore a part of the educa
peasantry of Scotland, in which they
y instructed in the long winter nights
by the parish schoolmaster, who is generally the precentor, or by itinerant teachers more celebrated for their powers of voice. This branch of education has, in the last reign, fallen into some neglect, but was revived about thirty or forty years ago, when the music itself was reformed and improved. The Scottish system of psalmody is however extremely bad. Destitute of taste or harmony, it forms a striking contrast with the delicacy and pathos of the profane airs. Our poet, it will be found, was taught church-music, in which, however, he made little proficiency.

That dancing should also be very generally a part of the education of the Scottish peasantry, will surprise those who have only seen this description of men; and still more those who reflect on the rigid spirit of Calvinism with which the nation is so deeply affected, and to which this recreation is so strongly abhorrent. The winter is also the season when they acquire dancing, and indeed almost all their other instruction. They are taught to dance by persons generally of their own number, many of whom work at daily labour during the summer months. The school is usually a barn, and the area for the performers is generally a clay floor. The dome is lighted by candles stuck in one end of a cloven stick, the other end of which is thrust into the wall. Reels, strathspeys, country-dances, and hornpipes, are here practised. The jig, so much in favour among the English peasantry, has no place among them. The attachment of the people of Scotland, of every rank, and particularly of the peasantry, to this amusement, is very great. After the labours of the day are over, young men and women walk many miles, in the cold and dreary nights of winter, to these country dancing-schools; and the instant that the violin sounds a Scottish air, fatigue seems to vanish, the full-bent rustic becomes erect, his features brighten with sympathy; every nerve seems to thrill with sensation, and every artery to vibrate with life. These rustic performers are indeed less to be admired for grace, than for agility and animation, and their accurate observance of time. Their modes of dancing, as well as their tunes, are common to every rank in Scotland, and are now generally known. In our own day they have practised into England, and have established themselves even in the circle of Royalty. In another generation they will be naturalized in every part of the island.

The prevalence of this taste, or rather passion for dancing, among a people so deeply tinctured with the spirit and doctrines of Calvin, is one of those contradictions which the philosophic observer so often finds in national character and manners. It is probably to be ascribed to the Scottish music, which, throughout all its varieties, is so full of sensibility, and which in its livelier strains, awakes those vivid emotions that find in dancing their natural solace and relief.

This triumph of the music of Scotland over the spirit of the established religion, has not, however, been obtained without long continued and obstinate struggles. The numerous sectaries who dissent from the establishment on account of the relaxation which they perceive, or think they perceive, in the Church, from original principles and discipline, universally

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Willie's Prayer—Hob the Rymer's Bastard Child—Epistle to J. Holy Tulzie, &c.

[illegible] the nation; thus affording a proof of its antiquity, stronger than any produced by the researches of our antiquaries.

The impression which the Scottish music has made on the people, is deepened by its union with the national songs, of which various collections of unequal merit are before the public. These songs, like those of other nations, are many of them humorous, but they chiefly treat of love, war, and drinking. Love is the subject of the greater proportion. Without displaying the higher powers of the imagination, they exhibit a perfect knowledge of the human heart, and breathe a spirit of affection, and sometimes of delicate and romantic tenderness, not to be surpassed in modern poetry, and which the more polished strains of antiquity have seldom possessed.

The origin of this amatory character in the rustic muse of Scotland, or of the greater number of those love-songs themselves, it would be difficult to trace; they have accumulated in the silent lapse of time, and it is now perhaps impossible to give an arrangement of them in the order of their date, valuable as such a record of taste and manners would be. Their present influence on the character of he nation is, however, great and striking. To them we must attribute, in a great measure, he romantic passion which so often characterzes the attachments of the humblest of the eople of Scotland, to a degree, that if we istake not, is seldom found in the same rank f society in other countries. The pictures f love and happiness exhibited in their rural ongs, are early impressed on the mind of the easant, and are rendered more attractive from ie music with which they are united. They ssociate themselves with his own youthful notions; they elevate the object as well as the ature of his attachment; [illegible]

[illegible] music full of tender direct influence of p tachment between t. small, but it is modit any other affection music and poetry a. snows of Laplaud, a of Angola, the savag mistress, and every weariness of his journ

In appreciating the a community, there terion on which so placed, as the state of the sexes. Where th tachment, accompanie the character and the in society, our imperf scale of moral excellen of this single affection scends, which branche that enrich and adorn the attachment betwee appetite, the heritage atively poor, and man of *the brutes that peris* safety indulge the pl Fingal lived and that land, judging from t considered as ranking virtue in very remote a situation by the same cri would be a delicate an After considering the p popular songs and her amining how far the eff these are supported by f also have to examine causes, and particularly slastical institutions. h

dinary strictness on the part of the reformers, and especially in that particular in which the licentiousness of the clergy had been carried to its greatest height—the intercourse between the sexes. On this point, as on all others connected with austerity of manners, the disciples of Calvin assumed a greater severity than those of the Protestant episcopal church. The punishment of illicit connexion between the sexes was, throughout all Europe, a province which the clergy assumed to themselves; and the church of Scotland, which at the Reformation renounced so many powers and privileges, at that period took this crime under her more especial jurisdiction.* —Where pregnancy takes place without marriage, the condition of the female causes the discovery, and it is on her, therefore, in the first instance, that the clergy and elders of the church exercise their zeal. After examination before the kirk-session touching the circumstances of her guilt, she must endure a public penance, and sustain a public rebuke from the pulpit, for three Sabbaths successively, in the face of the congregation to which she belongs, and thus have her weakness exposed, and her shame blazoned. The sentence is the same with respect to the male; but how much lighter the punishment! It is well known that this dreadful law, worthy of the iron minds of Calvin and of Knox, has often led to consequences, at the very mention of which human nature recoils.

While the punishment of incontinence prescribed by the institutions of Scotland, is severe, the culprits have an obvious method of availing it, afforded them by the law respecting marriage, the validity of which requires neither the ceremonies of the church, nor any other ceremonies, but simply the deliberate acknowledgment of each other as husband and wife, made by the parties before witnesses, or in any other way that gives legal evidence of such an acknowledgment having taken place. And as the parties themselves fix the date of their marriage, an opportunity is thus given to avoid the punishment, and repair the consequences of illicit gratification. Such a degree of laxity respecting marriage, or rather of laxity respecting the serious a contract might produce much confusion in the descent of property, without a still further violation. For even in Scotland legitimating all children born before wedlock, on the subsequent marriage of their parents, renders the actual state of marriage itself of little consequence. Marriages contracted in Scotland without the ceremonies of the church are considered as irregular, and the parties have to undergo a rebuke for their conduct, in the church of their respective congregations, which is not, however, necessary to render the marriage valid. Burns, whose marriage, if not legal, was irregular, does not seem to have undergone the part of the discipline of the church.

Thus, though the institutions of Scotland are in many particulars favourable to a [illegible] among the peasantry founded on [illegible] reflection, on the subject of marriage, [illegible] of this is true. Irregular marriages [illegible] be naturally supposed, are often [illegible] ones, in whatever rank of society they occur. The children of such marriages are [illegible] ed by their parents, and a certain [illegible] instruction of every acquisition, the [illegible] forts of life, and the gratifications [illegible] the final of more difficult attainment [illegible] native soil; and thus the [illegible] laws of Scotland conspire, with other [illegible] to produce that hatred of emigration, and spirit of adventure, for which the people are so remarkable.

The manners and appearance of the Scottish peasantry do not bespeak to a stranger the degree of their cultivation. In their manners, their industry is uniform to that of the same description of men in the southern divisions of the island. Industry and the [illegible] reached Scotland later than England, and though the advance has been rapid, the effects produced are as yet far inferior, both in reality and in appearance. The Scottish farmers have in general neither the [illegible] the comforts of those of England; neither [illegible] the same capital in the soil, nor receive from it the same return. Their cattle, their food, and their habitations, are almost every where inferior

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* In the punishment of this offence the Church employed formerly the arm of the civil power. During the reign of James the VIth (James the First of England), criminal connexion between unmarried persons was made the subject of a particular statute. (*See Hume's Commentaries on the Laws of Scotland, Vol.* ii. p. 328.) which, from its rigour, was never much enforced, and which has long fallen into disuse. When, in the middle of the last century, the Puritans succeeded in the overthrow of the monarchy in both divisions of the island, fornication was a crime against which they directed their utmost zeal. It was made punishable with death in the second instance (*See Blackstone, b. iv. chap.* 4. *No.* II.). Happily this sanguinary statute was swept away along with the other acts of the Commonwealth, on the restoration of Charles II. to whose temper and manners it must have been peculiarly abhorrent. And after the Revolution, when several salutary acts passed during the suspension of the monarchy, were re-enacted by *the Scottish Parliament, particularly that for the establishment of parish schools, the statute punishing fornication with death, was suffered to sleep in the grave of the stern fanatics who had given it birth.*

† The legitimation of children, by subsequent marriage, became the Roman law under the Christian emperors. It was the common law of modern Europe, and has been considered in Scotland from a very remote period. [illegible] child born a bastard, if his parents afterwards marry, enjoys all the [illegible] over his brothers and sisters born in wedlock. In the Parliament of Merton, in the reign of Henry III. the English clergy made a vigorous attempt to introduce this article into the law of England, and it was on this occasion that the Barons made the noted answer, where so often appealed to; Quod nolunt leges Angliæ in [illegible] quæ hæc quæ usitatæ sunt approbantur. With regard to what constitutes a marriage, the law of Scotland, as explained above, differs from the Roman law, which required the ceremony to be performed in facie ecclesiæ.

ation, the people or ...
more imminent hazards, and
and destructive spoliation, from
Occupied in the maintenance
idence against their more power-
, to this were necessarily sacri-
of peace, and at certain periods,
their population. And when the
crowns produced a security from
rs with England for the century
the civil wars common to both
the island, and the dependence,
necessary dependence of the Scot-
ils on those of the more powerful
counteracted this advantage. Even
of the British nations was not, from
uses, immediately followed by all the
which it was ultimately destined to
At length, however, these benefits
nctly felt, and generally acknowledged.
y is secure; manufactures and com-
increasing, and agriculture is rapidly
ing in Scotland. As yet, indeed, the
s are not, in general, enabled to make
vements out of their own capitals, as in
and; but the landholders, who have seen
elt the advantages resulting from them,
ibute towards them with a liberal hand.
e property, as well as population, is ac-
lating rapidly on the Scottish soil; and
ation, enjoying a great part of the bless-
of Englishmen, and retaining several of
own happy institutions, might be consi-
, if confidence could be placed in human
ght, to be as yet only in an early stage of
progress. Yet there are obstructions in
way. To the cultivation of the soil are
ed the extent and the strictness of the
s: to the improvement of the people, the
...ing use of spirituous liquors, a
... includes in its con-
... and mo-

...
ble, yet n ...
dialect are undergoing ...
the farmers of the present da
less of the peculiarities of the
speech, than the men of letter
ration. Burns, who never
nor penetrated farther into E
land on the one hand, or I
other, had less of the Scot
Hume, who lived for many
society of England and Fra
than Robertson, who wrote
guage in a style of such purit
been in other respects fitted t
British House of Commons,
would neither have fettered h
deprived it of its due effect.

A striking particular in the
Scottish peasantry, is one
will not be lost—the strength
attachments. The privatio
parents submit for the good
and particularly to obtain f
which they consider as
already been noticed. If t
prosper, they have their
merely as witnessing, bu
prosperity. Even in the
peasantry, the earnings
generally be considered
their parents; perhaps
a portion of the wages
support and comfort
labour are past. A si
ment extends through

Our poet partook i
racteristic of his hum
strongly tinctured w
which belongs to t
native country, of
found in his writin

patriotism, as well as every other generous sentiment, seems weak and languid. In countries richly endowed, where the comfort and even necessaries of life, must be purchased by patient toil, the affections of the heart, the faculties of the understanding, are under exertion, and patriotism flourishes amidst its kindred virtues. Where it is necessary to combine for mutual defence as well as to supply of common wants, mutual interests springs from mutual difficulties and dangers, the social affections unfold themselves, and from the men with whom we live, to the land in which we tread. It will perhaps be granted, that our affections cannot be called forth, but by objects capable, and capable, of feeling our sentiments, and warming them; but when once excited, and strengthened by exercise—they are extended to the powers of imagination, and seize upon, especially on those inanimate parts of nature which form the theatre on which we felt the alternations of joy and sorrow, and tasted the sweets of sympathy and love. If this reasoning be just, the love of country, although modified, and even extinct in individuals by the chances and vicissitudes of life, may be presumed, in our generations, to be strong among a people, attachment to their social, and more especially their domestic affections. In free states it is found more active than in others, because, as the individual becomes of more consequence in the community, patriotism becomes of more consequence to small states it is generally more active than in large ones, for the same reason, and because the independence of a small community maintained with difficulty, and often endangered, sentiments of patriotism are frequently excited. In mountainous countries it is generally found more active than in plains, because there the necessities of life require a closer union of the inhabitants, and more especially because in such countries, though less populous than plains, the people, instead of being scattered equally over the whole, are usually divided into small clans on the sides of their separate valleys, on the banks of their respective rivers, situations well calculated to call forth and concentrate the social affections amidst objects that acts most powerfully on the sight, and leave a lasting impression on the memory. It is to be remarked, that mountainous countries are often peculiarly calculated to nourish sentiments of national pride and independence, from the influence of history on the affections of the mind. In such countries, from their natural strength, inferior nations have maintained their independence against their more powerful neighbours, and valour, in all ages, has made its most successful effort against oppression. Such countries present the fields of battle, where the tide of invasion was rolled back, and where the ashes of those rest, who have died in defence of their nation!

The operation of the various causes we have mentioned is doubtless more general and more permanent, where the scenery of a country, the peculiar manners of its inhabitants, and the martial achievements of their ancestors are embodied in national songs, and united to national music. By this combination, the ties that attach men to the land of their birth are multiplied and strengthened; and the images of infancy strongly associating with the generous affections, resist the influence of time, and of new impressions; they often survive in countries far distant, and amidst far different scenes, to the latest periods of life, to soothe the heart with the pleasures of memory, when those of hope die away.

If this reasoning be just, it will explain to us why, among the natives of Scotland, even of cultivated minds, we so generally find a partial attachment to the land of their birth, and why this is so strongly discoverable in the writings of Burns, who joined to the higher powers of the understanding the most ardent affections. Let not men of reflection think it a superfluous labour to trace the rise and progress of a character like his. Born in the condition of a peasant, he rose by the force of his mind into distinction and influence, and in his works has exhibited what are so rarely found, the charms of original genius. With a deep insight into the human heart, his poetry exhibits high powers of imagination—it displays, and as it were emblems, the peculiar manners of his country; and it may be considered as a monument, not to his own name only, but to the expiring genius of an ancient and once independent nation. In relating the incidents of his life, candour will prevent us from dwelling invidiously on those faults and failings which justice forbids us to conceal; we will tread lightly over his yet warm ashes, and respect the laurels that shelter his untimely grave.

LIFE

OF

ROBERT BURNS.

ROBERT BURNS was, as is well known, the son of a farmer in Ayrshire, and afterwards himself a farmer there; but, having been unsuccessful, he was about to emigrate to Jamaica. He had previously, however, attracted some notice by his poetical talents in the vicinity where he lived; and having published a small volume of his poems at Kilmarnock, this drew upon him more general attention. In consequence of the encouragement he received, he repaired to Edinburgh, and there published, by subscription, an improved and enlarged edition of his poems, which met with extraordinary success. By the profits arising from the sale of this edition, he was enabled to enter on a farm in Dumfries-shire; and having married a person to whom he had been long attached, he retired to devote the remainder of his life to agriculture. He was again, however, unsuccessful; and, abandoning his farm, he removed into the town of Dumfries, where he filled an inferior office in the excise, and where he terminated his life in July, 1796, in his thirty-eighth year.

The strength and originality of his genius procured him the notice of many persons distinguished in the republic of letters, and, among others, that of Dr Moore, well known for his *Views of Society and Manners on the Continent of Europe*, for his *Zeluco*, and various other works. To this gentleman our poet addressed a letter, after his first visit to Edinburgh, giving a history of his life, up to the period of his writing. In a composition never intended to see the light, elegance or perfect correctness of composition will not be expected. These, however, will be compensated by the opportunity of seeing our poet, as he gives the incidents of his life, unfold the peculiarities of his character with all the careless vigour and open sincerity of his mind.

"Sir, *Mauchline, 2d August*, 1787

"For some months past I have been rambling over the country; but I am now confined with some lingering complaints, originating, as I take it, in the *stomach*. To divert my spirits a little in this *miserable fog of ennui*, I have *taken a whim to give you a history of myself. My name has made some little noise in this country; you have done me the honour to interest yourself very warmly in my behalf*; and I think a faithful account of what character of a man I am, and how I came by the character, may perhaps amuse you in an idle moment. I will give you an honest narrative, though I know it will be often at my own expense;—for I assure you, sir, I have, like Solomon, whose character, except in the trifling affair of wisdom, I sometimes think I resemble—I have, I say, like him, *turned my eyes to behold madness and folly*, and like him, too, frequently shaken hands with their intoxicating friendship. . . . After you have perused these pages, should you think them trifling and impertinent, I only beg leave to tell you, that the poor author wrote them under some twitchings qualms of conscience, arising from a suspicion that he was doing what he ought not to do; a predicament he has more than once been in before.

"I have not the most distant pretensions to assume that character which the pye coated guardians of eccentricous call a Gentleman. When at Edinburgh last winter, I got acquainted in the Herald's Office; and, looking through that granary of honours, I there found almost every name in the kingdom, but for me,

"My ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood."

Gules, purpure, argent, &c. quite disowned me.

"My father was of the north of Scotland, the son of a farmer, and was thrown by early misfortunes on the world at large; where, after many years' wanderings and sojournings, he picked up a pretty large quantity of observation and experience, to which I am indebted for most of my little pretensions to wisdom—I have met with few who understood *men, their manners, and their ways*, equal to him; but stubborn, ungainly integrity, and headlong, ungovernable irascibility, are disqualifying circumstances; consequently I was born a very poor man's son. For the first six or seven years of my life, my father was a gardener to a worthy gentleman of small estate in the neighbourhood of Ayr. Had he continued in that station, I must have marched off to be one of the little underlings about a farm-house, it was his dearest wish and prayer to have had the power to keep his children under his

suppose, the largest collection
tales and songs concerning
ries, brownies, witches, war-
kelpies, elf-candles, dead-
pparitions, cantraips, giants,
, dragons, and other trum-
tivated the latent seeds of
so strong an effect on my
to this hour, in my nocturnal
times keep a sharp look-out
ces; and though nobody can
l than I am in such matters,
s an effort of philosophy to
idle terrors. The earliest
I recollect taking pleasure in,
. *of Mirza*, and a hymn of
ning, *How are thy servants*
I particularly remember one
ch was music to my boyish

on dreadful whirls we hung
oken wave—"

e pieces in *Mason's English*
f my school-books. The two
r read in private, and which
easure than any two books I
were, *The Life of Hannibal*,
ry of Sir William Wallace.
my young ideas such a turn,
ut in raptures up and down
ting drum and bag-pipe, and
enough to be a soldier; while
allace poured a Scottish pre-
veins, which will boil along
od-gates of life shut in eternal

divinity about this time was
try half-mad; and I, ambitious

and benefactors, as they occasionally wen
for the East or West Indies, was often to
sore affliction; but I was soon called to
serious evils. My father's generous m
died; the farm proved a ruinous barg
and, to clench the misfortune, we fell int
hands of a factor, who sat for the pictu
have drawn of one in my *Tale of Two L*
My father was advanced in life when he
ried; I was the eldest of seven children;
he, worn out by early hardships, was unf
labour. My father's spirit was soon irrit
but not easily broken. There was a freedo
his lease in two years more; and to we
these two years, we retrenched our expe
We lived very poorly; I was a dext
ploughman for my age; and the next elde
me was a brother (Gilbert) who could
the plough very well, and help me to th
the corn. A novel-writer might perhaps
viewed these scenes with some satisfac
but so did not I; my indignation yet boi
the recollection of the s——l factor's ins
threatening letters which used to set us a
tears.

"This kind of life—the cheerless gloom
hermit, with the unceasing moil of a g
slave, brought me to my sixteenth year; a
before which period I first committed the
Rhyme. You know our country custo
coupling a man and woman together as
ners in the labours of harvest. I
fifteenth autumn my partner was a bewit
creature a year younger than myself.
scarcity of English denies me the pow
doing her justice in that language; bu
know the Scottish idiom—she was a *b*
sweet, sonsie lass. In short, she altog
unwittingly to herself, initiated me in
delicious passion, which, in spite of act

nsumptions as to imagine that I
ses like printed ones, composed
d Greek and Latin; but my girl
hich was said to be composed
ity laird's son, on one of his
with whom he was in love!
eason why I might not rhyme
; for, excepting that he could
ed cast peats, his father living
s, he had no more scholar-craft

---

ercast some persons to peruse the
oduction of our Bard, and it is
cted from a kind of common-
ich he seems to have begun in
year; and which he entitled,
, *Hinds, Songs, Scraps of*
y Robert Burness, a man who
making money, and still less in
was, however, a man of acute
ical of honesty, and unbounded
ery creature, rational or irra-
was but little indebted to a
tion, and bred at a plough-tail,
nes must be strongly tinctured
ched rustic way of life; but as, I
e really his own, it may be some
a curious observer of human
how a ploughman thinks and
he pressure of love, ambition,
with the like cares and passions,
r diversified by the modes and
, operate pretty much alike, I
he species."

rhen youth is long expired, to

ir pencil or our pen design'd,
outhful air, and shape, and face,
t image of our youthful mind."
Shenstone.

ok, to which our poet prefixed
himself, and of his intention in
mentaius several of his earlier
s they were printed, and others
stars. The song alluded to is

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* I am a man unmarried."

ved a bonnie lass,
love her still,
hat virtue warms my breast,
y handsome Nell.
Tal lal de ral, &c.

ness I hae seen,
fall as braw,
ndest graceful mien
never saw.

s, I will confess,
t to the e'e,
some better qualities
s lass for me.

ooks are blithe and sweet,
best of a
was complete,
heart a flaw.

"Thus with me began love and poetry; which at times have been my only, and till within the last twelve months have been my highest enjoyment. My father struggled on till he reached the freedom in his lease, when he entered on a larger farm, about ten miles farther in the country. The nature of the bargain he made was such as to throw a little ready money into his hands at the commencement of his lease; otherwise the affair would have been impracticable. For four years we lived miserably here; but a difference commencing between him and his landlord, as to terms, after three years toiling and whirling in the vortex of litigation, my father was just saved from the horrors of a jail by a consumption, which, after two years' promises, kindly stepped in, and carried him away, to where *the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.*

"It is during the time that we lived on this farm that my little story is most eventful. I was, at the beginning of this period, perhaps the most ungainly, awkward boy in the parish—no *sinister* was less acquainted with the ways of the world. What I know of ancient story was gathered from *Salmon's* and *Guthrie's* geographical grammars; and the ideas I had formed of modern manners, of literature, and criticism, I got from the *Spectator*. These, with *Pope's Works*, some plays of *Shakspeare*, *Tull and Dickson on Agriculture*, *the Pantheon*, *Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding*, *Stackhouse's History of the Bible*, *Justice's British Gardener's Directory*, *Bayle's Lectures*, *Allan Ramsay's Works*, *Taylor's Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin*, *A Select Collection of English Songs*, and *Hervey's Meditations*, had formed the whole of my reading. The collection of songs was my vade mecum. I pored over them driving my cart, or walking to labour, song by song, verse by verse; carefully noting the true tender, or sublime, from affectatious and fustian. I am convinced I owe to this practice much of my critic craft, such as it is.

"In my seventeenth year, to give my manners a brush, I went to a country dancing-school.—My father had announced unalterable antipathy against these meetings; and my going was, what to this moment I repent, in opposi-

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She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
Both decent and genteel;
And then there's something in her gait
Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart,
But it's innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
'Tis this enchants my soul;
For absolutely in my breast
She reigns without controul.
Tal lal de ral, &c.

It must be confessed that these lines give no indication of the future genius of Burns; he himself seems to have been fond of them probably from the recollections they excite

were the blind gropings of Homer's Cyclops round the walls of his cave. I saw my father's situation entailed on me perpetual labour. The only two openings by which I could enter the temple of Fortune, was the gate of niggardly economy, or the path of little chicaning bargain-making. The first is so contracted an aperture, I never could squeeze myself into it;—the last I always hated—there was contamination in the very entrance! Thus abandoned of aim or view in life, with a strong appetite for sociability, as well from native hilarity, as from a pride of observation and remark; a constitutional melancholy or hypochondriasm that made me fly solitude; add to these incentives to social life, my reputation for bookish knowledge, a certain wild logical talent, and a strength of thought, something like the rudiments of good sense; and it will not seem surprising that I was generally a welcome guest where I visited, or any great wonder that, always where two or three met together, there was I among them. But far beyond all other impulses of my heart, was un penchant a l'adorable moitié du genre humain. My heart was completely tinder, and was eternally lighted up by some goddess or other; and as in every other warfare in this world my fortune was various, sometimes I was received with favour, and sometimes I was mortified with a repulse. As the plough, scythe, or reap hook, I feared no competitor, and thus I set absolute want at defiance; and as I never cared farther for my hours than while I was in actual exercise, I put out the evenings in the way after my own heart. A country lad seldom carries on a love adventure without an assisting confidant. I possessed a curiosity, zeal, and intrepid dexterity, that recommended me as a proper second on those occasions; and I dare say, I felt as much pleasure in being in the

[illegible] on with a big
till the sun entered
always a carnival i
ing *filette* who live
overset my trigonom
tangent from the s
however, struggled
sines, for a few days
the garden one charm
nitude, there I met

"Like Proserpi
Herself a fairer

"It was in vain to
good at school. The
did nothing but craze
about her, or steal out
two nights of my stay
been a mortal sin, the
innocent girl had kept

"I returned home v
ed. My reading was
important addition of
stone's Works; I had
new phasis; and I e
school-fellows to keep u
dence with me. This is
tion. I had met with a
the wits of Queen Anne
over them most devoutly
of my own letters that pl
parison between them a
most of my correspondent
I carried this whim so fa
not three farthings wor
world, yet almost every
many letters as if I had b
son of day-book and ledge

"My life flowed on mu
till

which ended the forementioned school business.

"My twenty-third year was to me an important era. Partly through whim, and partly that I wished to set about doing something in life, I joined a flax-dresser in a neighbouring town (Irvine) to learn his trade. This was an unlucky affair. My ——— ; and, to finish the whole, as we were giving a welcoming carousal to the new year, the shop took fire, and burnt to ashes; and I was left like a true poet, not worth a sixpence.

"I was obliged to give up this scheme: the clouds of misfortune were gathering thick round my father's head; and what was worst of all, he was visibly far gone in a consumption; and to crown my distresses, a *bonie lassie* whom I adored, and who had pledged her *troul* to meet me in the field of matrimony, jilted me, with peculiar circumstances of mortification. The finishing evil that brought up the rear of this infernal file, was, my constitutional melancholy being increased to such a degree, that for three months I was in a state of mind scarcely to be envied by the hopeless wretches who have got their mittimus—*Depart from me, ye accursed!*

"From this adventure, I learned something of a town life; but the principal thing which gave my mind a turn, was a friendship I formed with a young fellow, a very noble character, but a hapless son of misfortune. He was the son of a simple mechanic; but a great man in the neighbourhood taking him under his patronage, gave him a genteel education, with a view of bettering his situation in life. The patron dying just as he was ready to launch out into the world, the poor fellow in despair went to sea; where after a variety of good and ill fortune, a little before I was acquainted with him, he had been set ashore by an American privateer, on the wild coast of Connaught, stripped of every thing. I cannot quit this poor fellow's story, without adding, that he is at this time master of a large West Indiaman belonging to the Thames.

"His mind was fraught with independence, magnanimity, and every manly virtue. I loved and admired him to a degree of enthusiasm, and of course strove to imitate him. In some measure, I succeeded; I had pride before, but he taught it to flow in proper channels. His knowledge of the world was vastly superior to mine, and I was all attention to learn. He was the only man I ever saw, who was a greater fool than myself, where woman was the presiding star; but he spoke of illicit love with the levity of a sailor, which hitherto I had regarded with horror. Here his friendship did me a mischief; and the consequence was that soon after I resumed the plough, I wrote the *Poet's Welcome.** My reading only increased, while in this town, by two stray volumes of *Pamela* and one of *Fredinand Count Fathom*, which gave me some idea of novels. Rhyme, except some religious pieces that are in print, I had given up; but meeting with *Ferguson's Scottish Poems*, I strung anew my wildly-sounding lyre with emulating vigour. *When my father died,* his all went among the hell-hounds that grind to the kennel of justice; but we made a shift to collect a little money in the family amongst us, with which, to keep us together, my brother and I took a neighbouring farm. My brother wanted my hair brained imagination, as well as my social and amorous madness; but in good sense, and every sober qualification, he was far my superior.

"I entered on this farm with a full resolution, *Come, go to, I will be wise!* I read farming books; I calculated crops. I attended markets; and in short, in spite of *the devil, and the world, and the flesh,* I believe I should have been a wise man, but the first year from unfortunately buying bad seed, the second, from a late harvest, we lost half our crops. This overset all my wisdom, and I returned, *like the dog to his vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire.*†

* *Rob the Rhymer's Welcome to his Bastard Child.*

† At the time that our poet took the resolution of becoming wise, he procured a little book of blank paper, with the purpose (expressed in the first page) of making memorandums upon it. These farming memorandums are curious enough; many of them have been written with a pencil, and are now obliterated, or at least illegible. A considerable number are however legible, and a specimen may gratify the reader. It must be premised, that the poet kept the book by him for several years—that he wrote upon it here and there, with the utmost irregularity, and that on the same page are notations very distant from each other as to time and place.

. . . . . .

EXTEMPORE. *April*, 1782.

O why the deuce should I repine,
And be an ill forebodier?
I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine—
I'll go and be a sodger.

I gat some gear with mickle care,
I held it weel thegither;
But now it's gane, and something mair,
I'll go and be a sodger.

. . . . . .

FRAGMENT. *Tune*—'Donald Blue.'

O leave novels, ye Mauchline belles,
Ye're safer at your spinning wheel;
Such witching books are baited hooks
For rakish rooks like Rob Mossgiel.
Sing lal, lal, lay, &c.

Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons,
They make your youthful fancies reel,
They heat your brains, and fire your veins,
And then you're prey for Rob Mossgiel.

Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung;
A heart that warmly seeks to feel;
That feeling heart but acts a part,
'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel.

The frank address, the soft caress,
Are worse than poison'd darts of ste

its appearance, and [illegible] so much, that they held several look over their spiritual artillery, it it might be pointed against profane Juluckily for me, my wanderings other side, within point blank shot riest metal. This is the unfortunate ave rise to my printed poem. The his was a most melancholy affair, not yet bear to reflect on, and had given me one or two of the principal n for a place among those who have art, and mistaken the reckoning of

---

k address, and politesse
l finesse in Hab Nissgiel.

. . . . . .

, far aboon Dunkel' the night,
while the stick and a' that.

To get for Mr Johnston these two

Molly, my dear honey.'—*' The cock n, the deer in her den,' &c.*

. . . . . .

Morris! Sir Peter Halket of Pitferran, r.—*Note*, he married her—the heiress an.
l George Crawford, the author of *Down* , *Davy*.
' *house*, by J. Mitchell.
ron Davy! and *Amynta*, by Sir G.

ideas of myself and my works as I n
moment, when the public has decic
favour. It ever was my opinion, t
takes and blunders, both in a ration
gious point of view, of which we se
daily guilty, are owing to their i
themselves. To know myself, h
alone; I balanced myself with othe
ed every means of information, to w
ground I occupied as a man and a
studied assiduously nature's design
mation—where the lights and sh
character were intended. I was pr
my poems would meet with some a
at the worst, the roar of the At
deafen the voice of censure, and t
West Indian scenes make me forge
threw off six hundred copies, of
got subscriptions for about three
fifty. My vanity was highly gra
reception I met with from the pul
sides I pocketed, all expenses ded
twenty pounds. This sum came
ably, as I was thinking of inde
for want of money to procure my
soon as I was master of nine gui
of wafting me to the torrid zone,
age passage in the first ship th
from the Clyde; for

"Hungry ruin had me in t

"I had been for some days
covert to covert, under all the ter
as some ill-advised people had
merciless pack of the law at my
taken the last farewell of my fe
chest was on the road to Greeno
passed the last song I should e

eam. Oublie moi, Grand Dieu, si jamais je l'oublie!

"I need relate no further. At Edinburgh I was in a new world; I mingled among many classes of men, but all of them new to me, and I was all attention to catch the characters and the manners living as they rise. Whether I have profited, time will show.

. . . . . .

"My most respectful compliments to Miss W. Her very elegant and friendly letter I cannot answer at present, as my presence is requisite in Edinburgh, and I set out to-morrow."*

At the period of our poet's death, his brother, Gilbert Burns, was ignorant that he had himself written the foregoing narrative of his life while in Ayrshire; and having been applied to by Mrs Dunlop for some memoirs of his brother, he complied with her request in a letter, from which the following narrative is chiefly extracted. When Gilbert Burns afterwards saw the letter of our poet to Dr Moore, he made some annotations upon it, which shall be noticed as we proceed.

Robert Burns was born on the 29th day of January, 1759, in a small house about two miles from the town of Ayr, and within a few hundred yards of Alloway Church, which his poem of *Tam o' Shanter* has rendered immortal.† The name which the poet and his brother modernized into Burns, was originally Burnes or Burness. Their father, William Burnes, was the son of a farmer in Kincardineshire, and had received the education common in Scotland to persons in his condition of life; he could read and write, and had some knowledge of arithmetic. His family having fallen into reduced circumstances, he was compelled to leave his home in his nineteenth year, and turned his steps towards the south in quest of a livelihood. The same necessity attended his elder brother Robert. "I have often heard my father," says Gilbert Burns, in his letter to Mrs Dunlop, "describe the anguish of mind he felt when they parted on the top of a hill on the confines of their native place, each going off his several way in search of new adventures, and scarcely knowing whither he went. My father undertook to act as a gardener, and shaped his course to Edinburgh, where he wrought hard when he could get work, passing through a variety of difficulties. Still, however, he endeavoured to spare something for the support of his aged parent; and I recollect hearing him mention his having sent a bank-note for this purpose when money of that kind was no secure in Kincardineshire, that they scarcely knew how to employ it when it arrived." From Edinburgh William Burnes passed westward into the county of Ayr, where he engaged himself as a gardener to the laird of Fairley, with whom he lived two years; then changing his service for that of Crawford of Doonside. At length, being desirous of settling in life, he took a perpetual lease of seven acres of land from Dr Campbell, physician in Ayr, with the view of commencing nurseryman and public gardener; and having built a house upon it with his own hands, married in December, 1757, Agnes Brown, the mother of our poet, who still survives. The first fruit of this marriage was Robert, the subject of these memoirs, born on the 29th of January, 1759, as has already been mentioned. Before William Burnes had made much progress in preparing his nursery, he was withdrawn from that undertaking by Mr Ferguson, who purchased the estate of Doonholm, in the immediate neighbourhood, and engaged him as his gardener and overseer; and this was his situation when our poet was born. Though in the service of Mr Ferguson, he lived in his own house, his wife managing her family and little dairy, which consisted, sometimes of two, sometimes of three milch cows; and this state of unambitious content continued till the year 1766. His son Robert was sent by him, in his sixth year, to a school at Alloway Mill, about a mile distant, taught by a person of the name of Campbell; but this teacher being in a few months appointed master of the workhouse at Ayr, William Burnes, in conjunction with some other heads of families, engaged John Murdoch in his stead. The education of our poet, and of his brother Gilbert, was in common; and of their proficiency under Mr Murdoch we have the following account: "With him we learnt to read English tolerably well,‡ and to write a little. He taught us, too, the English grammar. I was too young to profit much from his lessons in grammar; but Robert made some proficiency in it—a circumstance of considerable weight in the unfolding of his genius and character; as he soon became remarkable for the fluency and correctness of his expression, and read the few books that came in his way with much pleasure and improvement; for even then he was a reader, when he could get a book. Murdoch, whose library at that time had no great variety in it, lent him *The Life of Hannibal*, which was the first book he read (the school books excepted) and almost the only one he had an opportunity of reading while he was at school; for *The Life of Wallace*, which he classes with it in one of his letters to you, he did not see for some years afterwards, when he borrowed it from the blacksmith who shod our horses."

It appears that William Burnes approved himself greatly in the service of Mr Ferguson, by his intelligence, industry, and integrity. In

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* There are various copies of this letter, in the author's hand-writing; and one of these, evidently corrected, is in the book in which he had copied several of his letters. This has been used for the press, with some omissions, and one slight alteration suggested by Gilbert Burns.

† This house is on the right hand side of the road from Ayr to Maybole, which forms a part of the road from Glasgow to Port-Patrick. When the poet's father afterwards removed to Tarbolton parish, he sold his leasehold right in this house, and a few acres of land adjoining, to the corporation of shoemakers in Ayr. It is now a country ale-house.

‡ Letter from Gilbert Burns to Mrs Dunlop.

[illegible] of the country; and there being no school near us, and our little services being useful on the farm, my father undertook to teach us arithmetic in the winter evenings, by candle-light; and in this way my two elder sisters got all the education they received. I remember a circumstance that happened at this time, which, though trifling in itself, is fresh in my memory, and may serve to illustrate the early character of my brother. Murdoch came to spend a night with us, and to take his leave, when he was about to go into Carrick. He brought us, as a present and memorial of him, a small compendium of English Grammar, and the tragedy of *Titus Andronicus*; and, by way of passing the evening, he began to read the play aloud. We were all attention for some time, till presently the whole party was dissolved in tears. A female in the play (I have not a confused remembrance of it) had her hands chopt off, and her tongue cut out, and then was unhandsomely desired to call for water to wash her hands. At this, in an agony of distress, we with one voice desired he would read no more. My father observed, that if we would not hear it out, it would be needless to leave the play with us. Robert replied, that if it was left he would burn it. My father was going to chide him for this ungrateful return to his tutor's kindness; but Murdoch interfered, declaring that he liked to see so much sensibility; and he left *The School for Love*, a comedy (translated, I think, from the French), in its place."†

[illegible] was at great pains him in the labours of [illegible] emaveration to such [illegible] increase our knowledge [illegible] tums habits. He bor[illegible] phical Grammar for [illegible] make us acquainted [illegible] history of the different [illegible] while, from a book-sel[illegible] for us the reading of [illegible] *Astro-Theology*, and *[illegible] the Creation*, to give us [illegible] and natural history. [illegible] books with an avidity a[illegible] be equalled. My father [illegible] to *Blackhouse's History* [illegible] published by James M[illegible] from this Robert collect[illegible] ledge of ancient history [illegible] voluminous as to slacken [illegible] tiquated as to damp his [illegible] of my mother, who had [illegible] time, and had learnt so[illegible] winter evening's candle, [illegible] shop in Ayr, to purchase [illegible] or *Tradesman's sure Guid*[illegible] him to write letters. La[illegible] *Complete Letter-Writer*, [illegible] small collection of letters [illegible] writers, with a few sensi[illegible] taining an easy epistolary [illegible] was to Robert of the great[illegible] inspired him with a stron[illegible] letter-writing, while it [illegible] models by some of the first [illegible] gunge.

"My brother was about [illegible] when my father, regretting [illegible] sent us, week about, during [illegible] to the parish school of [illegible] though between [illegible]

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* Letter of Gilbert Burns to Mrs Dunlop. The name of this farm is Mount Oliphant, in Ayr parish.

† It is to be remembered that the poet was only nine years of [illegible]

and *Count Fathom*, and two volumes *reprise Pickle* excepted), with Hume, Robertson, and almost all our authoresence of the later times. I recollect

my father borrowed a volume of h history from Mr Hamilton of Bourtre-gardener. It treated of the reign of James irst, and his unfortunate son, Charles, do not know who was the author; all remember of it is something of Charles's ation with his children. About this time ch, our former teacher, after having been vent places in the country, and having a school some time in Dumfries, came to established teacher of the English lan-in Ayr, a circumstance of considerable *ance* to us. The remembrance of my former friendship, and his attachment rother, made him do every thing in his for our improvement. He sent us Pope's and some other poetry, the first that we opportunity of reading, excepting what used in *The English Collection*, and in ame of *The Edinburgh Magazine* for excepting also *those excellent new songs* hawked about the country in baskets, sed on stalls in the streets.

e summer after we had been at Dalrym-ed, my father sent Robert to Ayr, to his English grammar, with his former . He had been there only one week, e was obliged to return, to assist at the . When the harvest was over, he went school, where he remained two weeks; completes the account of his school on, excepting one summer quarter some terwards, that he attended the parish of Kirk Oswald, (where he lived with a of my mother's) to learn surveying.

ring the two last weeks that he was with h, he himself was engaged in learning , and he communicated the instructions ved to my brother, who, when he re-brought with him a French dictionary mmar, and the *Adventures of Telema-* the original. In a little while, by the ce of these books, he acquired such a ige of the language, as to read and and any French author in prose. This nsidered as a sort of prodigy, and the medium of Murdoch, procured him uaintance of several lads in Ayr, who that time gabbling French, and the f some families, particularly that of Dr , where a knowledge of French was a endation.

erving the facility with which he had l the French language, Mr Robertson, blished writing-master in Ayr, and Mr h's particular friend, having himself a considerable knowledge of the Latin w by his own industry, without ever learned it at school, advised Robert to e same attempt, promising him every ce in his power. Agreeably to this he purchased *The Rudiments of the* ngue, but finding this study dry and ning, it was quickly laid aside. He ly returned to *his Rudiments* on any *ugrin or disappointment, particularly e affairs; but the Latin seldom pre- f more than a day or two* at a time, *t at most. Observing himself the st would attach to this sort of* con duct if it were known, he made two or three humorous stanzas on the subject, which I cannot now recollect, but they all ended,

"So I'll to my Latin again."

"Thus you see Mr Murdoch was a principal means of my brother's improvement. Worthy man! though foreign to my present purpose, I cannot take leave of him without tracing his future history. He continued for some years a respected and useful teacher at Ayr, till one evening that he had been overtaken in liquor, he happened to speak somewhat disrespectfully of Dr Dalrymple, the parish minister, which I and paid him that attention to which he thought himself entitled. In Ayr he might as well have spoken Hebrew. He found it proper to give up his appointment. He went to London, where he still lives, a private teacher of French. He has been a considerable time married, and keeps a shop of stationary wares.

The father of Dr Paterson, now physician at Ayr, was, I believe, a native of Ayrshire, and was one of the established teachers in Ayr when my father settled in the neighbourhood. He eagerly recognised my father as a fellow native of the south of Scotland, and a certain degree of intimacy subsisted between them during Mr Paterson's life. After his death, his widow, who is a very genteel woman, and of great worth, delighted in doing what she thought her husband would have wished to have done, and continually kept up her attentions to all his acquaintance. She kept alive the intimacy with our family, by frequently inviting my father and mother to her house on Sundays, when she met them at church.

"When she came to know my brother's passion for books, she kindly offered us the use of her husband's library, and from her we got the *Spectator*, *Pope's Translation of Homer*, and several other books that were of use to us. Mount Oliphant, the farm my father possessed in the parish of Ayr, is almost the very poorest soil I know of in a state of cultivation. A stronger proof of this I cannot give, than that, notwithstanding the extraordinary rise in the value of lands in Scotland, it was, after a considerable sum laid out in improving it by the proprietor, let, a few years ago, five pounds per annum lower than the rent paid for it by my father thirty years ago. My father, in consequence of this, soon came into difficulties, which were increased by the loss of several of his cattle by accidents and disease. To the sufferings of misfortune, we could only oppose hard labour and the most rigid economy. We lived very sparingly. For several years butcher's meat was a stranger in the house, while all the members of the family exerted themselves to the utmost of their strength, and rather beyond it, in the labours of the farm. My brother, at the age of thirteen, assisted in threshing the crop of corn, and at fifteen was the principal labourer on the farm, for we had no hired servant, male or female. The anguish of mind we felt at our tender years, under these straits and difficulties, was very great. To think of our father growing old (for he was now above fifty,) broken down with the long continued fatigues of his life, with his wife and five other children, and a declining state of circumstances, these ref

which, as a [illegible]
changed for a palpitation of the [illegible]
threatening of fainting and suffocation in his bed, in the night-time.

"By a stipulation in my father's lease, he had a right to throw it up, if he thought proper, at the end of every sixth year. He attempted to fix himself in a better farm at the end of the first six years, but failing in that attempt, he continued where he was for six years more. He then took the farm of Lochlea, of 130 acres, at the rent of twenty shillings an acre, in the parish of Tarbolton, of Mr —— ——, then a merchant in Ayr, and now (1797) a merchant in Liverpool. He removed to this farm at Whitsunday, 1777, and possessed it only seven years. No writing had ever been made out, of the conditions of the lease; a misunderstanding took place respecting them: the subjects in dispute were submitted to arbitration, and the decision involved my father's affairs in ruin. He lived to know of this decision, but not to see any execution in consequence of it. He died on the 13th of February, 1784.

"The seven years we lived in Tarbolton parish (extending from the seventeenth to the twenty-fourth of my brother's age), were not marked by much literary improvement; but during this time the foundation was laid of certain habits in my brother's character, which afterwards became but too prominent, and which malice and envy have taken delight to enlarge on. Though, when young, he was bashful and awkward in his intercourse with women, yet when he approached manhood, his attachment to their society became very strong, and he was constantly the victim of some fair enslaver. The symptoms of his passion were often such as nearly to equal those of the celebrated Sappho. I never indeed knew that [illegible] sunk, and died away; but the agita- [illegible] exceeded any thing

[illegible]
vient to the flax [illegible]
wrought at the business
Irvine for six months, bu
period, as neither agreei
inclination. In Irvine h
acquaintance of a freer m
living than he had been
prepared him for over
rigid virtue which had b
Towards the end of th
(in his 24th year), and
death, he was furnished
epistle to John Rankin
also he became a free
first introduction to the li
Yet, notwithstanding th
the praise he has bes
(which seems to have n
do not recollect, during
till towards the end of
(when his growing
being often in company
intoxicated; nor was h
A stronger proof of th
conduct need not be r
about to give. Durir
we lived in the farm
he allowed my brothe
our labour as he gav
part of which, ever
manufactured in the
counted for. Wher
near a crisis, Robe
Mossgiel, consistin
of £90 per annum
at present) from
asylum for the far
was stocked by t
savings of the wh
concern among

Armour, afterwards Mrs
ration could no longer be
time we came to a final
the farm. Robert dest
mily in his poor unsettled
to shield his partner by
over from the consequen-
ce. It was agreed there-
that they should make a
ent of an irregular and
at he should go to Jamaica,
and that she should remain
t might please Providence
supporting a family in his

a great favourite of her
tention of a private marriage
tion he received of her real
in the greatest distress, and
marriage did not appear to
matter any better. A hus-
peared him and h
me, and effectual bar to
of a settlement life that
ght have. They therefore
her, that the written papers
se marriage should
he marriage rendered void,
y state she it the deepest
brought such heavy affliction
ed her tenderly, and sub-
ntreaties. wish
sbert. He felt the deepest

He offered stay home
is wife and family in the best
ily labours could provide for
the only means in his power.
they did not approve of; for
Armour's station was, and
r imprudence had been, she
of her partial parents, might
connexion than that with
nd unhappy brother, at that
ose or hiding-place. Robert
ded to their wishes; but his
ccasion were of the most dis-
and the impression of sorrow
till by a regular marriage they
y united. In the state of mind
ation produced, he wished to
as soon as possible, and agreed
s to go out to Jamaica as an
r, or, as I believe it is called,
on his estate. As he had not
to pay his passage, and the
Dr Douglas was to procure a
was not expected to sail for
Hamilton advised him to publish
meantime by subscription, as
etting a little money to provide
ly in necessaries for Jamaica.
advice, subscription bills were
ately, and the printing was
Kilmarnock, his preparations
same time for his voyage. The
ver, which his poems met with
and the friends they procured
change his resolution of going
he was advised to go to Edin-
h a *second edition*. On his
er circumstances, he renewed
Burns, and rendered
alos for life.
have I endeavoured to give

you a simple narrative of the leading circumstances in my brother's early life. The remaining part he spent in Edinburgh or Dumfriesshire, its incidents well known to you as to me. His genius having procured him your patronage and friendship, the correspondence between you, in which, I believe, his sentiments were delivered with the most unreserved, but most unmerited confidence, and which only terminated with the last days of his life."

This narrative of Gilbert Burns may serve as a commentary on the preceding sketch of our poet's life by himself. It will in the distraction of mind, which he above, arose from the distress and sorrow in which he had involved his future wife. The whole circumstances attending this connexion are certainly of a very singular nature.*

The reader will perceive, from the foregoing narrative, how much the children of William Burnes were indebted to their father, who was certainly a man of uncommon talents; though it does not appear that he possessed any portion of that vivid imagination for which the subject of these memoirs was distinguished. In page 14, it is observed by our poet, that his father had an unaccountable antipathy to dancing-schools, and that his attending one of these brought on him his displeasure, and even dislike. On this observation Gilbert has made the following remark, which seems entitled to implicit credit:—"I wonder how Robert could attribute to our father that lasting resentment of his going to a dancing-school against his will, of which he was incapable. I believe the truth was, that he, about this time, began to see the dangerous impetuosity of my brother's passions, as well as his not being amenable to counsel, which often irritated my father; and which he would naturally think a dancing-school was not likely to correct. But he was proud of Robert's genius, which he bestowed more expense in cultivating than on the rest of the family, in the instances of sending him to Ayr and Kirk-Oswald schools; and he was greatly delighted with his warmth of heart, and his conversational powers. He had indeed that dislike of dancing-schools which Robert mentions; but as for overcome it during Robert's first month of attendance, that he allowed all the rest of the family that were fit for it, to accompany him during the second month. Robert excelled in dancing, and was for some time distractedly fond of it."

In the original letter to Dr Moore, our poet described his ancestors as "renting lands of the noble Keiths of Marischal, and as having had the honour of sharing their fate." "I do not," continues he, "use the word honour with any reference to political principles;

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* In page 18, the poet mentions his stealing from covert covert, under till the of a jail." The "pack of the law coupled his heels," obliges him to security for the maintenance of his children, whom he was not permitted to timate by a marriage with their mother

present occasion, and not several
t copies of that letter been in circula-
I do not know," observes Gilbert
how my brother could be misled in
it he has given of the Jacobitism of
ors. — I believe the Earl of Marischal
is title and estate in 1715, before my
s born; and among a collection of
tificates in his possession, I have read
ng that the bearer had no concern in
cked rebellion." On the information of
new William Burnes soon after he ar-
e county of Ayr, it may be mentioned,
ort did prevail, that he had taken the
the young chevalier; a report which
cate mentioned by his son was, per-
nded to counteract. Strangers from the
ttling in the low country of Scotland,
ose days liable to suspicions of having
the familiar phrase of the country,
the forty-five," (1745,) especially
y had any stateliness or reserve about
was the case with William Burnes.
asily be conceived, that our poet would
e belief of his father's having been
in the daring enterprise of Prince
Edward. The generous attachment,
e valour, and the final misfortunes of
rents of the house of Stuart, touched
mpathy his youthful and ardent mind,
enced his original political opinions.[8]

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re is another observation of Gilbert
n his brother's narrative, in which
sons will be interested. It refers to
e poet speaks of his youthful friends.
other," says Gilbert Burns, "seems
his early companions in too consequen-
nner. The principal acquaintance we

minianism. He was a devout m
practice of calling his family tog
prayer. It is known that the
quaint picture in the *Cotter's Sa*
represents William Burnes and
their evening devotions.

The cheerful supper done, wit
They, round the ingle, form
The sire turns o'er, with patr
The big *ha'l*-Bible, once his
His bonnet rev'rently is laid a
His lyart haffets wearing th
Those strains that once did
glide,
He wales a portion with jud
And "*Let us worship God!*" h
lemn air.

They chant their artless notes
They tune their hearts, by
aim;
Perhaps *Dundee's* † wild war
rier,
Or plaintive *Martyrs*‡ wort
Or noble *Elgin* † beets the he
The sweetest far of Scotia
Compared with these, Italian
The tickled ears no heartfel
No unison have they with our (

The priest-like father reads t
How *Abram* was the *friend*
Or, Moses bade eternal warf
With Amalek's ungracious
Or how the *royal bard* did gr
Beneath the stroke of Hea
ire;
Or, Job's pathetic plaint, a

Or, rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How he who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head;
How his first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he who lone in *Patmos* banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand:
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command!

Then kneeling down to Heaven's eternal King,
The *saint*, the *father*, and the *husband* prays;
Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,
That *thus* they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

. . . . . .

Then homeward all take off their several way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent pair their *secret homage* pay,
And offer up to Heaven the warm request,
That he who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly in their hearts with *grace divine* preside.

Of a family so interesting as that which inhabited the cottage of William Burnes, and particularly of the father of the family, the reader will perhaps be willing to listen to some farther account. What follows is given by one already mentioned with so much honour, in the narrative of Gilbert Burns, Mr Murdoch, the preceptor of our poet, who, in a letter to Joseph Cooper Walker, Esq. of Dublin, author of the *Historical Memoir of the Italian Tragedy*, lately published, thus expresses himself:

SIR,

"I was lately favoured with a letter from our worthy friend, the Rev. Wm. Adair, in which he requested me to communicate to you whatever particulars I could recollect concerning Robert Burns, the Ayrshire poet. My business being at present multifarious and harassing, my attention is consequently so much divided, and I am so little in the habit of expressing my thoughts on paper, that at this distance of time I can give but a very imperfect sketch of the early part of the life of that extraordinary genius with which alone I am acquainted.

"William Burnes, the father of the poet, was born in the shire of Kincardine, and bred a gardener. He had been settled in Ayrshire one or twelve years before I knew him, and had been in the *service of Mr Crawford of Doonside. He was afterwards employed as a overseer and overseer by Provost Ferguson of Dalhousie, in the parish of Alloway*, which is *situated with that of Ayr. In this parish*, on the road side, a Scotch mile and a half from the town of Ayr, and half a mile from the bridge of Doon, William Burnes took a piece of land consisting of about seven acres, part of which he laid out in garden ground, and part of which he kept to graze a cow, &c. still continuing in the employ of Provost Ferguson. Upon this little farm was erected an humble dwelling, of which William Burnes was the architect. It was, with the exception of a little straw, literally a tabernacle of clay. In this mean cottage, of which I myself was at times an inhabitant, I really believe there dwelt a larger portion of content than in any palace in Europe. The *Cotter's Saturday Night* will give some idea of the temper and manners that prevailed there.

"In 1765, about the middle of March, Mr W. Burnes came to Ayr, and sent to the school where I was improving in writing under my good friend Mr Robison, desiring that I would come and speak to him at a certain inn, and bring my writing book with me. This was immediately complied with. Having examined my writing, he was pleased with it (you will readily allow he was not difficult), and told me that he had received very satisfactory information of Mr Tennant, the master of the English school, concerning my improvement in English, and in his method of teaching. In the month of May following, I was engaged by Mr Burnes, and four of his neighbours to teach, and accordingly began to teach the little school at Alloway, which was situated a few yards from the argillaceous fabric above mentioned. My five employers undertook to board me by turns, and to make up a certain salary, at the end of the year, provided my quarterly payments from the different pupils did not amount to that sum.

"My pupil, Robert Burns, was then between six and seven years of age; his preceptor about eighteen. Robert and his younger brother Gilbert, had been grounded a little in English before they were put under my care. They both made a rapid progress in reading, and a tolerable progress in writing. In reading, dividing words into syllables by rule, spelling without book, parsing sentences, &c. Robert and Gilbert were generally at the upper end of the class, even when ranged with boys by far their seniors. The books most commonly used in the schools were the *Spelling Book*, the *New Testament*, the *Bible*, *Mason's Collection of Prose and Verse*, and *Fisher's English Grammar*. They committed to memory the hymns, and other poems of that collection, with uncommon facility. This facility was partly owing to the method pursued by their father and me in instructing them, which was, to make them thoroughly acquainted with the meaning of every word in each sentence that was to be committed to memory. By the bye, this may be easier done, and at an earlier period, than is generally thought. As soon as they were capable of it, I taught them to turn verse into its natural prose order; sometimes to substitute synonymous expressions for poetical words, and to supply all the ellipses. These, you know, are the means of knowing that the pupil understands his author. These are excellent helps to the arrangement of words in sentences, as well as to a variety of expression.

"Gilbert always appeared to me to possess

...ing on his own improving, while
of Provost Ferguson. This farm
siderable distance from the school,
I not attend regularly; and some
aken place among the other sup-
school, I left it, having continued
for nearly two years and a half.
ar 1773, I was appointed (being
didates who were examined) to
lish school at Ayr; and in 1773,
came to board and lodge with
rpose of revising English gram-
he might be better qualified to
others and sisters at home. He
me day and night, in school, at
in all my walks. At the end of
old him, that, as he was now
aster of the parts of speech, &c.
teach him something of French
that when he should meet with
French town, ship, officer, or the
newspapers, he might be able to
something like a French word.
I to hear this proposal, and im-
ttacked the French with great

was little else to be heard but
of nouns, the conjugation of
ten walking together, and even
onstantly telling him the names
cts, as they presented them-
; so that he was hourly laying
de, and sometimes little phrase
took such pleasure in learn-
hing, that it was difficult to
two was most zealous in the
out the end of the second week
e French, we began to read a
tures of Telemachus, in Fe-
s.

...ness and house affairs would draw
thence,
Which ever as she could with haste despat
She'd come again, and, with a greedy ear,
Devour up their discourse,'——

and particularly that of her husband. At
times, and in all companies, she listened to
with a more marked attention than to any t
else. When under the necessity of being
sent while he was speaking, she seemed
regret, as a real loss, that she had missed w
the good-man had said. This worthy wom
Agnes Brown, had the most thorough esta
for her husband of any woman I ever knew.
can by no means wonder that she highly
teemed him; for I myself have always con
dered William Burnes as by far the best of
human race that ever I had the pleasure of
ing acquainted with—and many a wort
character I have known. I can cheerfully j
with Robert in the last line of his epita
(borrowed from Goldsmith),

'And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side.

"He was an excellent husband, if I ma
judge from his assiduous attention to the ea
and comfort of his worthy partner, and fro
her affectionate behaviour to him, as well a
her unwearied attention to the duties of
mother.

"He was a tender and affectionate father
he took pleasure in leading his children in th
path of virtue; not in driving them, as som
parents do, to the performance of duties
which they themselves are averse. He too
care to find fault but very seldom; and there
fore, when he did rebuke, he was listened t
with a kind of reverential awe. A look of dis
approbation was ...

people to keep bowing and bowing in the presence of a great man. He always treated superiors with a becoming respect; but he never gave the smallest encouragement to aristocratical arrogance. But I must not pretend to give you a description of all the manly qualities, the rational and Christian virtues of the venerable William Burnes. Time would fail me. I shall only add, that he carefully practised every known duty, and avoided every thing that was criminal; or, in the apostle's words, *Herein did he exercise himself, in living a life void of offence towards God and towards men.* O for a world of men of such dispositions! We should then have no wars. I have often wished, for the good of mankind, that it were as customary to honour and perpetuate the memory of those who excel in moral rectitude, as it is to extol what are called heroic actions: then would the mausoleum of the friend of my youth overtop and surpass most of the monuments I see in Westminster Abbey.

"Although I cannot do justice to the character of this worthy man, yet you will perceive, from these few particulars, what kind of person had the principal hand in the education of our poet. He spoke the English language with more propriety (both with respect to diction and pronunciation), than any man I ever knew with no greater advantages. This had a very good effect on the boys, who began to talk and reason like men, much sooner than their neighbours. I do not recollect any of their contemporaries, at my little seminary, who afterwards made any great figure as literary characters, except Dr Tennant, who was chaplain to Colonel Fullarton's regiment, and who is now in the East Indies. He is a man of genius and learning; yet affable, and free from pedantry.

"Mr Burnes, in a short time, found that he had overrated Mossat Oliphant, and that he could not rear his numerous family upon it.—After being there some years, he removed to Lochlea, in the parish of Tarbolton, where, I believe, Robert wrote most of his poems.

"But here, sir, you will permit me to pause. I can tell you but little more relative to our poet. I shall, however, in my next, send you a copy of one of his letters to me, about the year 1783. I received one since, but it is mislaid. Please remember me, in the best manner, to my worthy friend Mr Adair, when you see him or write to him.

"Hart Street, Bloomsbury square,
London, Feb. 22, 1799."

As the narrative of Gilbert Burns was written at a time when he was ignorant of the existence of the preceding narrative of his brother, so this letter of Mr Murdoch was written without his having any knowledge that either of his pupils had been employed on the same subject. The three relations serve, therefore, not merely to illustrate, but to authenticate each other. Though the information they convey might have been presented within a shorter compass, by reducing the whole into one unbroken narrative, it is scarcely to be doubted, that the intelligent reader will be far more gratified by a sight of these original *documents themselves.*

Under the humble roof of his parents, it *appears indeed that our poet had* great advantages; *but his opportunities of* information at school were more limited as to time than they usually are among his countrymen, in his condition of life; and the acquisitions which he made, and the poetical talent which he exerted, under the pressure of early and incessant toil, and of inferior, and perhaps scanty nutriment, testify at once the extraordinary force and activity of his mind. In his frame of body he rose nearly to five feet ten inches, and assumed the proportions that indicate agility as well as strength. In the various labours of the farm he excelled all his competitors. Gilbert Burns declares, that, in mowing, the exercise that tries all the muscles most severely, Robert was the only man that, at the end of a summer's day, he was ever obliged to acknowledge as his master. But though our poet gave the powers of his body to the labours of the farm, he refused to bestow on them his thoughts or his cares. While the ploughshare under his guidance passed through the nearly, or the grass fell under the sweep of his scythe, he was humming the songs of his country, musing on the deeds of ancient valour, or rapt in the illusions of Fancy, as her enchantments rose on his view. Happily the Sunday was yet a holiday, on which man and beast were free from the labours. On this day, therefore, Burns could indulge in a freer intercourse with the charms of nature. It was his delight to wander alone on the banks of the Ayr, whose stream is now immortal, and to listen to the song of the blackbird at the close of the summer's day. But still greater was his pleasure, as he himself informs us, in walking on the sheltered side of a wood, in a cloudy winter day, and hearing the storm rave among the trees; and more elevated still his delight, to ascend some eminence during the agitations of nature, to stride along its summit, while the lightning flashed around him, and amidst the howlings of the tempest, to apostrophize the spirit of the storm. Such situations he declares most favourable to devotion—"Rapt in enthusiasm, I seem to ascend towards Him *who walks on the wings of the wind!*" If other proofs were wanting of the character of his genius, this might determine it. The heart of the poet is peculiarly awake to every impression of beauty and sublimity; but with the higher order of poets the beautiful is less attractive than the sublime.

The gaiety of many of Burns's writings, and the lively, and even cheerful colouring with which he has portrayed his own character, may lead some persons to suppose, that the melancholy which hung over him towards the end of his days, was not an original part of his constitution. It is not to be doubted, indeed, that this melancholy acquired a darker hue in the progress of his life; but, independent of his own and of his brother's testimony, evidence is to be found among his papers, that he was subject very early to those depressions of mind, which are perhaps not wholly separable from the sensibility of genius, but which in him rose to an uncommon degree. The following letter, addressed to his father, will serve as a proof of this observation. It was written at the time when he was learning the business of a flax-dresser, and is dated

Irvine, Dec. 27, 1777.

"Honoured Sir,

"I have purposely delayed writing, in

only pleasurable employment, is
kwards and forwards in a moral
e way. I am quite transported at
that ere long, perhaps very soon,
n eternal adieu to all the pains, and
, and disquietudes of this weary
sure you I am heartily tired of it;
not very much deceive myself, I
tedly and gladly resign it.

, uneasy, and confined at home,
expatiates in a life to come.'

r this reason I am more pleased
h, 16th, and 17th verses of the 7th
evelation, than with any ten times
es in the whole Bible, and would
the noble enthusiasm with which
me for all that this world has to
or this world, I despair of ever
ure in it. I am not formed for the
busy, nor the flutter of the gay. I
again be capable of entering into

Indeed I am altogether uncon-
thoughts of this life. I foresee
and obscurity probably await me,
some measure prepared, and daily
meet them. I have but just time
return you my grateful thanks for
f virtue and piety you have given
were too much neglected at the
g them, but which, I hope, have
ered ere it is yet too late. Pre-
ul respects to my mother, and my
to Mr and Mrs Muir; and, with
a merry New-year's-day, I shall

I am, honoured sir,
" Your dutiful son,
" ROBERT BURNS."

Such a disposition is far from be
varance with social enjoyments. Tho
have studied the affinities of mind, know
melancholy of this description, after a
seeks relief in the endearments of societ
that it has no distant connection with th
of cheerfulness, or even the extravage
mirth. It was a few days after the writ
this letter that our poet, "in giving a w
ing carousal to the new year, with h
companions," suffered his flax to catc
and his shop to be consumed to ashes.

The energy of Burns' mind was not ex
ed by his daily labours, the effusions
muse, his social pleasures, or his solitary
tations. Some time previous to his e
ment as a flax-dresser, having heard
debating club had been established in A
resolved to try how such a meeting woul
ceed in the village of Tarbolton. Abo
end of the year 1780, our poet, his br
and five other young peasants of the neigh
hood, formed themselves into a society o
sort, the declared objects of which w
relax themselves after toil, to promote so
and friendship, and to improve the mind.
laws and regulations were furnished by I
The members were to meet after the labo
the day were over, once a-week, in a
public-house in the village; where each s
offer his opinion on a given question or su
supporting it by such arguments as he th
proper. The debate was to be conducted
order and decorum; and after it was fini
the members were to choose a subject fo
cussion at the ensuing meeting. The
expended by each, was not to exceed
pence; and, with the humble potation
this could procure, they were to toast
mistresses, and to cultivate friendship

ces and mechanics we,
'e simple dress record.'

end of human society is to
l better, this ought therefore
l view of every man in every
But as experience has taught
ldies as inform the head and
when long continued, are apt
lesuitics of the mind, it has
r to relieve and unbend the
ployment or another, that
enough to keep its powers in
e same time not so serious as
But superadded to this, by
rt of mankind are under the
ssing the sustenance of human
of their bodies, whereby, not
s of the mind, but the nerves
body, are so fatigued, that it
essary to have recourse to some
version, to relieve the wearied
with the necessary labours

f things, however, have been
worst of purposes, so, under
nsement and diversion, men
o all the madness of riot and
instead of attending to the
human life, they have begun
e and folly, and ended with
disease. Impressed with these
re, the following lads in the
on, viz. Hugh Reid, Robert
Burns, Alexander Brown,
Thomas Wright, and William
d, for our mutual entertain-
rselves into a club, or society,
and regulations, that while we
cares and labours in mirth
re might not transgress the
nnes and decorum; and after
, and some other regulations,
meeting at Tarbolton, in the
shard, upon the evening of the
er, 1780, commonly called
after choosing Robert Burns
ight, we proceeded to debate
—'Suppose a young man, bred
best any fortune, has it in his
ther of two women, the one a
ne, but neither handsome in
able in conversation, but who
household affairs of a farm well
r of them a girl every way
son, conversation, and be-
hest any fortune; which of
one?' Finding ourselves very
sty, we resolved to continue to
th in the same house, in the
proposed, and shortly thereaf-
rt Ritchie for another mem-
81, we brought in David Sil-
, Adam Jamison as members.
ng of the year 1782, we ad-
Patterson, and John Orr, and
we chose James Patterson as
for such a society. The club
ned, we resolved to meet at
race night, the July follow-

whom Burns addressed 'his
brother poet.

ing, and have a dance in honour of our society. Accordingly we did meet, each one with a partner, and spent the evening in such innocence and merriment, such cheerfulness and good humour, that every brother will long remember it with pleasure and delight." To this preamble are subjoined the rules and regulations.†

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† *Rules and Regulations to be observed in the Bachelor's Club.*

1st. The club shall meet at Tarbolton every fourth Monday night, when a question on any subject shall be proposed, disputed points of religion only excepted, in the manner hereafter directed; which question is to be debated in the club, each member taking whatever side he thinks proper.

2d. When the club is met, the president, or, he failing, some one of the members, till he come, shall take his seat; then the other members shall seat themselves; those who are for one side of the question, on the president's right hand; and those who are for the other side, on his left; which of them shall have the right hand is to be determined by the president. The president and four of the members being present shall have power to transact any ordinary part of the society's business.

3d. The club met and seated, the president shall read the question out of the club's book of records, (which book is always to be kept by the president) then the two members nearest the president shall cast lots who of them shall speak first, and according as the lot shall determine, the member nearest the president on that side shall deliver his opinion, and the member nearest on the other side shall reply to him; then the second member of the side that spoke first; then the second member of the side that spoke second, and so on to the end of the company; but if there be fewer members on the one side than on the other, when all the members of the least side have spoken according to their places, any of them, as they please among themselves, may reply to the remaining members of the opposite side; when both sides have spoken, the president shall give his opinion, after which they may go over it a second or more times, and so continue the question.

4th. The club shall then proceed to the choice of a question for the subject of next night's meeting. The president shall first propose one, and any other member who chooses may propose more questions; and whatever one of them is most agreeable to the majority of the members, shall be the subject of debate next club-night.

5th. The club shall, lastly, elect a new president for the next meeting; the president shall first name one, then any of the club may name another, and whoever of them has the majority of votes shall be duly elected; allowing the president the first vote, and the casting vote upon a par, but none other. Then after a general toast to mistresses of the club, they shall dismiss.

6th. There shall be no private conversation carried on during the time of debate, nor shall any member interrupt another while he is speaking, under the penalty of a reprimand from the president, for the first fault, double

arising amongst its members
n was given up, and the records
d to the flames. Happily the preamble
egulations were spared; and as mat-
nstruction and of example, they are
ted to posterity.

the family of our bard removed from
n to the neighbourhood of Mauchline,
his brother were requested to assist in
a similar institution there. The regu-
of the club at Mauchline were nearly
e as those of the club at Tarbolton;
laudable alteration was made. The
r non-attendance had at Tarbolton been
a enlarging their scanty potations: at
line it was fixed, that the money so aris-
hould be set apart for the purchase of
and the first work procured in this
r was the *Mirror*, the separate numbers
ich were at that time recently collected
blished in volumes. After it followed a
er of other works, chiefly of the same
s, and among these the *Lounger*. The
y of Mauchline still subsists, and was in
st of subscribers to the first edition of the
s of its celebrated associate.

e members of these two societies were
nally all young men from the country, and
ly sons of farmers; a description of per-
, in the opinion of our poet, more agreeable
eir manners, more virtuous in their con-

As works of taste they
They are, indeed, refined to a hig
delicacy; and to this circumstance
owing, that they exhibit little o
the peculiar manners of the age or
which they were produced. But
taste, though the source of many
not without some disadvantages;
it desirable, the possessor should
all cases be raised above the necess
labour, unless indeed we should i
this term the exercise of the imitat
which taste immediately preside
of taste may be a blessing to him
disposal of his own time, and wh
what book he shall read, of what
shall partake, and what company
To men so situated, the cultivati
fords a grateful occupation in its
a path to many other gratificati
of genius, in the possession of
leisure, the cultivation of the tas
to be essential; since it affords
those faculties which, without
would destroy the happiness of
and corrects that morbid sensibi
the expression of Mr Hume,
passion, which is the bane of t
of genius. Happy had it been
after he emerged from the con

share of the reckoning for the second; tre-
g it for the third, and so on in proportion
every other fault; provided always, how-
r, that any member may speak at any time
er leave asked and given by the president.
swearing and profane language, and par-
larly all obscene and indecent conversation,
under the same penalty

when, if he fail to appear, or
he shall be excluded.

9th. The club shall not com
sixteen members, all bachel
the parish of Tarbolton;
member marry, and in that
continued, if the majority
proper. No person shall be
of this society, withou

delicacy of his taste equalled the his passions, regulating all the his mind, and presiding over all oyments. But to the thousands original condition of Burns, and ed to pass their lives in the sta- they were born, delicacy of taste, f any attainment, would, if not a be at least a doubtful blessing. taste may make many necessary one or disgusting; and should cultivator of the soil unhappy in it presents no means by which may be improved. Taste and hich diffuse so many charms ciety, which sometimes secure a distinction while living, and more frequently obtain for them fame, seldom procure opulence, pendence, when cultivated with tention, and can scarcely be pur- vantage by the peasant in the short isure which his occupations allow. raise themselves from the condi- labour, are usually men who excel e of some useful art, or who join ustry and sobriety to an acquain- ome of the more common branches e. The penmanship of Butter- he arithmetic of Cocker, may be en in the humblest walks of life; ll assist the peasant more in the independence, than the study of f Shakspeare, though he could and even imitate, the beauties of tal bards.

ervations are not offered without of doubt and hesitation. The many relations, and would justify cussion. It may be observed, on d, that the first step to improve- waken the desire of improvement, will be most effectually done by as interests the heart and excites ion. The greater part of the sacred ıselves, which in Scotland are lly the manual of the poor, come scription. It may be farther ob- every human being is the proper own happiness, and, within the ocence, ought to be permitted to Since it is the taste of the Scottish give a preference to works of taste .* It may be presumed they find ratification in the perusal of such it may be added, that it is of more they should be made happy in their dition, than furnished with the ith the desire, of rising above it. lerations are doubtless of much ertheless, the previous reflections to be examined, and here we shall ject.

ıe records of the society at Tarbol- and those of the society at Mauch- ot been transmitted, yet we may safely affirm, that our poet was a distinguished member of both these associations, which were well calculated to excite and to develope the powers of his mind. From seven to twelve persons constituted the society at Tarbolton, and such a number is best suited to the purposes of information. Where this is the object of those societies, the number should be such, that each person may have an opportunity of imparting his sentiments, as well as of receiving those of others; and the powers of private conversation are to be employed, not those of public debate. A limited society of this kind, where the subject of conversation is fixed beforehand, so that each member may receive it previously in his mind, is perhaps one of the happiest contrivances hitherto discovered for shortening the acquisition of knowledge, and hastening the evolution of talents. Such an association requires indeed somewhat more of regulation than the rules of politeness established in common conversation; or rather, perhaps, it requires the rules of politeness, which in animated conversation are liable to perpetual violation, should be vigorously enforced. The order of speech established in the club at Tarbolton, appears to have been more regular than was required in so small a society; where all that is necessary seems to be, the fixing on a member to whom every speaker shall address himself, and who shall in return secure the speaker from interruption. Conversation, which among men whom intimacy and friendship have relieved from reserve and restraint, is liable, when left to itself, to so many inequalities, and which, as it becomes rapid, so often diverges into separate and collateral branches, in which it is dissipated and lost, being kept within its channel by a simple limitation of this kind, which practice renders easy and familiar, flows along in one full stream, and becomes smoother, and clearer, and deeper, as it flows. It may also be observed, that in this way the acquisition of knowledge becomes more pleasant and more easy, from the gradual improvement of the faculty employed to convey it. Though some attention has been paid to the eloquence of the senate and the bar, which in this, as in all other free governments, is productive of so much influence to a few who excel in it, yet little regard has been paid to the humbler exercise of speech in private conversation, an art that is of consequence to every description of persons under every form of government, and on which eloquence of every kind ought perhaps to be founded.

The first requisite of every kind of elocution, a distinct utterance, is the offspring of much time, and of long practice. Children are always defective in clear articulation, and so are young people, though in a less degree. What is called slurring in speech, prevails with some persons through life, especially in those who are taciturn. Articulation does not seem to reach its utmost degree of distinctness in men before the age of twenty, or upwards; in women it reaches this point somewhat earlier. Female occupations require much use of speech, because they are duties in detail. Besides, their occupations being generally sedentary, the respiration is left at liberty. Their nerves being more delicate, their sensibility is well as fancy is more lively; the natural consequence of which is, a more frequent utter-

al lists of book-*societies among the es in Scotland which the* Editor *orks of this description form a These societies are by no means it is not supposed* that they are *recent.*

ose habits, ...
ounds together; which
n as if they had arisen
hich, in truth, are the
ssful practice, and when
phenomena of most ca-
d association.

ch as we have been describ-
f be said to put each mem-
f the knowledge of all the
owers of utterance, and by
nion, excite the faculties of
tion. To those who wish to
ds in such intervals of labour
of a peasant allows, this me-
ating instruction, may, under
ns, be highly useful. To the
pinions, springing out of soli-
n and meditation, are seldom in-
ce correct, and which have but-
, while confined to himself, an
adency to assume to himself, an
of demonstrations, an association
, where they may be examined as
is of the utmost importance; since
ent those illusions of imagination,
genius being bewildered, science is
ced, and error propagated through
generations. And to men who, hav-
ated letters or general science in the
f their education, are engaged in the
cupations of life, and no longer able to
o study or to books the time requisite
roving or preserving their acquisitions,
ations of this kind, where the mind may
d from its usual cares in discussions of
ture or science, afford the most pleasing,
ost useful, and the most rational of gra-
ations.*

emerg... fortune had pe... degree of which he was es... fortified his principles of virtue by the ... tion of his taste, and given to the energies o... his mind habits of exertion that might have ex... cluded other associations, in which it must b... acknowledged they were too often wasted, ... well as debased.

This whole course of the Ayr is fine; b... the banks of that river, are singularly beauti... ward above Mauchline, as may be imagi... and they were frequented, as may be imagi... by our poet in his solitary walks. Here ... some often visited him. In one of these ... derings, he met among the woods a celeb... Beauty of the west of Scotland; a lad... whom it is said, that the charms of her ... correspond with the character of her ... This incident gave rise, as might be ex... to a poem, of which an account will b... in the following letter, in which he lu... to the object of his inspiration:

TO MISS ——.

Mossgiel, 18th N...

"Madam,

"Poets are such naive beings, w... children of wayward fancy and ... whim, that I believe the world gen... them a larger latitude in the laws ... than the sober sons of judgment ... I mention this as an apology fo... that a nameless stranger has t... in the inclosed poem, whether b... present you with. Whether ... merit any way worthy of the ... the proper judge; but it is the ... can produce; and what to a ... perhaps be a superior grace, ... so fervent.

ne nearly taken from real
say, madam, you do not
lieve you scarcely noticed
he wandered by you. I
nce directed, in the favour-
muse, on the banks of the
w in all the gaiety of the
evening sun was flaming
estern hills: not a breath
opening blossom, or the
lf. It was a golden mo-
art. I listened to the fea-
ring their harmony on every
enial kindred regard, and
t of my path, lest I should
oage, or frighten them to
urely, said I to myself, he
indeed, who, regardless of
devour to please him, can
hts to discover your secret
b you of all the property
our dearest comforts, your
Even the hoary hawthorn-
es the way, what heart at
not have been interested in
shed it preserved from the
tle, or the withering eastern
he scene, and such the hour,
f my prospect, I spied one
of Nature's workmanship
poetic landscape, or met a
tionary bards excepted who
th aerial beings! Had
ay taken my walk, they had
rn eternal peace with such

of inspiration for a poet! It
plain, dull, historic prose
reasure.
ong was the work of my re-
rhaps it but poorly answers
ested from such a scene,
e honour to be,
n.
r most obedient, and very
umble servant,
ROBERT BURNS."

dewy fields were green,
the pearls hang [illegible]
on'd round the bean,
grant sweets along;
mavis sang,
ning seemed the while,
en-wood echoes rang,
n o' Ballochmyle.

p I eaward strayed,
d in nature's joy,
a lonely glade,
chanced to spy;
the morning's eye,
ure's vernal smile,
ved passing by,
o' Ballochmyle!†

n flowery May,
ght in autumn mild;

When roving through the garden gay,
Or wandering in the lonely wild;
But woman, nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile:
Even there her other works are foil'd
By the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

O had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Though sheltered in the lowest shed
That every rose on Scotland's plain,
Through weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would tail,
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slippery steep,
Where fame and honours lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine:
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks or till the soil,
And every day have joys divine,
With the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

In the manuscript book in which our poet has recounted this incident, and into which the letter and poem are copied, he complains that the lady made no reply to his effusions, and this appears to have wounded his self-love. It is not, however, difficult to find an excuse for her silence. Burns was at that time little known, and where known at all, noted rather for the wild strength of his humour, than for those strains of tenderness, in which he afterwards so much excelled. To the lady herself his name had perhaps never been mentioned, and of such a poem she might not consider herself as the proper judge. Her modesty might prevent her from perceiving that the muse of Tibullus breathed in this nameless poet, and that her beauty was awakening strains destined to immortality on the banks of the Ayr. It may be conceived, also, that supposing the verses duly appreciated, delicacy might find it difficult to express its acknowledgments. The fervent imagination of the rustic bard possessed more of tenderness than of respect. Instead of raising himself to the condition of the object of his admiration, he presumed to reduce her to his own, and to strain this high-born beauty to his daring bosom. It is true, Burns might have found precedents for such freedoms among the poets of Greece and Rome, and indeed of every country. And it is not to be denied, that lovely women have generally submitted to this sort of profanation with patience, and even with good humour. To what purpose is it to repine at a misfortune which is the necessary consequence of their own charms, or to remonstrate with a description of men who are incapable of control?

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact."

It may be easily presumed, that the beautiful nymph of Ballochmyle, whoever she may have been, did not reject with scorn the adoration of our poet, though she received them with silent modesty and dignified reserve.

The sensibility of our bard's temper, a the force of his imagination, exposed him

---

† for hung.
ly's hue and rose's dye
to the lass o' Ballochmyle.

[illegible] writer
[illegible]nsdale, he gave vent to the sensibility of his worth and taste, of warm
recollections in the following impassioned nected with a most respect
lines: in the manuscript book from which we and relations. It is to
extract them, they are addressed *To Mary in Cotter's Saturday Night*
Heaven! poems of my brother, wh
mentioned, no sooner cam
they were quickly known,
the extensive circle of
which gave them a sort of
in this wise world, even fo
of things valuable in th
Aiken not only admired the
became acquainted with
warmest regard for the
thing in his power to forw
respectability. *The Epistle*
was addressed to this gentl
H. Aiken, now of Liver
oldest of a young family,
receive my brother with
genius and their father's fr

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lovest to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!
Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be press'd,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.
Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

To the delineations of the poet by himself,
he his [illegible]

"*The Brigs of Ayr* is
Ballantine, Esq. banker in
gentlemen to whom my bro
by Mr Aiken. He inter
warmly in my brother's conc
showed the greatest friendsl
to him. When the Kilma
sold off, and a considerable
the propriety of publishing
Mr Wilson, who had pri
asked if he would print the
chance of being paid from t
he declined; and when this
lantine's knowledge, he ge
accommodate Robert with w
need for that purpose; but a
Edinburgh, as the fittest pla
When he did go to Edin
advised him to publish [illegible]

ass, as has already been mentioned, this
of his history is connected with some vi ws
e condition and manners of the humblest
s of society, hitherto little observed, and
ch will perhaps be found neither useless
ninteresting.

xest the time of leaving his native country,
correspondence commences; and in the
s of letters now given to the world, the
lincidents of the remaining part of his lie
be found. The authentic, though melan-
f record, will supersede in future the ne-
ty of any extended narrative.

urne set out for Edinburgh in the month
ovember, 1786, and arrived on the second
afterwards, having performed his journey
ot. He was furnished with a letter of
dduction to Dr Blacklock, from the gentle-
to whom the Doctor had addressed the
r which is represented by our bard as the
ediate cause of his visiting the Scottish
opolis. He was acquainted with Mr
tart, professor of Moral Philosophy in the
versity, and had been entertained by that
leman at Catrine, his estate in Ayrshire.
had been introduced by Mr Alexander Dalz-
o the Earl of Glencairn, who had expressed
high approbation of his poetical talents.
ad friends therefore who could introduce
into the circles of literature as well as of
ess, and his own manners and appearance
ding every expectation that could have
formed of them, he soon became an object
neral curiosity and admiration. The
wing circumstance contributed to this in a
iderable degree.—At the time when Burns
ed in Edinburgh, the periodical paper,
entitled *The Lounger*, was published, every
Saturday producing a successive number. Its
poems had attracted the notice of the gentle-
men engaged in that undertaking, and the
ninety-seventh number of those papers, al-
though frequently beautiful essays, is devoted
to *An Account of Robert Burns, the Lavrock
ploughman, with extracts from his Poems*,
written by the elegant pen of Mr Mackenzie.*
The Lounger had an extensive circulation
among persons of taste and literature, and in
Scotland only, but in various parts of England,
to whose acquaintance therefore our bard was
immediately introduced. The paper of Mr
Mackenzie was calculated to introduce him
advantageously. The extracts are well selec-
ted; the criticisms and reflections are judicious
as well as generous; and in the style and
sentiments there is that happy delicacy, by
which the writings of the author are so emi-
nently distinguished. The extracts from
Burns' Poems in the ninety-seventh number of
The Lounger, were copied into the London, as
well as into many of the provincial papers, and
the fame of our bard spread throughout the
island. Of the manners, character, and con-
duct of Burns at this period, the following ac-
count has been given by Mr Stewart, in a letter
to the editor, which he is particularly happy to
have obtained permission to insert in these
memoirs.

Professor Dugald Stewart of Edinburgh to Dr James Currie of Liverpool.

"The first time I saw Robert Burns was on the 23d of October, 1786, when he dined at

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might be said of him with great propriety,
*he held the patent of his honours immediately
Almighty God.* Nature had indeed marki
im a gentleman in the most legible charac-

He died while yet a young man, soon
the publication of my brother's first
hburgh edition. Sir William Cunninghame
oberland, paid a very flattering attention,
showed a good deal of friendship for the
. Before his going to Edinburgh, as well
fter, Robert seemed peculiarly pleased with
ssor Stewart's friendship and conversa-
.

But of all the friendships which Robert
ired in Ayrshire or elsewhere, none seemed
agreeable to him than that of Mrs Dunlop
Dunlop, nor say which has been more uni-
dly and constantly exerted in behalf of him
of his family; of which, were it proper, I
d give many instances. Robert was on the
t of setting out for Edinburgh before Mrs
lop had heard of him. About the time of
brother's publishing in Kilmarnock, she
been afflicted with a long and severe illness,
h had reduced her mind to the most dis-
ding state of depression. In this situation,
py of the printed poems was laid on her
by a friend, and happening to open on
Cotter's Saturday Night, she read it over
the greatest pleasure and surprise: the
s description of the simple cottagers, oper-
on her *mind like the charm of a powerful
ist, expelling the demon ennui* and *restor-
er to her wonted inward harmony and
ation.—Mrs Dunlop sent off a person*
express to Mossgiel, distant fifteen or sixteen
miles, with a very obliging letter to my brother,
desiring him to send her half a dozen copies of
his poems, if he had them to spare, and begging
he would do her the pleasure of calling at
Dunlop house as soon as convenient. This
was the beginning of a correspondence which
ended only with the poet's life. The last use
he made of his pen was writing a short letter
to this lady a few days before his death.

"Col. Fullarton, who afterwards paid a
very particular attention to the poet, was not
in the country at the time of his first commencing
author. At this distance of time, and in
the hurry of a wet day, snatched from laborious
occupations, I may have forgot some per-
sons who ought to have been mentioned on this
occasion, for which, if it come to my know-
ledge, I shall be heartily sorry."

The friendship of Mrs Dunlop was of partic-
ular value to Burns. This lady, daughter and
sole heiress to Sir Thomas Wallace of Craigie,
and lineal descendant of the illustrious Wallace,
the first of Scottish warriors, possesses the quali-
ties of mind suited to her high lineage. Pre-
serving, in the decline of life, the generous af-
fections of youth; her admiration of the poet
was soon accompanied by a sincere friendship
for the man; which pursued him in after life
through good and evil report; in poverty, in
sickness, and in sorrow; and which is contin-
ued to his infant family, now deprived of their
parent.

* This paper has been attributed, but in
propriety, to Lord Craig, one of the Scott

nd feelings of the writer, before his known to the public.*

---

thor of the very interesting account Bruce, in the 36th number of the

his poem is as follows:

ye all whom it concerns,
er Robin, alias Burns,
:tober twenty-third,
:o-be-forgotten day,
sprachled up the brae,
dinner'd wi' a Lord.

at drunken *writers'* feasts,
n bitch-fou 'mang godly priests,
i' reverence be it spoken;
join'd the honour'd jorum,
ighty Squireships of the quorum,
eir hydra drouth did sloken.

. Lord—stand out my shin,
a Peer—an Earl's son,
higher yet my bonnet;
Lord—lang Scotch ells twa,
ger he o'erlooks them a',
I look o'er my sonnet.

r Hogarth's magic power!
Sir Hardy's willyart glowr,
d how he stared and stammer'd,
avan, as if led wi' branks,
pan on his ploughman shanks,
in the parlour hammer'd.

. . . . . .

so extremely gloomy, that he formed a plan of going out to very humble situation, not, how lamenting, that his want of pat force him to think of a project ac his feelings, when his ambitiou higher an object than the statior man or gauger in his own countr

"His manners were then, as ever afterwards, simple, manly, dent; strongly expressive of con and worth; but without any thin ed forwardness, arrogance, or vai his share in conversation, but belonged to him; and listened attention and deference, on subje want of education deprived him of information. If there had bee of gentleness and accommodation he would, I think, have been sti esting; but he had been accus law in the circle of his ordinary and his dread of any thing a meanness or servility, rendered somewhat decided and hard. Noth was more remarkable among h tainments, than the fluency, and originality of his language, whe company; more particularly as purity in his turn of expression, more successfully than most Sc peculiarities of Scottish phraseolo

"He came to Edinburgh early following, and remained there months. By whose advice he too am unable to say. Perhaps it w only by his own curiosity to see of the world; but, I confess, I consequences from the first, and a that his pursuits and habits shoul

s all ranks and descriptions of such as would have turned any ıan. I cannot say that I could unfavourable effect which they d. He retained the same simnera and appearance which had orcibly when I first saw him in ner did he seem to feel any addiportance from the number and w acquaintance. His dress was d to his station, plain and unpre- a sufficient attention to neatness. ight he always wore boots; and, than usual ceremony, buck-skin

ty of his engagements, while in revented me from seeing him so ld have wished. In the course of called on me once or twice, at my in the morning, and walked with lills, in the neighbourhood of the e charmed me still more by his vation, than he had ever done in e was passionately fond of the nature; and I recollect once he ı I was admiring a distant prof f our morning walks, that the many smoking cottages gave a ı mind, which none could underl not witnessed, like himself, the ı the worth which they contained. olitical principles he was than a ich was perhaps owing partly to e father was originally from the Marischall. Indeed he did not e thought much on such subjects, sistently. He had a very strong ion, and expressed deep regret at h which he had heard it treated n some convivial meetings which . I speak of him as he was in 1786-7; for afterwards we met and our conversations turned ı literary projects, or his private

ı recollect whether it appears or of your letters to me, that you ıı Burns.* If you have, it is r me to add, that the idea which ion conveyed of the powers of his ed, if possible, that which is sugwritings. Among the poets whom sed to know, I have been struck, one instance, with the unaccount y between their general talents, ional inspirations of their more ments. But all the faculties of I were, as far as I could judge, rous; and his predilection for ther the result of his own enthusiasmpassioned temper, than of a sively adapted to that species of

From his conversation I should ıced him to be fitted to excel in lk of ambition he had chosen to ties.

he subjects on which he was ac- well, the characters of the indiwhom he happened to meet, was write one. *The remarks he made* on them were always the well and pecıı, though frequently mixed with a ıı cream. His power of ıı was sometimes indescriminate and extravagant; but this, I suspect, proceeded rather from the caprice and humour of the moment, than from the effects of attachment in blinding his judgment. His wit was ready, and always impressed with the marks of a vigorous understanding; but, to my taste, not often pure or happy. His attempts at epigram, in his printed works, are the only performances, perhaps, that he has produced, totally unworthy of his genius.

"In summer, 1787, I passed some weeks in Ayrshire, and saw Burns occasionally. I think that he made a pretty long excursion that season to the Highlands, and that he also visited what Beattie calls the Arcadian ground of Scotland, upon the banks of the Tweed and the Tweed.

"I should have mentioned before, that notwithstanding various reports, I heard during the preceding winter, of Burns's predilection for convivial and very select society, I should have concluded in favour of his habits of sobriety, from all of him that ever fell under my own observation. He told me indeed himself, that the weakness of his stomach was such as to deprive him entirely of any merit in his temperance. I was, however, somewhat alarmed about the effect of his now comparatively sedentary and luxurious life, when he confessed to me, the first night he spent in my house, after his winter's campaign in town, that he had been much disturbed when in bed, by a palpitation at his heart, which, he said, was a complaint to which he had of late become subject.

"In the course of the same season, I was led by curiosity to attend for an hour or two a Masonic lodge in Mauchline, where Burns presided. He had occasion to make short unpremeditated compliments to different individuals from whom he had no reason to expect a visit, and every thing he said was happily conceived, and forcibly as well as fluently expressed. If I am not mistaken, he told me, that in that village, before going to Edinburgh, he had belonged to a small club of such of the inhabitants as had a taste for books, which they used to converse and debate on any interesting questions that occurred to them in the course of their reading. His manner of speaking in public had evidently the marks of some practice in extempore elocution.

"I must not omit to mention, what I have always considered as characteristical in a high degree of true genius, the extreme facility and good-nature of his taste, in judging of the compositions of others, when there was any real ground for praise. I repeated to him many passages of English poetry with which he was unacquainted, and have more than once witnessed the tears of admiration and rapture with which he heard them. The collection of songs by Dr Aikin, which I first put into his hands, he read with unmixed delight, notwithstanding his former efforts in that very different species of writing; and I have little doubt that it had some effect in polishing his subsequent compositions.

"In judging of prose, I do not think his taste was equally sound. I once read to him

---

r *has seen and conversed with*

...hough their gra...
...render some of them scarcely less
wonder than his poetical perfor-
The late Dr Robertson used to say,
...idering his situation, the former
...him the more extraordinary of the

memory was uncommonly retentive,
...r poetry, of which he recited to me
...y long compositions with the most
...ccuracy. They were chiefly ballads,
...r pieces in our Scottish dialect; great
...hem (he told me) he had learned in his
...d, from his mother, who delighted in
...citations, and whose poetical taste, rusti
...obably was, gave, it is presumable, the
...ection of her son's genius.
...f the more polished verses which acci-
...y fell into his hands in his early years,
...ntioned particularly the recommendatory
..., by different authors, prefixed to *Hervey's Meditations*: a book which has always
very wide circulation among such of the
...ry people of Scotland, as affect to unite
degree of taste with their religious studies.
these poems (although they are certainly
...r mediocrity) he continued to read with a
...ee of rapture beyond expression. He took
...ce of this fact himself, as a proof how much
taste is liable to be influenced by accidental
...umstances.
' His father appeared to me, from the ac-
...nt he gave of him, to have been a respect-
...t and worthy character, possessed of a mind
...erior to what might have been expected
...n his station in life. He ascribed much
...is own principles and feelings to the early
...ressions he had received from his instruc-
...s and example. I recollect that he once
...ferred to *him* (and he added, that the passage
...ne of fact), the two last

...study under his ...
Nicol, one of the masters of
school here; but I do not know
...cessful so far as to make the att
"He certainly possessed a
French; and, if he had an affi
thing, it was in introducing occa
or a phrase from that language.
that his knowledge in this re
more extensive than I suppose
this you can learn from his mo
quaintance. It would be wort
quire, whether he was able to r
authors with such facility as
them any improvement to his
own part, I doubt it much—n
lieve it, but on very strong a
dence.
"If my memory does not f
well instructed in arithmetic,
thing of practical geometry,
surveying.—All his other
entirely his own.
"The last time I saw him
winter, 1788-89;" when he
with me at Drumsheugh,
hood of Edinburgh, where I
My friend Mr Alison was
mpany. I never saw him
interesting. A present wh
him afterwards of his *Ess*
from Burns a letter of ackn
I remember to have read w
surprise at the distinct con
from it to have formed, o
ple of the doctrine of a
saw Mr Alison in Shrop
forget to inquire if the lette
If it is, you may easily pr
our friend Mr Houlbrooke

joined in the list of those who per-
necessmon talents, who acknow-
especially his power in conversa-
who interested themselves in the
of his genius. In Edinburgh,
fashionable society are a good

Our bard was an acceptable
gayest and most elevated circles,
ly received from female beauty and
see attentions above all others most
im. At the table of Lord Mon-
s a frequent guest; and while he
society, and partook of the hospi-
venerable Judge, he experienced
and condescension of h s lovely
lished daughter. The singular
s young lady was illumined by that
sion of countenance which results
on of cultivated taste and superior
g, with the finest affections of the
influence of such attractions was
our poet. "There has not been
te Miss Burnet," said he in a letter
"in all the combinations of beauty,
nodness, the Creator has formed,
's Eve on the first day of her ex-
In his *Address to Edinburgh*, she
in a strain of still greater elevation:

ornet strikes th' adoring eye,
's beauties on my fancy shine;
fire of Love on birth,
s his works indeed divine!"

y woman died a few years after-
flower of her youth. Our bard
s sensibility on that occasion, in
sed to her memory.

e men of rank and fashion, Burns
arly distinguished by James, Earl
n. On the motion of this noble-
dectonian Hunt, (an association of
l of the nobility and gentry of Scot-
ded their patronage to our bard, and
n to their gay orgies. He repaid
by a dedication of the enlarged and
ition of his poems, in which he has
heir patriotism and independence in
ed terms.

atulate my country that the blood of
heroes runs uncontaminated; and
our courage, knowledge and public
may expect protection, wealth, and
. . . . . May corrup-
at your kindling indignant glance;
anny in the ruler, and licentious-
people, equally find in you an inexo-

presumed that these generous sen-
rred at an era singularly propitious
ence of character and conduct, were
received by the persons to whom
addressed, and that they were echoed
bosom, as well as from that of the
ncairn. This accomplished noble-
olar, a man of taste and sensibility,
ftewards. Had he lived, and had
qualled his wishes, Scotland might
tulted in the genius, instead of la-
early fate of her favourite bard.
r letters is not always conjoined
f temperance and regularity; and
the period of which we speak,
haps as uncommon proportion of
men of considerable talents, devoted to social excesses, in which their talents were wasted and debased.

Burns entered into several parties of this description, with the usual vehemence of his character. His generous affections, his ardent eloquence, his brilliant and daring imagination, fitted him to be the idol of such associations; and accustoming himself to conversation of a limited range, and to festive indulgences that scorned restraint, he gradually lost some portion of his relish for the more pure, but less poignant pleasures, to be found in the circles of taste, elegance, and literature. The sudden alteration in his habits of life operated on him physically as well as morally. The humble farm of an Ayrshire peasant he had exchanged for the luxuries of the Scottish metropolis, and the effects of this change on his ardent constitution could not be inconsiderable. But whatever influence might be produced on his conduct, his excellent understanding suffered no correspondent debasement. He estimated his friends and associates of every description at their proper value, and appreciated his own conduct with a precision that might give scope to much curious and melancholy reflection. He saw his danger, and at times formed resolutions to guard against it; but he had embarked on the tide of dissipation, and was borne along its stream.

Of the state of his mind at this time, an authentic, though imperfect document remains, in a book which he procured in the spring of 1787, for the purpose, as he himself informs us, of recording in it whatever seemed worthy of observation. The following extracts may serve as a specimen:

Edinburgh, April 8, 1787.

"As I have seen a good deal of human life in Edinburgh, a great many characters which are new to one bred up in the shades of life as I have been, I am determined to take down my remarks on the spot. Gray observes in a letter to Mr Palgrave, that, 'half a word fixed upon, or near the spot, is worth a cart-load of recollection.' I don't know how it is with the world in general, but with me, making my remarks is by no means a solitary pleasure. I want some one to laugh with me, some one to be grave with me, some one to please me, and help my discrimination, with his or her own remark, and at times, no doubt, to admire my acuteness and penetration. The world are so busied with selfish pursuits, ambition, vanity, interest, or pleasure, that very few think it worth their while to make any observation on what passes around them, except where that observation is a sucker, or branch of the darling plant they are rearing in their fancy. Nor am I sure, notwithstanding all the sentimental flights of novel-writers, and the sage philosophy of moralists, whether we are capable of so intimate and cordial a coalition of friendship, as that one man may pour out his bosom, his every thought and floating fancy, his very inmost soul, with unreserved confidence to another, without hazard of losing part of that respect which man deserves from man; or from the unavoidable imperfections attending human nature, of one day repenting his confidence.

"For these reasons I am determined to make

...ship since
...urence went first to market, or honesty was
...up to sale.

'To these seemingly invidious, but too just
...s of human friendship, I would cheerfully
...ke one exemption—the connexion between
... persons of different sexes, when their
...rests are united and absorbed by the tie of
...—

en thought meets thought, ere from the lips
it part,
each warm wish springs mutual from the
heart.

..., confidence—confidence that exalts them
...ore in one another's opinion, that endears
the more to each other's hearts, unre-
...lly 'reigns and revels.' But this is not
...t; and, in my situation, if I am wise,
...h by the bye I have no great chance of
..., my fate should be cast with the Peal-
sparrow 'to watch alone on the house
—Oh, the pity!

. . . . . .

...here are few of the sore evils under the
...e me more uneasiness and chagrin than
...parison how a man of genius, nay, of
worth, is received every where, with
...ption which a mere ordinary character,
...d with the trappings and futile distinc-
fortune, meets. I imagine a man of
, his breast glowing with honest pride,
...s that men are born equal, still giving
...o *whom honour is due*; he meets, at a
...an's table, a Squire something, or a
...body; he knows the *noble* landlord,
gives the bard, or whatever he is, a
...his good wishes, beyond. nothing...

The intentions of the poet in
book, so fully described by him
imperfectly executed. He has
few or no incidents, but sever
and reflections, of which the gre
are proper for the public eye, wi
terwoven in the volume of his
most curious particulars in the
delineations of the characters l
These are not numerous; but th
of persons of distinction in th
letters, and nothing but the del
spect due to living characters pre
committing them to the press.
appears that in his conversation l
times disposed to sarcastic remark
with whom he lived, nothing of
discoverable in these more deliber
his understanding, which, while
great clearness o discrimination, n
the wish, as well as the power, to
and generous praise.

By the new edition of his poems
quired a sum of money that enabl
only to partake of the pleasures of
but to gratify a desire he had long e
of visiting those parts of his nativ
most attractive by their beauty or
deur; a desire which the return of s
turally revived. The scenery on th
the Tweed, and of its tributary strea
interested his fancy; and, according
Edinburgh on the 6th of May, 1787
through a country so much celebr
rural songs of Scotland. He tr
horseback, and was accompanied, d
part of his journey, by Mr Ainslie,
to the signet, a gentleman who enj
of his friendship and of his confi
this tour a journal ——

by the magistrates with the freedom of their [illegible]. The following may serve as a specimen of this tour, which the perpetual reference to living characters prevents our giving at large.

"*Saturday, May 6.* Left Edinburgh—Lammermuir hills, miserably dreary in general, but at times very picturesque.

"Lauson-edge, a glorious view of the Merse. Reach Berrywell. . . . The family-meeting with my *compagnon de voyage*, very charming; particularly the sister. . . .

"*Sunday.* Went to church at Dunse. Heard Dr Bowmaker. . . .

"*Monday.* Coldstream—glorious river Tweed—clear and majestic—fine bridge—dine at Coldstream with M'Auslie and Mr Forsyth. Best Mr Forsyth in a dispute about Voltaire. Drink tea at Lennel-House with Mr and Mrs Brydone. . . . Reception extremely flattering. Sleep at Coldstream.

"*Tuesday.* Breakfast at Kelso—charming situation of the town—fine bridge over the Tweed. Enchanting views and prospects on both sides of the river, especially on the Scotch side. . . . Visit Roxburgh Palace—fine situation of it. Ruins of Roxburgh Castle—a holly-bush growing where James the Second was accidentally killed by the bursting of a cannon. A small old religious ruin and a fine old garden planted by the religious, rooted out and destroyed by a Hottentot, *a matter of hoof* of the Duke's!—Climate and soil of Berwickshire, and even Roxburghshire, superior to Ayrshire—bad roads—turnip and sheep husbandry their great improvements. . . . Low markets, consequently low lands—magnificence of farmers and farm-houses. Come up the Teviot, and up the Jed to Jedburgh, to lie, and so wish myself good night.

"*Wednesday.* Breakfast with Mr Fair. . . . Charming romantic situation of Jedburgh, with gardens and orchards, intermingled among the houses, and the ruins of a once magnificent cathedral. All the towns have here the appearance of old rude grandeur, but extremely idle.—Jed, a fine romantic little river. Dined with Capt. Rutherford, . . . return to Jedburgh. Walked up the Jed with some ladies to be shown Lover-lane, and Blackburn, two fairy scenes. Introduced to Mr Pasts, writer, and to Mr Somerville, the clergyman of the parish, a man, and a gentleman, but sadly addicted to punning.

* * * * * * *

"*Jedburgh, Saturday.* Was presented by the magistrates with the freedom of the town.

"Took farewell of Jedburgh, with some melancholy sensations.

"*Monday, May 14, Kelso.* Dine with the farmer's club—all gentlemen talking of high matters—each of them keeps a hunter from *L40* to *L50* value, and attends the fox-hunting club in the country. Go out with Mr Ker, one of the club, and a friend of Mr Ainslie's, to sleep. In his mind and manners, Mr Ker is astonishingly like my dear old friend Robert Muir—*every thing in his house elegant. He offers to accompany me in my English tour.*

"*Tuesday. Dine with Mr Alexander Don; a very wet day. . . . Sleep at Mr Ker's again, and set out next day for Melrose*—visit Dryburgh a fine old ruine I allow, by the way. Cross the Leader, and come up the Tweed to Melrose. Dine there, and visit that [illegible] glorious ruin—Come to Selkirk up the banks of Ettrick. The whole country here consists both on Tweed and Ettrick, romantic and stony."

Having spent three weeks in exploring the interesting scenery, Burns crossed over into Northumberland. Mr Ker and Mr Heron two gentlemen with whom he had become acquainted in the course of his tour, accompanied him. He visited Alnwick Castle, the princely seat of the Duke of Northumberland, the hermitage and old castle of Warkworth, Morpeth, and Newcastle.—In this town he spent two days, and then proceeded to the south-west by Hexham and Wa[illegible] Isle.—After spending a few days at [illegible] with his friend Mr M'Auslie, [illegible] Scotland, and at Annan he [illegible] Burns, by.

Of the various persons with whom he became acquainted in the course of [illegible] he kept, in general, [illegible] almost always at a [illegible] the banks of the Tweed and of the [illegible] hard should find nymphs that were [illegible] as what might be [illegible] of these or particular [illegible] But it does not appear that [illegible] inhabitants, produce [illegible] as it was to have been wi[illegible] From Annan, Burns pro[illegible] Dumfries and thence, through Kirkpatrick, to Thornhill near Moniblaire, in Ayrshire, where he arrived about the 8th of June, 1787, after an absence of six busy and eventful months. It will easily conceived with what [illegible] he was received by his mother, his brothers and sisters. He had left them poor, and comparatively friendless; he returned to them, in public estimation, and very [illegible] circumstances. He returned to [illegible] his ardent affections, and [illegible] them to the utmost fathom, the [illegible] that fortune had bestowed.

Having remained with them a few days, he proceeded again to Edinburgh, [illegible] early set out on a journey to the Highlands. In this tour no particulars have been [illegible] his manuscripts. A letter to his friend M'Auslie, dated *Arrochar*, near *Cairndow*, *Loch-Lomond*, June 28, 1787, contains [illegible] the least:

"I write you this on my tour through country where savage sublimity [illegible] savage mountains, thinly covered with [illegible] are flocks, which scarcely support [illegible] inhabitants. My last stage was Inveraray, [illegible] morrow night's stage, Dumbarton. I [illegible] sooner to have answered your kind letter, [illegible] you know I am a man of many sins."

From this journey Burns returned to his friends in Ayrshire, with whom he spent the month of July, renewing his friendships, and extending his acquaintance throughout the county, where he was now very generally known and admired. In August he again visited Edinburgh, whence he undertook another journey towards the middle of the month, in company with Mr M. Adam, Dr Adam of Harrowgate, of whi

ie Scottish Parliaments had frequent-
held. His indignation had vented it-
some imprudent, but not unpostical
hich had given much offence, and which
this opportunity of erasing, by breaking
e of the window at the inn on which
re written.

Stirling we met with a company of
w from Edinburgh, among whom was
cter in many respects congenial with
Burns. This was Nicol, one of the
of the High Grammar-School at
rgh—the same wit and power of conv
n; the same fondness for convivial
and thoughtlessness of to-morrow,
erized both. Jacobitical principles in
were common to both of them; and
ave been suspected, since the revolution
nce, to have given place in each, to
s apparently opposite. I regret that I
eserved no *memorabilia* of their conver-
either on this or on other occasions,
I happened to meet them together.
ongs were sung; which I mention for
e of observing, that when Burns was
n in his turn, he was accustomed, in-
f singing, to recite one or other of his
orter poems, with a tone and emphasis,
though not correct or harmonious,
mpressive and pathetic. This he did on
ent occasion.

om Stirling we went next morning
h the romantic and fertile vale of Devon
vieston, in Clackmannanshire, then in-
l by Mrs Hamilton, with the younger
whose family Burns had been previous-
quainted. He introduced me to the
, and there was formed my first acquain-
with Mrs Hamilton's eldest daughter, to
I have been married for nine years.

preserved her hospitality and
was in possession of the here
two-handed sword, with whic
on Burns and myself the ho
hood, remarking, that she had
confer that title than some peo
You will of course conclude th
political tenets were as Jac
poet's, a conformity which m
little to the cordiality of our re
tertainment.—She gave us her
dinner, *Auss, Usces*, or, Away
gers.—Who these strangers
readily understand. Mrs A.
saying it should be *Hoot*, or
sound used by shepherds to dir
drive away the sheep.

"We returned to Edinbu
(on the shore of Lochleven) a
I am inclined to think Burns
poor Michael Bruce, who wa
Kinross, or had died there a sh
A meeting between the bards,
deserted cottage and early grav
would have been highly interes

"At Dunfermline we vis
abbey, and the abbey-church
to Presbyterian worship.
the *cutty stool*, or stool of rep
ing the character of a penitent
while Burns from the pulpit
a ludicrous reproof and exhe
from that which had been del
in Ayrshire, where he had, a
once been one of seven who m
shame together.

"In the church-yard two
marked the grave of Robert
memory Burns had more than
tion. He knelt and kissed

ure. Yet the inference that Dr Adair clined to draw from it, that he had e for the picturesque, might be questen if it stood uncontroverted by other . The muse of Burns was in a high apricious; she came uncalled, and used to attend at his bidding. Of all rrous subjects suggested to him by his and correspondents, there is scarcely he adopted. The very expectation particular occasion would excite the of fancy, if communicated to Burns, a him, as in other poets, destructive lect expected. Hence perhaps it may ined, why the banks of the Devon and rd form no part of the subjects of his

ilar train of reasoning may perhaps the want of emotion with which he the *Cauldron Linn*. Certainly there affections of the mind more deadened ifluence of previous expectation, than ieing from the sight of natural objects, e especially of objects of grandeur. descriptions of scenes, of a sublime should never be given to those who st to view them, particularly if they ons of great strength and sensibility of tion. Language seldom or never conadequate idea of such objects, but in d of a great poet it may excite a piec f far transcends them. The imaginaBurns might form a cataract in comwith which the *Cauldron Linn* should e purling of a rill, and even the mighty Niagara a humble cascade.*

ther these suggestions may assist in ing our Bard's deficiency of impression occasion referred to, or whether it ather to be imputed to some pre-occupor indisposition of mind, we presume decide; but that he was in general y alive to the beautiful or sublime in , may be supported by irresistible evi- It is true, this pleasure was greatly ned in his mind, as might be expected, mbined with moral emotions of a kind hich it happily unites. That under ociation Burns contemplated the scen the Devon with the eye of a genuine se following lines, written at this very may bear witness.

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in reasoning might be extended with odifications, to objects of sight of every To have formed before-hand a distinct in the mind, of any interesting person t, generally lessens the pleasure of the eting with them. Though this picture superior, or even equal to the reality, an never be expected to be an exact reso; and the disappointment felt at it something different from what was d, interrupts and diminishes the emoit would otherwise be produced. In ses the second or third interview given ressure than the first. *See the Elements hilosophy of the Human Mind*, by Mr , p. 4b1. *Such publications as The e Lakes, where every scene is de- y the most minute manner, and some- h considerable exaggeration of lan- in this point of view* objectionable.

On a young Lady, residing on the banks of the small river Devon, in Clackmannanshire, of whose infant years I had spent in Ayrshire.

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
With green spreading bushes, and flowers blooming fair!
But the loveliest flower on the banks of the Devon
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
In the gay rosy morn as it bathes in the dew!
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn!
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn!

Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
And England triumphant display her proud rose:
A fairer than either adorns the green willows
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

The different journeys already mentioned did not satisfy the curiosity of Burns. About the beginning of September, he again set out from Edinburgh, on a more extended tour to the Highlands, in company with Mr Nicol, with whom he had contracted a particular intimacy, which lasted during the remainder of his life. Mr Nicol was of Dumfries-shire, of a descent equally humble with our poet. Like him he rose by the strength of his talents, and fell by the strength of his passions. He died in the summer of 1797. Having received the elements of a classical instruction at his parish school, Mr Nicol made a very rapid and singular proficiency; and by early undertaking the office of an instructor himself, he acquired the means of entering himself at the University of Edinburgh. There he was first a student of theology, then a student of medicine, and was afterwards employed in the assistance and instruction of graduates in medicine, in those parts of their exercises in which the Latin language is employed. In this situation he was the contemporary and rival of the celebrated Dr Brown, whom he resembled in the particulars of his history, as well as in the leading features of his character. The office of assistant teacher in the High-school being vacant, it was, as usual, filled up by competition; and in the face of some prejudices, and perhaps of some well-founded objections, Mr Nicol, by superior learning, carried it from all the other candidates. This office he filled at the period of which we speak.

It is to be lamented; that an acquaintance with the writers of Greece and Rome does not always supply an original want of taste or correctness in manners and conduct; and wh it fails of this effect, it sometimes infl

[illegible] passing through [illegible]
[illegible]ched northwards, about ten miles beyond
[illegible]ertness. There they bent their course east-
[illegible]rd, across the island, and returned by the
[illegible]re of the German Sea to Edinburgh. In
[illegible]e course of this tour, some particulars of
[illegible]ich will be found in a letter of our
[illegible]rd, they visited a number of remarkable
[illegible]ces, and the imagination of Burns was
[illegible]ostantly excited by the wild and sublime
[illegible]ery through which he passed. Of this,
[illegible]veral proofs may be found in the poems for-
[illegible]erly printed." Of the history of one of these
[illegible]ems, *The Humble Petition of Bruar Water*,
[illegible]nd of the bard's visit to Athole House, some
[illegible] particulars will be found in Letters No. 23. and
[illegible]o. 31; and, by the favour of Mr Walker of
[illegible]erth, then residing in the family of the Duke
[illegible] Athole, we are enabled to give the following
[illegible]dditional account.

"On reaching Blair, he sent me notice of
[illegible]is arrival (as I had been previously acquainted
[illegible]with him), and I hastened to meet him at the
[illegible]nn. The Duke, to whom he brought a letter
[illegible] introduction, was from home; but the
Duchess, being informed of his arrival, gave
him an invitation to sup and sleep at Athole
House. He accepted the invitation; but, as
the hour of supper was at some distance, beg-
ged I would in the interval be his guide through
the grounds. It was already growing dark;
yet the softened, though faint and uncertain,
view of their beauties, which the moonlight
afforded us, seemed exactly suited to the state
of his feelings at the time. I had often, like
others, experienced the pleasures which arise
from the sublime or elegant landscape, but I
never saw those feelings so intense as in Burns.
When we reached a rustic hut on the river
Tilt, where it is overhung by a woody preci-
[illegible] [illegible] a noble water-fall,
appreciate what was [illegible]
to himself, and never to forge
for the separate species of di
each. He did not arrogate
when led into it, he spoke wit
and manliness. He tried to
because he knew it was ability
a title to be there. The
family attracted much of h
drank their healths as *honest*
lassie, an idea which was m
the company, and with whic
citously closed his poem.

"Next day I took a ride
some of the most romantic p
bourhood, and was highly g
versation. As a specimen
conception and strength of
mention a remark which he
traveller, who was walking
paces before us. He was
but clumsy person; and w
pressing to me the value he
on account of his vigorous
they were clouted at tim
manners; 'in short,' he
is like his body; he has a
in-kneed sort of a soul.'

"Much attention was
before and after the Duke's
was perfectly sensible, w
and at his departure I reco
the most appropriate return
write some descriptive ve
scenes with which he had
lighted. After leaving
Duke's advice, visited the
in a few days I received a l
with the verses inclosed."

It appears that the imp
[illegible] family

d to Mr Dundas (then daily ex-
sit to the Duke), a circumstance
e had a favourable influence on
fortunes. At Athole house, he
rst time, Mr Graham of Fintry,
was afterwards indebted for his
xelse,
and poems which he addressed
, bear testimony of his sensibil-
ty the supposition, that he would
a deficient in gratitude had he
to a situation better suited to his
d to his talents.

after leaving Blair of Athole,
his fellow-traveller arrived at
In the course of the preceding
had been introduced to the
lordon at Edinburgh, and pre-
e acquaintance, he proceeded to
, leaving Mr Nicol at the inn in
At the castle our poet was re-
the utmost hospitality and kind-
family being about to sit down
was invited to take his place at
fter of course. This invitation
and after drinking a few glasses
we up and proposed to withdraw.
wed to stay, he meet oned, for
his engagement with his fellow-
l his noble host offering to send
conduct Mr Nicol to the castle,
l on undertaking that office him
ne, however, accompanied by a
particular acquaintance of the
om the invitation was delivered
as of politeness. The invitation
the pride of Nicol was inflamed
gree of passion, by the neglect
already suffered He had order-d
e put to the carriage, being de-
ceed on his journey alone: and
n parading the streets of Kocha-
he door of the inn, venting his
postilion, for the slowness with
eyed his commands. As no ex-
entreaty could change the pur-
fellow-traveller, our poet was
e necessity of separating fro
or of instantly proceeding with
journey. He chose the last of
ives: and seating himself beside
post-chaise, with mortification
he turned his back on Gordon
e he had promised himself some
Sensible, however, of the great
e noble family, he made the best
power, by the following poem.*

I.

hat glide in orient plains
and by winter's chains;
here on golden sands,
mix'd with foulest stains
anny's empurpled bands:
air richly gleaming waves,
tyrants and their slaves;
he stream that sweetly laves
aks by Castle-Gordon.

II.

Spicy forests ever gay,
Shading from the burning ray
Hapless wretches sold to toil,
Or the ruthless native's way,
Pant on slaughter, blood, and spoil,
Woods that ever verdant wave,
I leave the tyrant and the slave,
Give me the groves that lofty brave
The storms, by Castle-Gordon.

III.

Wildly here, without control,
Nature reigns and rules the whole;
In that sober pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul,
She plants the forest, pours the flood,
Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
And bed at night a sheltering cave,
Where nature flows and all is wave,
By bonnie Castle Gordon.†

Burns remained at Edinburgh during the greater part of the winter, 1787-8, and even entered into the society and dissipation of the metropolis. It appears that, on the 31st day of December, he attended a meeting to celebrate the birth-day of the lineal descendant of the Scottish race of kings, the late unfortunate Prince Charles Edward. Whatever might have been the wish or purpose of the original institutors of this annual meeting, there is no reason to suppose that the gentlemen of which it was at this time composed, were not perfectly loyal to the king on the throne. It is not to be conceived that they entertained any hope of, any wish for, the restoration of the House of Stuart; but, over their sparkling wine, they indulged the generous feelings which the recollection of fallen greatness is calculated to inspire; and commemorated the heroic valour which strives to sustain it in vain—valour worthy of a nobler cause and a happier fortune. On this occasion our bard took upon himself the office of poet-laureate, and produced an ode, which, though deficient in the complicated rhythm and pointed versification that such compositions require, might, on a fair competition, where energy of feeling and of expression were alone in question, have won the lutt of Malmsey from the real laureate of that day.

The following extracts may serve as a specimen:—

* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

False flatterer, Hope, away!
Nor think to lure us as in days of yore,
We solemnize this sorrowing natal day,
To prove our loyal truth—we can no more:
And, owning Heaven's mysterious sway,
Submissive, low, adore.

II.

Ye honour'd mighty dead!
Who nobly perish'd in the glorious cause,
Your king, your country, and her laws!

---

*ation is extracted from a letter
Fochabers to the Editor.

† These verses our poet composed to be sung to Morag, a Highland air of which he was extremely fond.

Your blood shall with incessant cry
Awake at last th' unsparing power.
As from the cliff, with thundering course,
The snowy ruin smokes along,
With doubling speed and gathering force,
Till deep it crushing whelms the cottage in the vale;
So vengeance . . . .

In relating the incidents of our poet's life in Edinburgh, we ought to have mentioned the sentiments of respect and sympathy with which he traced out the grave of his predecessor Fergusson, over whose ashes, in the Canongate church-yard, he obtained leave to erect an humble monument, which will be viewed by reflecting minds with no common interest, and which will awake, in the bosom of kindred genius, many a high emotion. Neither should we pass over the continued friendship he experienced from a poet then living, the amiable and accomplished Blacklock.—To his encouraging advice it was owing (as has already appeared) that Burns, instead of emigrating to the West Indies, repaired to Edinburgh. He received him there with all the ardour of affectionate admiration; he eagerly introduced him to the respectable circle of his friends; he consulted his interest; he blazoned his fame; he lavished upon him all the kindness of a generous and feeling heart, into which nothing selfish or envious ever found admittance. Among the friends whom he introduced to Burns was Mr Ramsay of Ochtertyre, to whom our poet paid a visit in the autumn of 1787, at his delightful retirement in the neighbourhood of Stirling, and on the banks of the Teith. Of this visit we have the following particulars:

"I have been in the ——

state, instantly re
But to have exer
steadiness and abst
wanting, not tale
whether the Editi
his poems by their
'these gentlemen r
in my country, wh
that it is neither Bl
said he had not cha
please Dr Blair."*

Having settled wi
in February, 1788,
ter of nearly five h
charging all his
pounds he immediate
Gilbert, who had
support of their ages
ging with many di
Mossgiel. With the
and some further e
poems, he determine
life in the occupation
from Mr Miller of
Ellisland, on the bank
miles above Dumfries
at Whitsunday, 1788.
ly recommended to th
name had been put on
the humble office of
and he immediately sp
formation necessary for
the honourable Board w
employ him.

He expected to be ca
district in which his f
vainly hoped to unite wi
of the farmer with the d
When Burns had in
his plans for futurite

forms out of lease, at such a rent as Burns and his friends might judge proper. It was not in the nature of Burns to take an undue advantage of the liberality of Mr Miller. He proceeded in this business, however, with more than usual deliberation. Having made choice of the farm of Ellisland, he employed two of his friends, skilled in the value of land, to examine it, and, with their approbation, offered a rent to Mr Miller, which was immediately accepted. It was not convenient for Mrs Burns to remove immediately from Ayrshire, and our poet therefore took up his residence alone at Ellisland, to prepare for the reception of his wife and children, who joined him towards the end of the year.

The situation in which Burns now found himself was calculated to awaken reflection. The different steps he had of late taken were in their nature highly important, and might be said to have, in some measure, fixed his destiny. He had become a husband and a father; he had engaged in the management of a considerable farm, a difficult and laborious undertaking; in his success the happiness of his family was involved; it was time, therefore, to abandon the gayety and dissipation of which he had been too much enamoured; to ponder seriously on the past, and to form virtuous resolutions respecting the future. That such was actually the state of his mind, the following extract from his common-place book may bear witness:—

"*Ellisland, Sunday, 14th June*, 1788. "This is now the third day that I have been in this country. 'Lord, what is man!' What a bustling little bundle of passions, appetites, ideas, and fancies! and what a capricious kind of existence he has here! . . . There is indeed an elsewhere, where, as Thomson says, *virtue sole survives*.

"Tell us, ye dead:
Will none of you in pity disclose the secret,
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be?
A little time
Will make us wise as you are, and as close."

"I am such a coward in life, so tired of the service, that I would almost at any time, with Milton's Adam, 'gladly lay me in my mother's lap, and be at peace.'

"But a wife and children bind me to struggle with the stream, till some sudden squall shall overset the silly vessel, or in the listless return of years, its own craziness reduce it to a wreck. Farewell now to those giddy follies, those varnished views, which, though half-sanctified by the bewitching levity of wit, and humour, are at best but thriftless sling with the precious current of existence; nay, often poisoning the whole, that, like the plains of Jericho, *the water is naught and the ground barren*, and nothing short of a supernaturally-gifted Elisha can ever after heal the evils.

"Wedlock, the circumstance that buckles me hardest to care, if virtue and religion were to be any thing *with me but names*, was what *in a few seasons I must have resolved on; in my present situation it was absolutely necessary. Humanity, generosity, honest pride of character, justice, to my own happiness for ever life, so far as it could depend* (which it surely will a great deal) on internal peace; all these joined their warmest suffrages: the most powerful solicitations, with a resistless attachment, to urge the step I have taken. We have I may reason on her part to repent it. I can fancy how, but have never seen where I could have made a better choice. Come then, let me set up to my favourite motto that glorious passage in Young—

"On reason build resolve,
That column of true majesty in man!"

Under the impulse of these reflections Burns immediately engaged in refitting the dwelling-house on his farm, which, in its state he found it, was inadequate to the accommodation of his family. On this occasion he himself resumed at times the occupation of a labourer, and found not the strength in his skill impaired. Pleased with the surveying the grounds he was about to cultivate, and with the raising of a building that should give shelter to his wife and children, and, as he fondly hoped, to his own grey hairs, surrounded by independence buoyed up by hope, pictures of domestic content and peace rose in his imagination; and a few days passed away, as he himself informs us, the most tranquil, if not the happiest, which he had ever experienced.

It is to be lamented that at this critical period of his life, our poet was without the society of his wife and children. A great change had taken place in his situation; his old habits were broken; and the circumstances in which he was placed were calculated to give a new direction to his thoughts and conduct.* But his application to the cares and labours of his farm was interrupted by several visits to his family in Ayrshire; and as the distance was too great for such a journey

* Animated sentiments of any kind, almost always gave rise in our poet to some production of his muse. His sentiments on the occasion were in part expressed by the following vigorous and characteristic, though not very delicate verses: they are in imitation of an old ballad.

I hae a wife o' my ain,
I'll partake wi' nae-body;
I'll tak cuckold frae nane,
I'll gie cuckold to nae-body.

I hae a penny to spend,
There—thanks to nae-body;
I hae naething to lend,
I'll borrow frae nae-body.

I am nae-body's lord,
I'll be slave to nae-body;
I hae a guid braid sword,
I'll tak dunts frae nae-body.

I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for nae-body;
If nae-body care for me,
I'll care for nae-body.

† Mrs Burns was about to be confined child-bed, and the house at Ellisland was building.

parties too often seduced him from
ours and his rustic fare, overthrew
fabric of his resolutions, and in-
propensities which temperance
eakened, and prudence ultimately

It was not long, therefore, be-
gan to view his farm with dislike
nce, if not with disgust.
ely he had for several years looked
the Excise as a certain means of
ould his other expectations fail.
ly been mentioned, he had been
l to the Board of Excise, and had
instruction necessary for such a
le now applied to be employed;
interest of Mr Graham of Fintra,
ed to be exciseman, or, as it is
d, gauger, of the district in which
His farm was, after this, in a
e abandoned to servants, while he
lf to the duties of his new appoint-

indeed still be seen in the spring,
plough, a labour in which he ex-
ith a white sheet, containing his
ung across his shoulders, striding
ed steps along his turned up fur-
cattering the grain in the earth,
no longer occupied the principal
ire or his thoughts. It was not at
at he was now in general to be
unted on horseback, this high-
was pursuing the defaulters of the
ong the hills and vales of Nith-
ing eye wandering over the charms
nd *wattering his wayward fancies*
along.
n adventure with him in the year
s Mr Ramsay of Ochtertyre; in a

[illegible]
speare, *struck in haste*. In fact, he h
incredibly fast after receiving my n
fell into conversation directly, and
into the *mare magnum* of poetry. He
that he had now gotten a story for
which he was to call *Rob Macqu chan*
from a popular story of Robert Br
defeated on the water of Caern, when
of his boot having loosened in his
applied to Robert Macquechan to fix
to make sure, ran his awl nine inch
king's heel. We were now going on
rate, when Mr S—— popped in k
which put a stop to our discourse, w
become very interesting. Yet in a li
it was resumed, and such was the
versatility of the bard's genius, that
the tears run down Mr S——'
albeit unused to the poetic strain.
From that time we met no more, a
grieved at the reports of him af
Poor Burns! we shall hardly ever se
again. He was, in truth, a sort of
literature, irregular in its motions,
not do good proportioned to the blaz
it displayed."

In the summer of 1791, two Engli
men, who had before met with him
burgh, made a visit to him at Ellisl
calling at the house, they were info
he had walked out on the banks of
and dismounting from their horses,
ceeded in search of him. On a rock
jected into the stream, they saw a ma
ed in angling, of a singular appear
had a cap made of a fox's skin on hi
loose great-coat fixed round him
from which depended an enormous
broad-sword. It was Burns. H
them with great cordiality, and asks

r in haste, and besides, the whisky to their *so intoxi* parcely tolerable; but the gin- ered them his best, and his ty they found it impossible to was in his happiest mood, and his conversation were altogether fe ranged over a great variety inating whatever he touched. tales of his infancy and of his ed some of the gayest and some of his poems; in the wildest of mirth, he threw in touches of d spread around him the elec- his powerful mind. The high- proved in its flavour; the marble and again emptied and repleni- ts of our poet forgot the night he dictates of prudence; at the st they lost their way in a turn- es, and could scarcely distin- s assisted by the morning's

ties in the Excise and his so- other circumstances interfered ion of Burns to his farm. He formation of a society for pur- culating books among the far- ighbourhood, of which he un- anagement; and he occupied nually in composing songs for rk of Mr Johnson, then in the llection. These engagements, ourable in themselves, contri- bt, to the abstraction of his he business of agriculture. ness may be easily imagined. g the uniform prudence and nt of Mrs Burns, and though moderate and reasonable, our convenient, if not necessary, to to Mr Miller; after having oc- years and a half. His office in originally produced about fifty num. Having acquitted him- sfaction of the Board, he had to a new district, the emolu- rose to about seventy pounds loping to support himself and his humble income till promo- h him, he disposed of his stock on Ellisland by public auction, a small house which he had tak- about the end of the year 1791. as, though addicted to excess in had abstained from the habit- g liquors, and his constitution d any permanent injury from s of his conduct. In Dumfries, *he sin that so easily beset him*, sented themselves; and his re- w by degrees into habits. These nappily occurred during his en- e business of his office, as well ars of relaxation; and though w the consequence of yielding ppetites and sensations, which t the dictates of his judgment, ed over all the powers of his victory was not obtained with- out many distinct struggles, and at times temperance and virtue seemed to have obtained the mastery. Besides his engagements in the Excise, and the society into which they led, many circumstances contributed to the melancholy fate of Burns. His great celebrity made him an object of interest and curiosity to strangers, and few persons of cultivated minds passed through Dumfries without attempting to see our poet, and to enjoy the pleasure of his conversation. As he could not receive them under his own humble roof, their interviews passed at the inns of the town, and often terminated in those excesses which Burns sometimes provoked, and was seldom able to resist. And among the inhabitants of Dumfries and its vicinity, there were never wanting persons to share his social pleasures, to lead or accompany him to the tavern; to partake in the wildest sallies of his wit; to witness the strength and degradation of his genius.

Still, however, he cultivated the society of persons of taste and respectability, and in their company could impose on himself the restraints of temperance and decorum. Nor was his muse dormant. In the four years which he lived in Dumfries, he produced many of his beautiful lyrics, though it does not appear that he attempted any poem of considerable length. During this time, he made several excursions into the neighbouring country, of one of which through Galloway, an account is preserved in a letter of Mr Syme, written soon after; which, as it gives an animated picture of him by a correct and masterly hand, we shall present to the *reader*.

"I got Burns a grey highland shelty to ride on. We dined the first day, 27th July, 1793, at Glendearwynes of Parton; a beautiful situation on the banks of the Dee. In the evening we walked out, and ascended a gentle eminence, from which we had as fine a view of Alpine scenery as can well be imagined. A delightful soft evening showed all its wilder as well as its grander graces. Immediately opposite, and within a mile of us, we saw Airds, a charming romantic place, where dwelt Low, the author of *Mary weep no more for me*.† This was classical ground for Burns. He viewed "the highest hill which rises o'er the source of Dee;" and would have staid till "the passing spirit" had appeared, had we not resolved to reach Kenmore that night. We arrived at Mr and Mrs Gordon were sitting down to supper.

"Here is a genuine baron's seat. The castle, an old building, stands on a large natural moat. In front, the river Ken winds for several miles through the most fertile and beautiful scene till it expands into a lake twelve

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the information of one of the

† A beautiful and well-known ballad, which begins thus:

The moon had climb'd the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And, from the eastern summit, shed
Its silver light on tower and tree.

‡ The level low ground on the banks of a river or stream. This word should be adopted from the Scottish, as, indeed, ought several others of the same nature. That dialect is singularly copious and exact in the denominations of natural objects.

... distaff. He disliked the suit; but, to please the lady, he would try. ...re is what he produced:

...n wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore;
Now half extinct your powers of song,
Sweet Echo is no more.

...e jarring screeching things around,
Scream your discordant joys;
Now half your din of tuneless sound
With Echo silent lies.

We left Keanmore, and went to Gatehouse. ...k him the moor road, where savage and ...ate regions extended wide around. The ...was sympathetic with the wretchedness of ...ol; it became lowering and dark. The ...w winds sighed, the lightnings gleamed, ...thunder rolled. The poet enjoyed the ... scene—he spoke not a word, but seemed ...in meditation. In a little while the rain ...to fall; it poured in floods upon us. ...ree hours did the wild elements *rumble belly-full* upon our defenceless heads. ...*l 'tween foul*. We got utterly wet; and ...nge ourselves, Burns insisted at Gate-...on our getting utterly drunk.

...rom Gatehouse, we went next day to ...dbright, through a fine country. But ...must tell you that Burns had got a pair of ...boots for the journey, which had been ...ghly wet, and which had been dried in ... manner that it was not possible to get ...again.—The brawny poet tried force, ...them to shreds. A whiffling vexation ...ort is more trying to the temper than a ...calamity. We were going to Saint ...Isle, the seat of the Earl of Selkirk and ...

with one of the first men in ... Dalzell. But Burns was in a ... perous humour, and swore he ... where he should be under the sa... We prevailed, therefore, on ... dine with us in the inn, and hav... able party. In the evening we ... Mary's Isle. Robert had not ... gained the milkiness of good ... occurred once or twice to him, as ... that St Mary's Isle was the se... yet that Lord was not an aristo... in his sense of the word. We ... eight o'clock, as the family we... coffee. St Mary's Isle is one of ... lightful places that can, in my opi... ed by the assemblage of every ... tame object which constitutes nat... tivated beauty. But not to dwell ... nal graces, let me tell you that ... the ladies of the family (all beautifu... and some strangers; and among ... but Urbani! The Italian sang its ... tish songs, accompanied with ... music. The two young ladies of ... also. We had the song of Lo... which I asked for, to have an op... calling on Burns to recite *his* be... tune. He did recite it; and wo... effect, that a dead silence ensued. ... a silence as a mind of feeling na... serves when it is touched with that ... which banishes every other thou... contemplation and indulgence of th... produced. Burns' Lord Gregory ... opinion, a most beautiful and affect... The fastidious critic may perhaps ... of the sentiments and imagery are ... ted a kind for such a style of c... for instance, "Thou hast of ...

troops, and gave me a copy for

ha's wi' Wallace bled,' &c."

entertained hopes of promotion ; but circumstances occurred their fulfilment, and which, in l, destroyed all expectation of er fulfilled. The extraordinary nbered in the revolution of zed the feelings, and excited the a every corner of Europe. Pro- many seemed about to disappear ns, and the day-star of reason to ighted world. In the dawn of morning, the genius of French red on our southern horizon with e of an angel, but speedily na- tures of a demon, and vanished blood.

riously a jacobite and a cavalier, red in the original hopes enter- otonishing revolution, by ardent t minds. The novelty and the attempt meditated by the First, Assembly, served rather, it is commend it to his daring tem- unfettered scope proposed to be r kind of talents, was doubtless he feelings of conscious but in- . Burns foresaw not the mighty to be the immediate consequence s, which, on its commencement, such happiness to the human en after the career of guilt and mced, he could not immediately, amed, withdraw his partial gaze who had so lately breathed the universal peace and benignity, s his bosom the pictures of hope ess to which those sentiments h. Under these impressions, he s conduct himself with the cir- and prudence which his depend- ressed to demand. He engaged popular associations so common which we speak; but in com- ot conceal his opinions of public of the reforms required in the government; and sometimes, in unguarded moments, he uttered ild and unjustifiable vehemence. f this was given to the Board of the exaggerations so general in A superior officer in that de- authorized to inquire into his rns defended himself in a letter ose of the board, written with dence of spirit, and with more stomed eloquence. The officer nquire into his conduct gave a port. His steady friend, Mr stra, interposed his good offices and the imprudent gauger was tain his situation, but given to at his promotion was deferred, nd on his future behaviour. istance made a deep impression *Burns. Fame exaggerated his d represented him as* actually *his offices and this report in- nan of much respectability to ition in his favour.* The offer was refused by our poet in a letter of great elevation of sentiment, in which he gives an account of the whole of this transaction, and defends himself from imputation of disloyal sentiments on the one hand, and on the other, from the charge of having made submissions for the sake of his office, unworthy of his character.

"The partiality of my countrymen," he observes, "has brought me forward as a man of genius, and has given me a character to support. In the post I have avowed manly and independent sentiments, which I hope have been found in the man. Reasons of no less weight than the support of a wife and children, have pointed out my present occupation as the only eligible line of life within my reach. Still my honest fame is my dearest concern, and a thousand times have I trembled at the idea of the degrading epithets that malice or misrepresentation may affix to my name. Often in blasting anticipation have I listened to some future hackney scribbler, with the heavy malice of savage stupidity, exultingly asserting that Burns, notwithstanding the *fulsome* of independence to be found in his works, and after having been held up to public view, and to public estimation, as a man of some genius, yet, quite destitute of resources within himself to support his borrowed dignity, dwindled into a paltry excisemen, and drank out the rest of his insignificant existence in the meanest of pursuits, and among the lowest of mankind.

"In your illustrious hands, sir, permit me to lodge my strong disavowal and defiance of such slanderous falsehoods. Burns was a poor man from his birth, and an exciseman by necessity; but—I will say it! the sterling of his honest worth, poverty could not debase, and his independent British spirit, oppression might bend, but could not subdue."

It was one of the last acts of his life to copy this letter into his book of manuscripts, accompanied by some additional remarks on the same subject. It is not surprising, that at a season of universal alarm for the safety of the constitution, the indirect expressions of a man so powerful as Burns, should have attracted notice. The times certainly required extraordinary vigilance in those intrusted with the administration of the government, and to insure the safety of the constitution was doubtless their first duty. Yet generous minds will lament that their measures of precaution should have rankled the imagination of our poet of the last prop on which his hopes of independence rested, and by embittering his peace, have aggravated those excesses which were soon to conduct him to an untimely grave.

Though the vehemence of Burns's temper, increased as it often was by stimulating liquors, might lead him into many improper and unguarded expressions, there seems no reason to doubt of his attachment to our mixed form of government. In his common-place book, where he could have no temptation to disguise, are the following sentiments.—"Whatever might be my sentiments of republics, ancient or modern, as to Britain, I ever abhorred the idea. A constitution which, in its original principles, experience has proved to be every way fitted for our happiness, it would be insanity to abandon for an untried visionary theory." In conformity to these sentiments

Evening—the [illegible]
rious army are supposed to join in the jo[illegible]
owing Song.

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
Now gay with the bright setting sun;
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties,
Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go, frighten the coward and slave;
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strikest the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strikest the young hero—a glorious mark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In the field of proud honour—our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save—
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O! who would not rest with the brave!*

Though by nature of an athletic form, Burns had in his constitution the peculiarities and the delicacies that belong to the temperament of genius. He was liable, from a very early period of life, to that interruption in the process of digestion, which arises from deep and anxious thought, and which is sometimes the effect, and sometimes the cause of depression of spirits. Connected with this disorder of the stomach, there was a disposition to head-ache, affecting [illegible] the temples and eye-balls, and [illegible]

[illegible] sinking. In his moments [illegible] ed with the deepest regret on his fatal pro[illegible] clearly foreseeing the goal towards wh[illegible] was hastening, without the strength of [illegible] necessary to stop, or even to slacken his [illegible] His temper now became more irritab[illegible] gloomy; he fled from himself into [illegible] often of the lowest kind. And in suc[illegible] pany, that part of the convivial se[illegible] which wine increases sensibility and [illegible] benevolence, was hurried over, to re[illegible] succeeding part, over which uncontro[illegible] slon generally presided. He who sai[illegible] pollution of inebriation, how shall h[illegible] other pollution? But let us refrain [illegible] mention of errors over which delic[illegible] humanity draw the veil.

In the midst of all his wandering [illegible] met nothing in his domestic circle b[illegible] ness and forgiveness, except in the [illegible] of his own remorse. He acknowl[illegible] transgressions to the wife of his bo[illegible] mised amendment, and again and [illegible] ceived pardon for his offences. [illegible] strength of his body decayed, his [illegible] became feebler, and habit acquired [illegible] ting strength.

From October, 1792, to the Janu[illegible] ing, an accidental complaint confi[illegible] the house. A few days after he [illegible] abroad, he dined at a tavern, and ret[illegible] about three o'clock in a very cold n[illegible] numbed and intoxicated. This was [illegible] an attack of rheumatism, which c[illegible] about a week. His appetite ne[illegible] fail; his hand shook, and his voice [illegible] any exertion or emotion. His [illegible] weaker and more rapid, and pain [illegible] joints, and in the hands and feet, [illegible] of the enjoyment of refreshing [illegible] of the [illegible] and t[illegible]

...en connected in friendship by ...of hundred guineas, was revoking ...ate neighbourhood. Being in... arrival, she invited him to dine ...er carriage for him to the cottage ...ed, as he was unable to walk. ...ick," says this lady (in a reminis... to a friend written soon after) ...earance on entering the room. ...death was impressed on his ...seemed already touching the ...ity. His first salutation was ...s, have you any commands for ...?" I replied, that it seemed a ...hich of us should be there soon... hoped that he would yet live to ...ph. (I was then in a poor ...) He looked in my face with ...kindness, and expressed his con... me look so ill, with his accus... ility. At table he ate little or ...o complained of having entirely ...f his stomach. We had a long conversation about his present the approaching termination of prospects. He spoke of his ...any of the ostentation of philo... h firmness as well as feeling as to happen very soon, and which ...ern chiefly from leaving his four ...sing and unprotected, and his resting a situation—in bonity ex... ing in of a fifth. He mentioned, pride and satisfaction, the pro... of his eldest son, and the flatter... approbation he had received from ...d dwell particularly on his hopes future conduct and merit. His ...family seemed to hang heavy ...l the more perhaps from the re... se had not done them all the ...so well qualified to do. Pas... ...ubject, he showed great concern ...of his literary fame, and particu... cation of his posthumous works. ...well aware that his death would ...noise, and that every scrap of ...uld be revived against him to his future reputation: that let... written with unguarded and ...tions, and which he earnestly ...e buried in oblivion, would be ...by idle vanity or malevolence, ...d of his resentment would re... prevent the censures of shrill ...s, or the insidious sarcasms of ...uring forth all their venom to

...ted that he had written many ...persons against whom he en... ...mity, and whose characters he ...to wound; and many indiffer... ...pieces, which he feared would ...heir imperfections on their head, ...n the world. On this account ...retted having deferred to put ...o a state of arrangement, as he ...s incapable of the exertion." — ...on to mention many other topics ...nature on which he spoke.— ...tion," she adds, "was kept up ...ness and animation on his side. ...n his mind greater or more ...was frequently a considerable degree of severity in his satire, and they would probably have had a greater share, if not for the concern and deference I could not disguise, damped the spirit of personality to seemed not unwilling to indulge.

"We parted about sun-set on the evening of that day (the 5th of July, 1796), the next day I saw him again, and we parted to meet no more!"

At first, Burns imagined nothing in the sea had been of benefit to him: the pains in his limbs were relieved; but this was immediately followed by a new attack of fever. When brought back to his own house in Dumfries, on the 18th of July, he was no longer able to stand upright. At this time a tremor prevailed his frame; his tongue was parched, and his mind sunk into delirium, when not roused by conversation. On the second and third day the fever increased, and his strength diminished. On the fourth, the sufferings of this great, but ill-fated genius were terminated, and a life was closed in which virtue and passion had been at perpetual variance.*

The death of Burns made a strong and general impression on all who had interested themselves in his fortunes, and especially on the inhabitants of the town and county in which he had spent the latter years of his life. Fragrant as his follies and errors had been, they had not deprived him of the respect and regard entertained for the extraordinary powers of his genius, and the generous qualities of his heart. The Gentlemen Volunteers of Dumfries determined to bury their illustrious associate with military honours, and every preparation was made to render this last service solemn and impressive. The Fencible Infantry of Angus-shire, and the regiment of cavalry of the Cinque Ports, at that time quartered in Dumfries, offered their assistance on this occasion; the principal inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood determined to walk in the funeral procession; and a vast concourse of persons assembled, some of them from a considerable distance, to witness the obsequies of the Scottish Bard. On the evening of the 25th of July, the remains of Burns were removed from his house to the Town-Hall, and the funeral took place on the succeeding day. A party of the volunteers, selected to perform the military duty in the church-yard, stationed themselves in the front of the procession, with their arms reversed; the main body of the corps surrounded and supported the coffin, on which were placed the hat and sword of their friend and fellow-soldier; the numerous train of attendants ranged themselves in the rear; while the Fencible regiments of infantry and cavalry lined the streets from the Town-Hall to the burial-ground in the Southern church-yard, a distance of more than half a mile. The whole procession moved forward to that sublime and affecting strain of music, the *Dead March* in Saul; and three volleys fired over his grave, marked the return of Burns to his parent earth! The spectacle was in a high degree grand and solemn, and accorded with

* The particulars respecting the illness and death of Burns were obligingly furnished by Dr Maxwell, the physician who attended him.

ars of age) yet survive, and give every proof of prudence and virtue that can be expected from their tender years. They remain under the care of their affectionate mother in Dumfries, and are enjoying the means of education which the excellent schools of that town afford: the teachers of which, in their conduct to the children of Burns, do themselves great honour. On this occasion, the name of Mr Hyte deserves to be particularly mentioned, himself a poet as well as a man of science.*

Burns died in great poverty; but the independence of his spirit, and the exemplary prudence of his wife, had preserved him from . He had received from his poems a clear profit of about nine hundred pounds. Of this , the part expended on his library (which far from extensive) and in the humble furniture of his house, remained; and obligations were found for two hundred pounds lent by him to the assistance of those to whom he was united by the ties of blood, and still by those of esteem and affection. When considered, that his expenses in Edinburgh, and on his various journeys, could not considerably that his agricultural undertaking was unsuccessful; that his income from Excise was for some time as low as fifty, never rose to above seventy pounds a-year; his family was large, and his spirit liberal one will be surprised that his circumstances were so poor, or that, as his health failed, his proud and feeling heart sunk under the secret consciousness of indigence, and the tormentions of absolute want. Yet poverty bent the spirit of Burns to any pecuniary mean ness. Neither chicanery nor sordidness appeared in his conduct. He carried his hatred of money to a blameable excess. In the midst of distress he bore himself

poor pigeon, not worth pluc have not feathers enough upon to my grave." And when his in delirium, his ideas ran in th cheerly train; the horrors of a jai ally present to his troubled im produced the most affecting exc

As for some months previo he had been incapable of the dut Burns had imagined that his sal one half, as is usual in such Board, however, to their honour full emoluments; and Mr Grah bearing of his illness, though with its dangerous nature, made assistance towards procuring his preserving his health. Whatev faults of Burns, ingratitude was n ber.—Amongst his manuscripts, are found of the sense he ente Graham's friendship, which del that gentleman has induced m and on the last occasion there is his heart overflowed towards hi had no longer the power of e feelings.*

On the death of Burns, the i Dumfries and its neighbourhoo subscription for the support of family; and Mr Miller, Mr M Maxwell, and Mr Syme, gent first respectability, became trus application of the money to its pr The subscription was extended to of Scotland, and of England also, London and Liverpool. By th sum was raised amounting to se pounds; and thus the widow were rescued from immediate dist most melancholy of the forebodi

expressive. His mode of dressing, which was often slovenly, and a certain fullness and bend in his shoulders, characteristic of his original profession, disguised in some degree the natural symmetry and elegance of his form. The external appearance of Burns was most strikingly indicative of the character of his mind. On a first view, his physiognomy had a certain air of carelessness, mingled, however, with an expression of deep penetration, and of calm thoughtfulness approaching to melancholy. There appeared in his first manner and address, perfect ease and self-possession, but a zeal and almost superstitious elevation, not, indeed, incompatible with openness and affability, which, however, bespoke a mind conscious of superior talents.—Strangers that supposed themselves approaching an Ayr-shire peasant, who could unlike thyself, and to whom their voice was an honour, found themselves speedily overawed by the presence of a man who bore himself with dignity, and who possessed a singular power of exercising firm authority and of repelling intrusion. But though possessed of the respect due to himself, Burns never enforced it where he saw it was willingly paid; and, though inaccessible to the approaches of pride, he was open to every advances of kindness and of benevolence. His dark and haughty countenance easily relaxed into a look of good will, of pity, or of tenderness; and, as the various emotions succeeded each other in his mind, assumed with equal ease the expression of the tender humour, of the most extravagant mirth, of the deepest melancholy, or of the most sublime emotion. The tones of his voice happily corresponded with the expression of his features, and with the feelings of his mind. When to these endowments are added a rapid and distinct apprehension, a most powerful understanding, and a happy command of language—of strength as well as brilliancy of expression—we shall be able to account for the extraordinary attractions of his conversation—for the sorcery which in his social parties he seemed to exert on all around him. In the company of women this sorcery was more especially apparent. Their presence charmed the fiend of melancholy in his bosom, and awoke his happiest feelings: it exerted the powers of his fancy, as well as the tenderness of his heart; and, by restraining the vehemence and the exuberance of his language, at times gave to his manners the impression of taste, and even of elegance, which in the company of men they seldom possessed. This influence was doubtless reciprocal. A Scottish Lady, accustomed to the best society, declared with characteristic naivete, that no man's conversation ever carried her so completely off her feet as that of Burns; and an English Lady, familiarly acquainted with several of the most distinguished characters of the present times, assures the editor, that in the happiest of his social hours, there was a charm about Burns which she had never seen equalled. The charm arose not more from the power than the versatility of his genius. No language could be felt in the society of a man who passed at pleasure from grave to gay, from the ridiculous to the pathetic, from the simple to the sublime; who wielded all his faculties with equal strength and ease, and never failed to impress the offspring of his fancy with the stamp of his understanding.

This, indeed, is to represent Burns [illegible] happiest phasis. In [illegible] he was also silent and [illegible] and overwearing, he was [illegible] man's scorn, jealous to an extreme [illegible] lence of wealth, and prone to [illegible] its innocent possessor, the partial [illegible] By nature kind, brave, [illegible] lar degree compassionate, he was [illegible] hand proud, irascible, and [illegible] His virtues and his failings had the [illegible] extraordinary sensibility of his [illegible] equally partook of the child [illegible] mind. His friendships were [illegible] tion from poverty or disgust, [illegible] died away under the influence [illegible] necessities. His understanding, [illegible] the other powers of his mind, [illegible] opinions were singularly [illegible] like other men of great and [illegible] the opinions which he delivered [illegible] were often the offspring of temporary [illegible] and widely different from the [illegible] of his judgment. This was not merely true respecting the characters of others, [illegible] to some of the most important [illegible] human speculation.

On no subject did he give a more strikingproof of the strength of his [illegible] than in the correct estimate he formed [illegible] He knew his own failings, [illegible] the consequence; the melancholy [illegible] was never long absent from his mind; yet he [illegible] passions carried him down the stream of error, and swept him over the precipice he [illegible] rectly in his course. The fatal defect in his character lay in the comparative weakness of his volition, that superior faculty of the mind, which governing the conduct according to the dictates of the understanding, alone entitled it to be denominated rational; which is the parent of fortitude, patience, and moderation; which, by regulating and controlling human exertions, may be said to have effected all that is great in the works of man, in literature, in science, or in the face of nature. The occupations of a poet are not calculated to strengthen the governing powers of the mind, or to weaken that sensibility which requires perpetual control, since it gives birth to the vehemence of passion as well as to the higher powers of imagination. Unfortunately the favourite occupations of genius are calculated to increase all its peculiarities; to nourish that lofty pride, which disdains the littleness of prudence, and the restrictions of order; and, by mere sense, to increase that sensibility, which, in the present form of our existence, is scarcely compatible with peace or happiness, even when accompanied with the choicest gifts of fortune.

It is observed by one who was a friend and associate of Burns,* and who has contemplated and explained the system of animated nature, that no sentient being, with mental powers greatly superior to those of men, could possibly live and be happy in this world. "If such a being really existed," continues he, "his misery would be extreme. With senses more acute than and refined; with perceptions more acute

* Smellie. See his Philosophy of Natural History, Vol. I. p. 2[illegible]

culations of Mr Smellie are not to
ered as the dreams of a theorist; they
bably founded on and experience.
g he supposes, "with senses more ac-
t refined, with perceptions more acute
trating," is to be found in real life.
he temperament of genius, and per-
oet. Is there, then, no remedy for
liunte sensibility? Are there no means
the happiness of one so constituted
may be consulted? Perhaps it will
that regular and constant occupation,
hough it may at first be, is the true
Occupation in which the powers of
standing are exercised, will diminish
of external impressions, and keep the
ion under restraint.
he bent of every man's mind should
ed in his education and in his destina-
ite, is a maxim which has been often
but which cannot be admitted with-
y restrictions. It may be generally
n applied to weak minds, which, being
of little, must be encouraged and
ned in the feeble impulses by which
r is produced. But where indulgent
as bestowed her gifts with a liberal
e very reverse of this maxim ought fre-
o be the rule of conduct. In minds of
order, the object of instruction and of
e is very often to restrain rather than to
to curb the impulses of imagination so
passions also may be kept under con-
lience the advantages, even in a mo-
l view, of studies of a severe nature,

---

netilian discusses the important ques-
whether the bent of the individual's en-

ed from human exertions.

The pre-eminence among men,
cures personal respect, and which
in lasting reputation, is seldom o
tained by the excellence of a single
mind. Experience teaches us, tha
acquired by those only who have
the comprehension and the energy
talents, and who have regulated th
tion, in the line which choice, or pr
dent may have determined, by the
their judgment. Imagination is sa
with justice, to be the leading fa
poet. But what poet has stood
time by the force of this single facu
does not see that Homer and Sha
called the rest of their species in t
ing as well as in imagination; tha
pre-eminent in the highest specie
ledge—the knowledge of the nature
acter of man? On the other hand
of ratiocination is more especially
the orator; but so man ever o
palm of oratory, even by the highest
in this single talent, who does not p
Demosthenes and Cicero were not
in their addresses to the reason, th
appeals to the passions? They kn
excite, to agitate, and to delight,
the most potent arts of persuasion
enforced their impression on the und
by their command of all the sympa
heart. These observations might
to other walks of life. He who ha
ties fitted to excel in poetry, has
which, duly governed and differen
might lead to pre-eminence in other,
as respects himself, perhaps in hep
tions. The talents necessary to the
of an Iliad, under different disciplin

s, not equally well in each. And, after all, position requires certain limitations, which reader's candour and judgment will supply, supposing that a great poet might have e a great orator, the physical qualities essary to oratory are presupposed. In supp ing that a great orator might have made a at poet, it is a necessary condition, that he uld have devoted himself to poetry, and that should have acquired a proficiency in metrical sters which by patience and attention may acquired, though the want of it has embar ed and chilled many of the first efforts of poet-al genius. In supposing that Homer ht have led armies to victory, more indeed sumed than the physical qualities of a gene

To these must be added that hardiness of d, that coolness in the midst of difficulty danger, which great poets and orators are nd seen-times, but not always, to possess. e nature of the institutions of Greece and me produced more instances of single indi uals who excelled in various departments of ive and speculative life, than occur in dern Europe, where the employments of n are subdivided. Many of the greatest rriors of antiquity excelled in literature and atory. That they had the *mode* of great ts, also will be admitted, when the qualiti pretty appreciated which are necessary to ite, combine, and command the active ener s of a great body of men, to rouse that enthusi m which sustains fatigue, hunger, and the lemencies of the elements, and which trio phs over the fear of death, the most power instinct of our nature.

The authority of Cicero may be appealed to favour of the close connection between the t and the orator. *Est enim fallacium eruditi o, summa adstrictior pauld, verborum ostem nile libertior, &c.* In Orator, lib. i. c. 16. also, lib. iii. c. 7.—It is true the example Cicero may be quoted against his opinion. attempts in verse, which are praised by Church, did not meet the approbation of ersal, or of many others. Cicero probably not take sufficient time to learn the art of poet; but that he had the *affluus* necessary poetical excellence, may be abundantly red from his compositions in prose. On other hand, nothing is more clear, than t, in the character of a great poet, all the ntial qualities as an orator are included. It aid by Quinctilian of Homer, *Omnibus cla ne partibus exemplum et ortum dedit*, Lib. 7. The study of Homer is therefore re mended to the orator, as of the first impor e. Of the two sublime poets in our own tuage, who are scarcely inferior to Homer, hspeare, and Milton, a similar recommen on may be given. How much an acquain e with them has availed the great orator is now the pride and ornament of the glish bar, need not be mentioned, nor need point out by name a character which may *appealed to with confidence when we are ading for the universality of genius.*

e identity, or at least the great similarity talents necessary to excellence in poetry, r, painting, and war, will be admitted them into full exertion are rare. But ese and salutary suggestions may be found for men of genius in every direction, which the useful and ornamental arts remain to be culti vated, while the sciences remain to be studied and to be extended, and the principles of science to be applied to the outward and im provement of art. In the temperament of ar sibility, which is in truth the tender nurse of general talents, the principal element of disci pline and instruction is, as has already been mentioned, to strengthen the self-command, and thus may be promoted by the direction of the studies, more effectually perhaps than has been generally understood.

If these observations be founded in truth, they may lead to practical conclusions of no ne portance. It has been found difficult to reconcile the proposition of poetry and oratory excluding the possibility of acquirement to the several branches of study, and, on the con trary, the special tax the possession of them in acquiring those habits, and from habits of mind and action, which are necessary to success in the affairs of business, and in the engagements of active life. It has been common for persons conscious of such talents, to look with a sort of contem on other kinds of intellectual excellence, and to consider themselves as in some degree absolved from those rules of prudence by which humbler minds are restricted. They are too much disposed to abandon themselve to their own sensations, and to suffer life to pass away without regular exertion, or settled purpose.

But though men of genius are generally prone to indolence, with them indolence and unhappiness are in a more especial manner al lied. The unbidden splendours of imagination may indeed at times irradiate the gloom which inactivity produces; but such visions, though bright, are transient, and serve to cast the re alities of life into deeper shade. In bestowing great talents, Nature seems very generally to have imposed on the possessor the necessity of exertion, if he would escape wretchedness. Better for him than sloth, toils the most painful, or adventures the most hazardous. Hi per to him than illness, were the condition of the peasant, earning with incessant labor

by some, who will be inclined to dispute the extension of the position to science or natural knowledge. On this occasion I may quote the following observations of Sir William Jones, whose own example will, however, far exceed in weight the authority of his principle. "Abul Olo had so flourishing a reputation, that several persons of uncommon genius were ambitious of learning the art of poetry from so able an instructor. His most illustrious scholars were Felekí and Khakani, who were no less eminent for their Persian compositions, than for their skill in every branch of pure and mixed mathematics, and particularly in astronomy; a striking proof that a sublime poet may become master of any kind of learning which he chooses to profess; since a lou imagination, a lively wit, an easy and copious style, cannot possibly obstruct the acquisition of any science whatever; but must necessarily assist him in his studies, and shorten h labour." Sir William Jones's Works, V II. p. 317.

s been fully and permanently employed. n taste, virtue, and comparative independ-, do not seem capable of bestowing, on of genius, peace and tranquillity, without occupation as may give regular and health-exercise to the faculties of body and mind. amiable Shenstone has left us the records is imprudence, of his indolence, and of his appiness, amidst the shades of the Leas-s;" and the virtues, the learning, and the ius of Gray, equal to the loftiest attempt of epic muse, failed to procure him, in the sca-ic bowers of Cambridge, that tranquillity that respect which less fastidiousness of r, and greater constancy and vigour of exer-, would have doubtless obtained.

is more necessary that men of genius ld be aware of the importance of self-com-d, and of exertion, because their indolence eculiarly exposed, not merely to unhappi-, but to diseases of mind, and to errors of duct, which are generally fatal. This inter-ng subject deserves a particular investiga-: but we must content ourselves with one wo cursory remarks. Relief is sometimes ght from the melancholy of indolence in tices, which for a time soothe and gratify sensations, but which in the end involve sufferer in darker gloom. To command external circumstances by which happiness flected, is not in human power: but there various substances in nature which operate he system of the nerves, so as to give a fic-us gaiety to the ideas of imagination, and ilter the effect of the external impressions ch we receive. Opium is chiefly employed this purpose by the disciples of Mahomet, the inhabitants of Asia; but alcohol, the ciple of intoxication in vinous and spiritu-liquors, is preferred in Europe, and is uni-

The happiest of you all that e'er n
Or are, or shall be, could this fall
But soon your heaven is gone
gloom
Shats o'er your head———

. . . . . .

———Morning comes; your
With tenfold rage. An anxious n
May be endured: so may the throl
But such a dim delirium, such a d
Involves you; such a dastardly de
Unmans your soul, as madd'ni
felt,
When, baited round Citheron's c
He saw two suns and double Thet
Armstrong's *Art of Preservin*
iv. l. 163.

Such are the pleasures and the
toxication, as they occur in the te
sensibility, described by a genuine
degree of truth and energy which
experience could have dictated.
indeed, some individuals of this
on whom wine produces no cheeri
On some, even in very moderat
its effects are painfully irritatin
doses it excites dark and melan
and in doses still larger, the fer
sanity itself. Such men are happ
from a temptation, to which exper

abandoning any of these narcotics
so term them,) when inclination i
ed by habit, is well known. Job
distresses, had experienced the
treacherous influence of wine, and

the finest dispositions often yield, and the influence of which, when strengthened by habit, is a humiliating truth, that the most powerful minds have not been able to resist.

It is the more necessary for men of genius to be on their guard against the habitual use of wine, because it is apt to steal on them insensibly; and because the temptation to excess usually presents itself to them in their social hours, when they are alive only to warm and generous emotions, and when prudence and moderation are often contemned as selfishness and timidity.

It is the more necessary for them to guard against excess in the use of wine, because on them its effects are, physically and morally, in a peculiar manner, injurious. In proportion to its stimulating influence on the system (and much the pleasurable sensations depend), is its debility that ensues; a debility that destroys digestion, and terminates in habitual fever, dropsy, jaundice, paralysis, or insanity. As the strength of the body decays, the mention faints; in proportion as the sensations are soothed and rattled, the sensibility increases; and morbid sensibility is the parent of indolence, because, while it impairs the regulating power of the mind, it exaggerates all the obstacles to exertion. Activity, perseverance, and self-command, become more and more difficult, and the great purposes of utility, patriotism, or of honorable ambition, which had occupied the imagination, die away in fruitless resolutions, or in feeble efforts.

To apply these observations to the subject of our memoirs, would be a useless as well as a painful task. It is, indeed, a duty we owe to the living, not to allow our admiration of great genius, or even our pity for its unhappy destiny, to conceal or disguise its errors. But there are sentiments of respect, and even of tenderness, with which this duty should be performed; there is an awful sanctity which invests the mansions of the dead; and let those who moralize over the graves of their contemporaries, reflect with humility on their own errors, nor forget how soon they may themselves require the candour and the sympathy they are called upon to bestow.

Soon after the death of Burns, the following article appeared in the Dumfries Journal, from which it was copied into the Edinburgh newspapers, and into various other periodical publications. It is from the elegant pen of a lady already alluded to in the course of these memoirs,* whose exertions for the family of our bard, in the circles of literature and fashion in which she moves, have done her so much honour.

"It is not probable that the late mournful event, which is likely to be felt severely in the literary world, as well as in the circle of private friendship which surrounded our admired poet, should be unattended with the usual profusion of posthumous anecdotes, memoirs, &c. that commonly spring up at the death of every rare and celebrated personage. I shall not attempt to enlist with the numerous corps of biographers, who, it is probable, may, without possessing his genius, arrogate to themselves the privilege of criticising the character or writings of Mr Burns. † The inspiring mantle thrown over him by that peculiar man who first found him, like the prophet Elisha, "at his plough,"‡ has been the portion of few, may be the portion of fewer still; and it is true that men of genius have a claim in their literary capacities to the legal right of the British citizen in a court of justice, that of being tried *only by his peers*. (I borrow here an expression I have frequently heard Burns himself make use of,) fond indeed I should, no more than the generality of other people, assume the flattering and peculiar privilege of sitting upon his jury. But the intimacy of our good mother several years past, may perhaps justify my presenting to the public a few of those views and observations I have had the opportunity of forming, and which, to the day that closed for ever the scene of his happy qualities and of his errors, I have never had the smallest cause to deviate in, or to recall.

"It will be the misfortune of Burns' reputation, in the records of literature, not only to future generations and to foreign countries, but even with his native Scotland and a number of his contemporaries, that he has been regarded as a poet, and nothing but a poet. It may not be supposed that I consider this title as a trivial one; no person can be more penetrated with the respect due to the wreath so bestowed by the muses than myself; and much or nearly is due to the merit of a self-taught bard, improved of the advantages of a classical education, and the intercourse of minds congenial to his own, till that period of life, when his native fire had already blazed forth in all its wild graces of genuine simplicity and energetic eloquence of sentiment. But the fact is, that even when all his honours are yielded to him, Burns will perhaps be found to move in a sphere less splendid, less dignified, and, even in his own pastoral style, less attractive, than several other writers have done, and that poetry was (I appeal to all who had the advantage of being personally acquainted with him) actually not his forte. If others have climbed more successfully to the heights of Parnassus, none certainly ever outshone Burns in the charms—the sorcery I would almost call it, of fascinating conversation; the spontaneous eloquence of social argument, or the unstudied poignancy of brilliant repartee. His personal endowments were perfectly correspondent with the qualifications of his mind. His form was manly; his action energy itself; devoid, in a great measure, however, of those graces, of that polish, acquired only in the refinement of societies, where in early life he had not the opportunity to mix; but where, such was the irresistible power of attraction that encircled him, though his appearance and manners were

* See p. 51.

† "The Poetic genius of my country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha at the Plough; and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native soil, in my native tongue." &c.—Burns's Prefatory Address to the Nobleman and Gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt.

‡ 1 Kings, xix. 19.

After this account of the life and personal haracter of Burns, it may be expected that ome inquiry should be made into his literary erits. It will not however be necessary to nter very minutely into this investigation. If ction be, as some suppose, the soul of poetry, one had ever less pretensions to the name of et than Burns. Though he has displayed eat powers of imagination, yet the subjects on ich he has written, are seldom, if ever, imaginary; his poems, as well as his letters, may considered as the effusions of his sensibility, the transcript of his own musings on the incidents of his humble life. If we add, they also contain most happy delineations the characters, manners, and scenery that sented themselves to his observation, we ll include almost all the subjects of his muse. writings may therefore be regarded as afing a great part of the data on which our unt of his personal character has been ded; and most of the observations we have ed to the man, are applicable, with little tion, to the poet.

e impression of his birth, and of his oristation in life, was not more evident on orm and manners, than on his poetical ctions. The incidents which form the ts of his poems, though some of them y interesting, and susceptible of poetical ty, are incidents in the life of a peasant akes no pains to disguise the lowliness of ndition, or to throw into shade the circances attending it, which more feeble or artificial minds would have endeavoured cent. The same rudeness and inattenppears in the formation of his rhymes, are frequently incorrect, while the meawhich many of the poems

[illegible] in its effects by il
motions of tenderness, wit
humour so happily unites. N
tent of his power. The reade
farther, discovers that the poe
to the descriptive, the humoro
tic; he is found, as occasio
with ease into the terrible a
Every where he appears de
performing what he attempts
rent effort; and impressing on
his fancy the stamp of his wor
reader, capable of forming a
poetical talents, discovers in th
ces marks of uncommon genius,
to investigate more minutely its
claim to originality. This last
examine first.

That Burns had not the ac
classical education, or of any deg
tance with the Greek or Roman
original dress, has appeared in
his life. He acquired, indeed, a
of the French language, but it d
that he was ever much conversa
literature, nor is there any eviden
ing derived any of his poetical sto
source. With the English class
well acquainted in the course of
the effects of this acquaintance a
in his latter productions; but the
style of his poetry were formed w
the model which he followed, it
can be said to have had one, is to
in the works of the poets who ha
the Scottish dialect—in the wor
them, more especially, as are fa
peasantry of Scotland. Some ob
these may form a proper introduc
particular examination of the poe
The studies of

the Scots under Wallace and Bruce, spoke the same language. We may observe also, that in Scotland the history ascends to a period nearly as remote as in England. Barbour and Blind Harry, James the First, Dunbar, Douglas, and Lindsay, who lived in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, were cotemporary with the fathers of poetry in England; and in the opinion of Mr Wharton, not inferior to them in genius or in composition. Though the language of the two countries gradually ceased from each other during this period, yet the difference on the whole was not considerable, nor perhaps greater than between the different dialects of the different parts of England in our own time.

At the death of James the Fifth, in 1542, the language of Scotland was in a flourishing condition, wanting only writers in prose equal to those in verse. Two circumstances, propitious on the whole, operated to prevent this. The first was the passion of the Scots for composition in Latin; and the second, the accession of James the Sixth to the English throne. It may easily be imagined, that if Buchanan had devoted his admirable talents, even in part, to the cultivation of his native tongue, as was done by the revivers of letters in Italy, he would have left compositions in that language which might have excited other men of genius to have followed his example,* and given duration to the language itself. The union of the two crowns in the person of James, overthrew all reasonable expectation of the kind. That monarch, seated on the English throne, would no longer be addressed in the rude dialect in which the Scottish clergy had so often insulted his dignity. He encouraged Latin or English only, both of which he prided himself on writing with purity, though he himself never could acquire the English pronunciation, but spoke with a Scottish accent and intonation to the last. Twelve men of talents declined writing in their native language, which they knew was not acceptable to their learned and pedantic monarch; and at a time when national prejudice and enmity prevailed to a great degree, they disdained to study the niceties of the English tongue, though of so much easier acquisition than a dead language. Lord Stirling and Drummond of Hawthornden, the only Scotsmen who wrote poetry in those times, were exceptions. They studied the language of England, and composed in it with precision and elegance. They were however the last of their countrymen who deserved to be considered as poets in that century. The muses of Scotland sunk into silence, and did not again raise their voices for a period of eighty years.

To what causes are we to attribute this extreme depression among a people comparatively learned, enterprising, and ingenious? Shall we impute it to the fanaticism of the covenanters, or to the tyranny of the house of Stuart after their restoration to the throne? Doubtless these causes operated, but they seem unequal to account for the effect. In England, similar distractions and oppressions took place, yet poetry *lourished there in a remarkable* degree. During this period, Cowley and Waller, and Dryden sang, and Milton poured his strain of unparalleled grandeur. Some causes already mentioned, seem to be assigned, in accounting for the [illegible] Scottish literature—the want of a proper [illegible] men of genius to employ. The [illegible] frightened away the Latin [illegible] standard had been established [illegible] tongue, which was existing [illegible] the pure English idiom.

The revival of literature in Scotland [illegible] be dated from the reign of [illegible] or rather from the extinction of [illegible] in 1715. The national tongue [illegible] rapidly, it was clearly seen that [illegible] must in the end inevitably [illegible] decided that the Scottish language [illegible] into a provincial idiom, to be [illegible] those who would aim at distinction [illegible] or rise to eminence in the united [illegible].

Soon after this, a band of men of [illegible] peared, who studied the English [illegible] imitated their beauties, in the [illegible] as they studied the classics of Greece and Rome. They had admirable models [illegible] position lately presented to them by the writers of the reign of Queen Anne; [illegible] larly in the periodical papers [illegible] Steele, Addison, and their [illegible] which circulated widely thus, [illegible] diffused every where a taste for [illegible] and sentiment, and for critical [illegible]. At length, the Scottish writers succeeded in English composition, and a union was formed of the literary talents, as well as of the literatures of the two nations. On this occasion the poets took the lead. While Henry Home, Dr Wallace, and their learned [illegible] were busy laying in their intellectual stores, and studying to clear themselves of their Scottish idioms, Thomson, Mallet, and Hamilton of Bangour, had made their appearance before the public, and been enrolled on the [illegible] English posts. The writers in prose followed in a numerous and powerful band, and [illegible] their ample stores into the general [illegible] of British literature. Scotland possessed her four universities before the accession of James to the English throne. Immediately before the union, she acquired her parochial schools. These establishments combining happily together, made the elements of knowledge of easy acquisition, and presented a direct path, by which the ardent student might be carried along into the recesses of science or literature. As civil broils ceased, and faction and prejudice gradually died away, a wider field was opened to literary ambition, and the [illegible] of the Scottish institutions for instruction, on the productions of the press, became more and more apparent.

It seems indeed probable, that the establishment of the parochial schools produced effects on the rural muse of Scotland also, which have not hitherto been suspected, and which, though less splendid in their nature, are not however to be regarded as trivial, when we consider the happiness of the wealth of the people.

There is some reason to believe, that the

* *e. g. The Authors of the Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum, &c.*

[illegible]

ay be considered as in [illegible]
bly produced by the influence of time, [illegible]
e different dialects of their own [illegible] language.

[illegible] conjecture be true, the Scottish music [illegible] be more immediately of a Highland [illegible]rigin, and the Lowland tunes, though [illegible] of a character somewhat distinct, must have descended from the mountains in remote age[illegible]. Whatever credit may be given to conjectures, evidently involved in great uncertainty, there can be no doubt that the Scottish peasantry have been long in possession of a number of songs and ballads composed in their native dialect, and sung to their native music. The subjects of these compositions were such as most interested the simple inhabitants, and in the succession of time varied probably as the condition of society varied. During the separation and the hostility of the two nations, these songs and ballads, as far as our imperfect documents enable us to judge, were chiefly warlike; such as the *Hunts of Cheviot*, and the *Battle of Harlaw*. After the union of the two crowns, when a certain degree of peace and tranquillity took place, the rural muse of Scotland breathed in softer accents. "In the want of real evidence respecting the history of our songs," says Ramsay of Ochtertyre, "recourse may be had to conjecture. One would be disposed to think, that the most beautiful of the Scottish tunes were clothed with new words after the union of the [illegible] The inhabitants of the border, who had formerly been warriors from choice and husbandmen from necessity, either quitted the country, or were transformed into real shepherds, easy in their circumstances, and satisfied with their lot. Some sparks of that spirit of chivalry for which they are celebrated by Froissart remained sufficient to inspire elevation of sen[illegible] towards the fair sex. The [illegible] sub-

language of nature, [illegible]
affected simplicity and tend[illegible]
urged, most likely to soften t[illegible]
and coy mistress, or to reg[illegible]
Even in such as are of a mois[illegible]
of hope breaks through, an[illegible]
and settled gloom which [illegible]
sweetest of the Highland lass[illegible]
Nor are these songs all pl[illegible]
them are lively and humorou[illegible]
to us coarse and indelicate.
ever, genuine descriptions of
energetic and sequestered pa[illegible]
of mirth and festivity, though
some objects are brought into
more fastidious painters would
shade."

"As these rural poets su[illegible]
not for gain, their effusions
love-song, or a ballad of
which, like the words of [illegible]
were seldom committed to
cured up in the memory [illegible]
neighbours. Neither kn[illegible]
one patronized by the gren[illegible]
lived and died in obscurity
faithfully, their story, and [illegible]
have been forgotten. [illegible]
for pastoral songs were p[illegible]
be no want of imitators.
species of composition,
standing and sensibility [illegible]
quisite than flights of im[illegible]
numbers. Great change[illegible]
place in Scottish song-w[illegible]
not trace the steps of th[illegible]
the pieces admired in [illegible]
now to be discovered
It is possible, though
music may have rem[illegible]

ligious persecutions which succeeded
e in that disastrous period (at was
ter the resolution in 1688, and the
t establishment of their beloved form
government, that the peasantry of
nds enjoyed comparative repose) and
that period that a great number of
admired Scottish songs have been
though the tunes, to which they are
in general of much greater antiquity,
unreasonable to suppose, that the
security derived from the Revolu-
the Union, produced a favourable
the rustic poetry of Scotland; and
rely be doubted, that the institution
chools in 1696, by which a certain
nstruction was diffused universally
peasantry, contributed to this happy

er this appeared Allan Ramsay, the
Theocritus. He was born on the
mains that divide Clydesdale and
, in a small hamlet by the banks of
a stream which descends into the
he ruins of this hamlet are still
the inquiring traveller.* He was
a peasant, and probably received
ction as his parish-school bestowed,
ersity of his parents admitted.† ·
ole his appearance in Edinburgh,
uning of the present century, in the
racter of an apprentice to a barber;
fourteen or fifteen years of age. By
required notice for his social dispo-
his talent for the composition of
e Scottish idiom; and, changing
ion for that of a bookseller, he
uate with many of the literary, as
he gay and fashionable characters
‡ Having published a volume of
own in 1721, which was favourably
undertook to make a collection of
tish poems, under the title of the
, and was afterwards encouraged
the world a collection of Scottish
From what sources he procured
Ramsay of Ochtertyre, "whether
on or manuscript, is uncertain.
Kerr—*Green* he made some rash
improve on the originals of ha
ns, he probably used still greater

freedom with the songs and ballads
tuals; and, however, he has made
till manuscripts of the songs and
more ancient than the present century, she
produced, or seems to claim to have
papers, if they are still in existence.
several times, which either suited words,
had words that were improper or imperfect,
he or his friends adapted verses worthy of the
melodies they accompanied, with instead of
intelligible to every rustic, yet justly admired
by persons of taste, who regarded them as the
genuine offspring of the pastoral muse. In
some respects, Ramsay has advantages not
possessed by poets writing in the Scottish dialect
in our days. Songs in the dialect of
Cumberland or Lancashire, could never be
popular, because these dialects have to vulgar
spoken by persons of fashion. But till the
middle of the present century, every Scotsman,
from the peer to the peasant, spoke a tongue
Doric language. It is true, the English
ralists and poets were by this time read by
every person of condition, and considered as
the standards for polite composition. But, as
national prejudices were still strong, the lady,
the learned, the gay, and the fair, continued
to speak their native dialect, and that with the
elegance and poignancy of which Scotsmen of
the present day can have no just notion. I am
old enough to have conversed with Sir Speirs
of Leuchat, a scholar, and a man of fashion,
who survived all the members of the Union
Parliament, in which he had a seat. His pro-
nunciation and phraseology differed as much
from the common dialect, as the language of
St James's from that of Thames Street. Had
we retained a court and parliament of our own,
the tongues of the two sister kingdoms would
indeed have differed like the Castilian and
Portuguese; but each would have its own
classics, not in a single branch, but in the
whole circle of literature.

"Ramsay associated with the men of wit
and fashion of his day, and several of them
attempted to write poetry in his manner.
Persons too idle or too dissipated to think of
compositions that required much exertion,
succeeded very happily in making tender sen-
timents to favourite tunes in compliment to their
mistresses, and transforming themselves into
impassioned shepherds, caught the language of
the characters they assumed. Thus, about
the year 1731, Robert Crawford of Auch-
mames, wrote the modern song of *Tweedside*,
which has been so much admired. In 1713,
Sir Gilbert Elliot, the first of our lawyers who
both spoke and wrote English correctly, com-
posed, in the character of a love-sick swain, a
beautiful song, beginning, *My sheep I neglected,
I lost my shepherd's look*, on the marriage of his mis-
tress, Miss Forbes, with Ronald Crawfurd.
And about twelve years afterwards, the sister
of Sir Gilbert wrote the *ancient* words to the
tune of the *Flowers of the Forest*,‖ and sup-
posed to allude to the battle of Flowden. In
spite of the double rhyme, it is a sweet, and

Campbell's History of Poetry in Scot-

er of Mr Ramsay was, it is said,
n the lead-mines of the Earl of
Lead hills. The workmen at
present are of a very superior
miners in general. They have
t of labour in the day, and have
ng. They have a common library
contribution, containing several
mes. When this was instituted,
rned. These miners are said to
ber and moral character. Allan
a very young, is supposed to have
of one in these mines.
e coeval with Joseph Mitchell,
small wits, who, about 1719,
y poor miscellany, to which Dr
thor of the Night Thoughts,
d verses. *Extract of a letter
of Ochtertyre to the Editor.*

§ Beginning, What beauties does Flora disclose!

‖ Beginning, I have heard a lilting at the ewe-milking.

songs, produced in the earlier part of the present century, may be mentioned the ballad of *Hardiknute*, by Lady Wardlaw; the Ballad of *William and Margaret*; and the song entitled the *Birks of Invermay*, by Mallet; the love-song, beginning, *For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove*, produced by the youthful muse of Thomson; and the exquisite pathetic ballad, *the Braes of Yarrow*, by Hamilton of Bangour. On the revival of letters in Scotland, subsequent to the Union, a very general taste seems to have prevailed for the national songs and music. "For many years," says Sir Ramsay, "the singing of songs was the great delight of the higher and middle order of the people, as well as of the peasantry; and though a taste for Italian music has interfered with this amusement, it is still very prevalent. Between forty and fifty years ago, the common people were not only exceedingly fond of songs and ballads, but of metrical history. Often have I, in my cheerful morn of youth, listened to them with delight, when reading or reciting the exploits of Wallace and Bruce against the *Southrons*. Lord Hailes was wont to call Blind Harry their *Bible*, he being their great favourite next the Scriptures. When, therefore, one in the vale of life felt the first emotion of genius, he wanted not models *sui generis*. But though the seeds of poetry were scattered with a plentiful hand among the Scottish peasantry, the product was probably like that of pears and apples—of a thousand that sprung up, nine hundred and fifty are so bad as to set the teeth on edge; forty-five or more are passable and useful; and the rest of an exquisite flavour. Allan Ramsay and Burns are *scaalings* of this last description. They had the example of the elder Scottish poets; they were not without [illegible] of the best English writers; and, what [illegible] society of the most [illegible] man no situation could be m that in which he was plac into which he was led, i constitution, and he sunk month of October, 1774, i year. Burns was not acc poems of this youthful genia began to write poetry; and them, he had renounced the he resided in the town of Ir *Fergusson's Scottish Poems*, he "strung his lyre anew gour." Touched by the sp in kindred genius, and in similar fortune, Burns re with a partial and an affect Over his grave he erected a already been mentioned; an in several instances, made imitation.

From this account of known to Burns, those with them will see they ous or pathetic; and un these descriptions most of class. Let us compare hi sors under each of these close our examination wit servations.

It has frequently been ob has produced, comparat writers who have excell this observation is true o those who have continued country, and have confine position in pure English; stances it admits of an en Scottish poets, who have of Scotland, have been s

this accomplished monarch, who
ed an English education under the
f Henry the Fourth, and who here
r his gallant successor, gave the
which the greater part of the
productions of the rustic muse of
had been formed. *Christis Kirk*
rene was reprinted by Ramsay,
modernized in the orthography,
antos were added by him in which
s to carry on the design. Hence
f King James is usually printed in
works. The royal bard describes,
canto, a rustic dance, and after-
attention in archery, ending in an
amsay relates the restoration of cos-
the renewal of the rural sports with
its of a country wedding. Though
poets describes the manners of his
age, yet in the whole piece there is
cent uniformity; a striking proof
ntity of character in the Scottish
at the two periods, distant from
three hundred years. It is an hon-
tinction to this body of men, that
ctor and manners, very little em-
have been found to be susceptible of
and interesting species of poetry;
t appear not a little curious, that the
ion of modern Europe which pos-
original poetry, should have re-
model, followed by their rustic bards,
onarch on the throne.

additional cantos to *Christis Kirk*
e, written by Ramsay, though ob-
is point of delicacy, are among the
his productions. His chief excel-
led, lay in the description of rural
incidents, and scenery; for he did
s any very high powers either of
n or of understanding. He was
iated with the peasantry of Scot-
lives, and opinions. The subject
eat measure new; his talents were
e subject; and he has shown that it
apply adapted to pastoral poetry.
ttle Shepherd, the characters are de-
from nature, the descriptive parts
genuine style of beautiful simplicity,
is and affections of rural life are
trayed, and the heart is pleasingly
n the happiness that is bestowed on
and virtue. Throughout the whole
air of reality which the most care-
cannot but perceive; and in fact no
perhaps acquired so high a reputa-
ich truth received so little embel-
om the imagination. In his pasto-
and his rural tales, Ramsay appears
antage, indeed, but still with con-
traction. The story of the *Monk*
ter's Wife, though somewhat licen-
rank with the happiest productions
La Fontaine. But when he at-
jects from higher life, and aims at
ch composition, he is feeble and un-
, and seldom even reaches mediocri-
her are his familiar epistles and el-
Scottish dialect entitled to much
Though Fergusson had higher
imagination than Ramsay, his
genius was not of the highest order; nor did
his harmony, which was considerable, impair
his genius. His poems written in pure En-
glish, in which he often follows classical mo-
dels, though superior to the English poems of
Ramsay, seldom rise above mediocrity; but in
those composed in the Scottish dialect he is
often very successful. He was, in general,
however, less happy than Ramsay in the sub-
jects of his muse. As he spent the greater part
of his life in Edinburgh, and wrote for his
amusement in the intervals of business or dis-
sipation, his Scottish poems are chiefly found-
ed on the incidents of a town life, which,
though they are not susceptible of humour, do
not admit of those delineations of scenery and
manners, which vivify the rural poetry of
Ramsay, and which so agreeably amuse the
fancy and interest the heart. The town ca-
tastrophes of Fergusson, if we may so denominate
them, are however faithful to nature, and often
distinguished by a very happy vein of
*humour. His poems entitled *The Daft Days*,*
The King's Birthday in Edinburgh, *Leith*
Races, and *The Election Fair*, will justify this
character. In these, particularly in the last,
he imitated *Christis Kirk of the Green*, as
Ramsay had done before him. His *Address to*
the Tron-Kirk Bell is an exquisite piece of hu-
mour, which Burns has rarely excelled. In
appreciating the genius of Fergusson, it ought
to be recollected, that his poems are the care-
less effusions of an irregular though amiable
young man, who wrote for the periodical pa-
pers of the day, and who died in early youth.
Had his life been prolonged under happier cir-
cumstances of fortune, he would probably have
risen to much higher reputation. He might
have excelled in rural poetry, for though his
professed pastorals on the established Scottish
model, are stale and uninteresting, *The Far-*
mer's Ingle,† which may be considered as a
Scottish pastoral, is the happiest of all his
productions, and certainly was the archetype
of the *Cotter's Saturday Night*. Fergusson,
and more especially Burns, have shown, that
the character and manners of the peasantry of
Scotland, of the present times, are as well
adapted to poetry, as in the days of Ramsay,
or of the author of *Christis Kirk of the*
Green.

The humour of Burns is of a richer vein than
that of Ramsay or Fergusson, both of whom,
as he himself informs us, he had "frequently
in his eye, but rather with a view to kindle at
their flame, than to servile imitation." His
descriptive powers, whether the objects on
which they are employed be comic or serious,
animate or inanimate, are of the highest or-
der.—A superiority of this kind is essential to
every species of poetical excellence. In one of
his earlier poems his plan seems to be to incul-
cate a lesson of contentment on the lower clas-
ses of society, by showing that their superiors
are neither much better nor happier than them-
selves; and this he chooses to execute in the
form of a dialogue between two dogs. He in-
troduces this dialogue by an account of the
persons and characters of the speakers. The
first, whom he has named Cæsar, is a dog
of condition:—

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e *The Morning Interview* etc.

† "The Farmer's Ingle."

"His honest, sonsie, bawsent face,
Aye gat him friends in ilka place;
His breast was white, his towsie back,
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His guccie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl."

Never were *two* dogs so exquisitely delineated. Their gambols, before they sit down to moralize, are described with an equal degree of happiness; and through the whole dialogue, the character, as well as the different condition of the two speakers, is kept in view. The speech of *Luath*, in which he enumerates the comforts of the poor, gives the following account of their merriment on the first day of the year:

"That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty winds;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
And sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
The luntin pipe, and sneeshin' mill,
Are handed round wi' right guid-will;
The cauty auld folks crackin crouse,
The young ones rantin thro' the house—
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them."

Of all the animals who have moralized on human affairs since the days of *Æsop*, the dog seems best entitled to this privilege, as well from his superior sagacity, as from his being, more than any other, the friend and associate of man. The dogs of Burns, excepting in their talent for moralizing, are downright dogs; and not like the horses of Swift, or the *Hind and Panther* of Dryden, men in the shape of brutes. It is this circumstance that heightens the humour of [illegible]

Maggie, and in
praise of whi
Burns. To
Scotch Drink.
influence in a v
with singular
its stimulating
ing at his forge

"Nae mercy
The brawnie,
Brings hard o
Th
Till block an'
W

On another
whisky above wi
between the nati
whom the vine
his own country
malt. The dea
humorous:

"But bring a
Clap in his chee
Say, such is ro
An'
He has nae thou
Twa

Here the notion
tion of the poet.

"Nae cauld, faint-
Death comes—w
Wi' bluidy hand
And w
His latest [illegible]

"Scotland, my auld, respected mither!
Tho' whiles ye moistify your leather,
Till whare you sit, on crape o' heather,
Ye tine your dam;
Freedom and *Whisky* gang thegither,
Tak' aff your dram!"

Of this union of humour, with the higher powers of imagination, instances may be found in the poem entitled *Death and Dr Hornbook*, and in almost every stanza of the *Address to the Deil*, one of the happiest of his productions. After reproaching this terrible being with all his "doings" and misdeeds, in the course of which he passes through a series of Scottish superstitions, and rises at times into a high strain of poetry; he concludes this address, delivered in a tone of great familiarity, but altogether unmixed with apprehension, in the following words:

"But, fare ye weel, auld Nickie-ben!
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den
Ev'n for your sake!

Humour and tenderness are here so happily intermixed, that it is impossible to say which preponderates.

Fergusson wrote a dialogue between the *Causeway* and the *Plainstones** of Edinburgh. This probably suggested to Burns his dialogue between the Old and New Bridge over the river Ayr. The nature of such subjects requires that they shall be treated humorously, and Fergusson has attempted nothing beyond this. Though the *Causeway* and the *Plainstones* talk together, no attempt is made to personify the speakers. A "cadie"† heard the conversation and reported it to the poet.

In the dialogue between the *Brigs of Ayr*, Burns himself is the auditor, and the time and occasion on which it occurred is related with great circumstantiality. The poet, "pressed by care," or "inspired by whim," had left his bed in the town of Ayr, and wandered out alone in the darkness and solitude of a winter night, to the mouth of the river, where the stillness was interrupted only by the rushing sound of the influx of the tide. It was after midnight. The Dungeon-clock; had struck two, and the sound had been repeated by Wallace-Tower.‡ All else was hushed. The moon shone brightly, and

"The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream."

In this situation, the listening bard hears the "clanging sugh" of wings moving through the air, and speedily he perceives two beings, rested, the one on the Old, the other on the New Bridge, whose form and attire he describes, and whose conversation with each other he rehearses. These genii enter into a comparison of the respective edifices over which they *preside, and afterwards*, as is usual between the old and young, or ancient modern characters and manners with the old past times. They differ, as may be expected, and taunt and scold each other in broad Scotch. This conversation, which is certainly humorous, may be considered as the proper business of the poem. As the dialogue runs high, and threatens serious consequences, all at once it is interrupted by a new scene of wonders,

——— ——— "all before their sight
A fairy train appear'd in order bright;
Adown the glittering stair they stately come;
Bright to the moon their various dresses gleam'd;
They footed o'er the watery plain as gaid,
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their tread;
While arts of minstrelsy among them rung,
And soul-ennobled Bards in rose diffusing."

. . . . . .

"The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
A venerable chief, advanced in years;
His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
His manly leg with garter tangle bound."

Next follow a number of other allegorical beings, among whom are the four cardinal, Rural Joy, Plenty, Hospitality, and Courtesy.

"Benevolence, with mild benignant air,
A female form, came from the town of Ayr;
Learning and Worth in equal measure trod,
From simple Catrine, their long loved abode;
Last, white-robed Peace, crown'd with a hazel wreath,
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken iron instrument of Death;
At sight of whom our Spirits forgat the war-like wrath."

This poem, irregular and imperfect as it is, displays various and powerful talents, and may serve to illustrate the genius of Burns. In particular, it affords a striking instance of his being carried beyond his original purpose by the powers of imagination.

In Fergusson's poem, the *Plainstones* and *Causeway* contrast the characters of the different persons who walked upon them. Burns probably conceived, that, by a dialogue between the Old and New Bridge, he might form a humorous contrast between ancient and modern manners in the town of Ayr. Such a dialogue could only be supposed to pass in the stillness of night; and this led our poet into a description of a midnight scene, which excited in a high degree the powers of his imagination. During the whole dialogue the scenery is present to his fancy, and at length it suggests to him a fairy dance of aerial beings, under the beams of the moon, by which the wrath of the Genii of the *Brigs of Ayr* is appeased.

Incongruous as the different parts of this poem are, it is not an incongruity that displeases; and we have only to regret that the poet did not bestow a little pains in making the figures more correct, and in smoothing versification.

The epistles of Burns, in which he included his Dedication to G. H. Esq. the

* *The middle of the street, and the side way.*
† *A messenger.* ‡ *The two steeples of Ayr.*

... observed over the greater part of Britain and Ireland.* These charms are supposed to afford an insight into futurity, especially on the subject of marriage, the most interesting event of rural life. In the *Halloween*, a female, in performing one of the spells, has occasion to go out by moonlight to dip her shift-sleeve into a stream *running towards the South*. It was not necessary for Burns to give a description of this stream. But it was the character of his ardent mind to pour forth not merely what the occasion required, but what it admitted; and the temptation to describe so beautiful a natural object by moonlight, was not to be resisted—

"Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As through the glen it wimplet;
Whyles round the rocky scaur it strays:
Whyles in a wiel it dimplet;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Beneath the spreading hazle,
Unseen that night.

Those who understand the Scottish dialect will allow this to be one of the finest instances of description which the records of poetry afford.—Though of a very different nature, it may be compared, in point of excellence, with Thomson's description of a river swollen by the rains of winter, bursting through the straights that confine its torrent, "boiling, wheeling, foaming, and thundering along."†

In pastoral, or, to speak more correctly, in rural poetry of a serious nature, Burns excelled equally as in that of a humorous kind, and, using less of the Scottish dialect in his serious poems, he becomes more generally intelligible. It is difficult to decide ...

... may so it
muse, is an e

"There, li
I sat and
That till

An' hear

To reconcile
of an aerial be
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succeeds. Co
attitude, and d
ritual beings, a
painting on he
the most strik
distinguished c
some exception
Coila, like the
of Achilles, is t
and some of the
scarcely admiss
of design. The
led him into the
edition he enlarg
nally introduced,
to which he was
fection, gratitude
Dusa, or canto
describes her ow
ticularly her sup
ius, and in which
acter of a bard, i
of poetry, rankin
harmony of num
tions of the En
stanza, compare
will show to wha
...

so congenial to the temperament of sensibility. The poem entitled *Man was made to mourn*, affords an instance of this kind, and *The Winter Night* is of the same description. The last is highly characteristic, both of the temper of mind, and of the condition of Burns. It begins with a description of a dreadful storm on a night in winter. The poet represents himself as lying in bed and listening to its howling. In this situation, he naturally turns his thoughts to the *ourie* Cattle*, and the *silly† Sheep*, exposed to all the violence of the tempest. Having lamented their fate, he proceeds in the following:

"Ilk happing bird—wee helpless thing!
That in the merry months o' spring
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Where wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
An' close thy e'e?"

Other reflections of the same nature occur to his mind; and as the midnight moon, "muffled with clouds," casts her dreary light on his window, thoughts of a darker and more melancholy nature crowd upon him. In this state of mind, he hears a voice pouring through the gloom, a solemn and plaintive strain of reflection. The mourner compares the fury of the elements with that of man to his brother man, and finds the former light in the balance.

"See stern Oppression's iron grip,
Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
Woe, want, and murder, o'er the land."

He pursues this train of reflection through a variety of particulars, in the course of which he introduces the following animated apostrophe:

"O ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
Ill-satisfied keen Nature's clam'rous call,
Stretch'd on his straw he lays him down to sleep,
While thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall,
Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drifty heap."

The strain of sentiment which runs through this poem is noble, though the execution is unequal, and the versification is defective.

Among the serious poems of Burns, *The Cotter's Saturday Night* is perhaps entitled to the first rank. *The Farmer's Ingle* of Fergusson evidently suggested the plan of this poem, as has been already mentioned; but after the plan was formed, Burns trusted entirely to his own powers for the execution. Fergusson's poem is certainly very beautiful. It has all the charms which depend on rural characters and manners happily portrayed, and exhibited under circumstances highly [illegible] the imagination. *The [illegible]* with describing the return of [illegible] tools of the day are over, and the farmer returns to his comfortable fire-side. The reception which he and his men-servants receive [illegible] the careful house-wife, is pleasing [illegible] After their supper is over, they sit [illegible] on the rural events of the day.

"'Bout kirk and market eke their tales go [illegible]
How Jock wou'd *Jenny* here to [illegible] bride;
And there how *Marion*, for a bastard son,
Upon the cutty stool was forced to [illegible]
The warlu' scauld o' our *Mess* [illegible] bide.

The "Guidame" is next introduced [illegible] forming a circle round the fire, in the midst of her grand-children, and while she spins [illegible] the rock, and the spindle plays on her [illegible] lap, "she is relating to the young ones [illegible] witches and ghosts. The poet exclaims,

"O mock na this, my friends! but rather mourn,
Ye in life's bravest spring wi' reason clear,
Wi' cold our idle fancies a' return,
And dim our doleful days wi' bannly fear;
The mind's aye *cradled* when the *grave* is near."

In the meantime the farmer, wearied with the fatigues of the day, stretches him out at length on the *settle*, a sort of rustic couch, which extends on one side of the fire, and the cat and house-dog leap upon it to receive his caresses. Here, resting at his ease, he gives his directions to his men-servants for the succeeding day. The housewife follows his example, and gives her orders to the maidens. By degrees the oil in the cruse begins to fail; the fire runs low: sleep steals on his rustic group; and they move off to enjoy their peaceful slumbers. The poet concludes by bestowing his blessing on the "husbandman and all his tribe."

This is an original and truly interesting pastoral. It possesses every thing required in this species of composition. We might have perhaps said, every thing that it admits, had not Burns written his *Cotter's Saturday Night*.

The cottager returning from his labours, has no servants to accompany him, to partake of his fare, or to receive his instructions. The circle which he joins, is composed of his wife and children only; and if it admits of less variety, it affords an opportunity for representing scenes that more strongly interest the affections. The younger children running to meet him, and clambering round his knee; the elder, returning from their weekly labours with the neighbouring farmers, dutifully unpositing their little gains with their parents and receiving their father's blessing and instructions; the incidents of the courting Jenny, their eldest daughter, "wee grown," are circumstances of the most resting kind, which are most happily delivered; and after their frugal supper, the

* *Ourie, out-lying. Ourie Cattle,* Cattle *that are unhoused all winter.*

† *Silly is in this, as in other places,* a term of compassion and endearment.

dern poetry has not surpassed [illegible] sentiments of patriotism with which it concludes, correspond with the rest of the poem. In no age or country have the pastoral muses breathed such elevated accents, if the Messiah of Pope be excepted, which is indeed a pastoral in form only. It is to be regretted that Burns did not employ his genius on other subjects of the same nature, which the manners and customs of the Scottish peasantry would have amply supplied. Such poetry is not to be estimated by the degree of pleasure which it bestows; it sinks deeply into the heart, and is calculated, far beyond any other human means, for giving permanence to the scenes and the characters it so exquisitely describes. †

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* The reader will recollect that the Cotter was Burns's father. See p. 22.

† A great number of manuscript poems were found among the papers of Burns, addressed to him by admirers of his genius, from different parts of Britain, as well as from Ireland and America. Among these was a poetical epistle from Mr Telford of Shrewsbury, of superior merit. It was written in the Dialect of Scotland (of which country Mr Telford is a native), and in the versification generally employed by our poet himself. Its object is to recommend to him other subjects of a serious nature similar to that of the *Cotter's Saturday Night*; and the reader will find that the advice is happily enforced by example. It would have given the editor pleasure to have inserted the whole of this poem, which he hopes will one day see the light; he is happy rathave obtained, in the meantime, his friend Mr Telford's permission to insert the following extracts.

[illegible]

* * * *

But mony a theme awaits th
Fine as thy Cotter's sacred
Then in such verse thy soul
With he
And sing the course the pio
With al

How with religious awe im
They open lay the guilless
And youth and age with fea
All due
The symbols of eternal rest
Devout

How down ilk lang withdr
Successive crowds the valle
While pure religious conve
Beguile
And gives a cast to youthfu
To suit

How placed along the sacr
Their hoary pastor's looks
His voice with peace and t
Sent fr
And faith, and hope, and
And b

O'er this, with warm sere
Celestial beings, pleased,
And, whisper'd, hear the
'Mid
And mark, amid such see
Their

* * * *

ositions of this kind are
rally in the Scottish dia-

---

aw, in dusky air,*
The light of death.

the rocky bowe,
hes o'er them flow,
e rising knowe,
Where far away
are seen to grow,
By th' water brae.

e narrow grave,
atry tempests rave,
ir grey locks wave,
As low they lay
'mongst the lave
Of parent clay.

m each declare
heir bosome bear,
st they share,
Then home return,
he virtues fair
Of him they mourn.

. . . . . .

nsons taught,
ir is willing caught)
tainted thought,
The shepherd boy,
n on lonely height,
Feels holy joy.

lovely known,
and far alone,
ll naked shown
Before his God—
welcome reach the throne,
And bless'd abode.

a heartfelt joy,
virtuous boy;
t, kind employ,
he how to give
can enjoy,
As means to live.

its curious site,
n clear indite,
count and write,
Demand thy care;
uman's school at night,
Without a share.

rious lad,
hings his head,
ours' books to read;
For hence arise
, who far are spread,
Baith bauld and wise.

. . . . . .

o a *superstition* prevalent
andale, that a light pre-
very funeral, marking the
ass.

lect, and always after the model of the Scottish songs, on the general character and moral influence of which, some observations have already been offered. We may hazard a few more particular remarks.

Of the historic or heroic ballads of Scotland it is unnecessary to speak. Burns has no where imitated them, a circumstance to be regretted, since in this species of composition, from its admitting the more terrible, as well as the softer graces of poetry, he was eminently qualified to have excelled. The Scottish songs which served as a model to Burns, are almost, without exception, pastoral, or rather rural. Such of them as are comic, frequently treat of a rustic courtship, or a country wedding; or they describe the differences of opinion which arise in married life. Burns has imitated this species, and surpassed his models. The song beginning, "Husband, husband, cease your strife," may be cited in support of this observa-

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The bonny lasses as they spin,
Perhaps wi' Allan's sangs begin,
How Tay and Tweed smooth flowing rin
Through flowery bowes;
Where Shepherd-lads their sweethearts win
With earnest vows.

Or may be, Burns, thy thrilling page
May a' their virtuous thoughts engage,
While playful youth and placid age
In concert join,
To bless the bard, who, gay or sage,
Improves the mind.

. . . . . .

Long may their harmless simple ways,
Nature's own pure emotions raise;
May still the dear romantic blaze
Of purest love,
Their bosoms warm to latest days,
And aye improve.

May still each fond attachment glow,
O'er woods, o'er streams, o'er hills of snow;
May rugged rocks still dearer grow,
And may their souls
Even love the warlock glens which through
The tempest howls.

To eternize such themes as these,
And all their happy manners seize,
Will every virtuous bosom please,
And high in fame,
To future times will justly raise
Thy patriot name.

While all the venal tribes decay,
That bask in flattery's flaunting ray,
The noisome vermin of a day,
Thy works shall gain
O'er every mind a boundless sway,
And lasting reign.

When winter binds the harden'd plains,
Around each hearth, the hoary swains
Shall teach the rising youth thy strains,
And anxious say,
Our blessing with our sons remains,
And Burns's Lay!

emotions of tenderness and affection,
o not entirely absorb the lover; but
im to associate his emotions with the
f external nature, and breathe the se-
purity and innocence, as well as of
n these respects the love-songs of Scot-
s honourably distinguished from the
lmired classical compositions of the
nd; and by such associations, a variety
ts liveliness, is given to the repre-senta-
his passion, which are not to be found
etry of Greece or Rome, or perhaps of
r nation. Many of the love songs of
l describe scenes of rural courtship;
ay be considered as invocations from
their mistresses. On such occasions
of interest and reality is given to the
nt, by the spot destined to these happy
ws being particularized. The lovers
meet at the *Bush aboon Traquair*, or
Banks of Eltrick; the nymphs are in-
wander among the wilds of *Roslin* or
s of Invermay. Nor is the spot mere-
ed out; the scenery is often described as
the character, so as to represent a com-
cture to the fancy.† Thus the maxim

ie dialogues between husbands and their
which form the subjects of the Scottish
are almost all ludicrous and satirical,
these contests the lady is generally vic-
. From the collections of Mr Pinkerton,
l that the comic muse of Scotland de-
in such representations from very early
in her rude dramatic efforts, as well as
rustic songs.
ie or two examples may illustrate his ob-
on. A Scottish song, written about a
d years ago, begins thus:—

of poetry
nius; of poets of a refined and scie
The dramatic style which prevai
in the Scottish songs, while it
greatly to the interest they excite,
that they have originated among
the earlier stages of society. Whe
of composition appears in songs o
date, it indicates that they have b
after the ancient model.‡

double force, while we conceive th
addressed by a lover to his mistres
met all alone on a summer's eve
banks of a beautiful stream, which
have actually seen, and which a
paint to our imagination. Let us
example. It is now a nymph
Hear how she expresses herself—

"How blythe each morn was I to
My swain come o'er the hill?
He skipp'd the burn, and flew to
I met him with good will."

Here is another picture drawn by
Nature. We see a shepherdess at
side of a brook, watching her lov
seends the opposite hill. He be
along; he approaches nearer an
leaps the brook, and flies into h
the recollection of these circum
surrounding scenery becomes en
fair mourner, and she bursts into
exclamation:

"O the broom, the bonnie, bonni
The broom of the Cowden-know
I wish I were with my dear awal
With his nine and my ewes."

[illegible] Scottish song [illegible] very unequal [illegible] and therefore [illegible] in the [illegible] parts of the same song. Those that are humorous, or characteristic of manners, have in general the merit of copying nature; those that are serious, are tender, and often sweetly interesting, but seldom exhibit high powers of imagination, which indeed [illegible] find a place in this species of composition. The alliance of the words of the Scottish songs with the music, has in some degree given to the former popularity, which otherwise they would never have obtained.

The association of the words and the music of these songs, with the more beautiful parts of the scenery of Scotland, contributes to the same effect. It has given them not merely popularity, but permanence; it has imparted to the works of mind some portion of the durability of the works of nature. It, from our imperfect experience of the past, we may judge with any confidence respecting the future, songs of this description and of all others the most likely to die. In the changes of language they may no doubt suffer change; but the associated strained sentiment and music will perhaps survive, while the clear stream sweeps down the vale of Yarrow, or the gray tower waves on the Cowden-Knowes.

The first attempts of Burns in song-writing were not very successful. His habitual inattention to the exactness of rhyme, and to the harmony of numbers, arising principally from the models on which his versification was formed, were faults likely to appear to more advantage in this species of composition, than in any other; and we may also remark, that the strength of his imagination, and the exuberance of his sensibility, were with difficulty restrained within the limits of gentleness, delicacy, and tenderness, which seem to be assigned to the love songs of his nation. Burns was better adapted by nature to following in such [illegible] the [illegible] of the Scottish muse. [illegible] he however [illegible] In his earlier songs there [illegible] but this gradually disappeared [illegible] efforts; and some of the [illegible] of this kind may be compared [illegible] ing, with the [illegible] who in the conclusion [illegible] pass them all.

The songs of Burns [illegible] to attract and charm [illegible] to the greater part [illegible] of rural nature [illegible] the passions and [illegible] dancing to keep the [illegible] into his concepts [illegible] in such [illegible] which they [illegible] in the instance, [illegible] his own country. [illegible] especially when [illegible] to the most [illegible] be found in the [illegible] the wooded streams. [illegible] ly interesting at the [illegible] As we [illegible] from these [illegible] of the temperature, [illegible] no grasses, and the [illegible] still more beautiful. [illegible] the sun's path on the [illegible] grateful season of [illegible] hours, and the shades of [illegible] mingle with the morning's dawn. [illegible] poets in Scotland, as may be [illegible] ride in their minds the [illegible] with the mind to [illegible] the force [illegible] those hours of the [illegible] nature are most interesting.

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tion apparently of the sixteenth century. The story of the ballad is shortly this:—The Castle of Rhodes, in the absence of its lord, is attacked by the robber Edom o' Gordon. The lady stands on her defence, beats off the assailants, and wounds Gordon, who in his rage orders the castle to be set on fire. That his orders are carried into effect, we learn from the expostulation of the lady, who is represented as standing on the battlements, and remonstrating on the barbarity. She is interrupted—

"O then bespake her little son,
Sate on his mother's knee;
Say, 'mother dear, gae owre thy house,
'For the reek it smutches me.'
I wad gae a my gown, my claiths,
Sae wad I a my ee,
For as blast o' the westlin wind,
To blaw the reek frae thee."

The circumstantiality of the Scottish love-songs, and the dramatic form which prevails so generally in them, probably arises from their being the descendants and successors of the ancient *ballads*. *In the beautiful modern song of Mary of Castle-Carry*, the dramatic form has a very happy effect. The same may be said of *Donald and Flora*, and *Come under my plaidie*, by the same author, Mr Macniel.

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* A lady, of whose [illegible] taken into an error in this respect. [illegible] predatory address to the [illegible] speaking of the natural [illegible] ployed to give interest to the [illegible] passion, she observes, "they [illegible] humbler variety, from the Sweet [illegible] breathing of cassia, myrrh, [illegible] the gentle Shepherd of Israel, [illegible] seis carry the [illegible] and as we of the less [illegible] tional country." The [illegible] and walk in the midst of frost [illegible] meet all the seasons of the [illegible] land in the open air, amidst beautiful [illegible] objects, and at the most [illegible] year. Ramsay introduces all [illegible] pastoral description to assure us that [illegible] Fault of the climate of Britain is not, that does not afford us the charms of summer, that the season of such beauties is comparatively short, and even uncertain. There [illegible] days and nights, even in the southern [illegible] of the island, which equal, if not [illegible] pass what are to be found in the [illegible] Sicily or of Greece. Buchanan [illegible] wrote his exquisite Ode to May, [illegible] as well as the transitoriness of the [illegible]

yond the usual boundaries of Scottish song, and the natural objects introduced have more of the character of sublimity. An instance of this kind is noticed by Mr Syme,* and many others might be adduced.

"Had I a cave on some wild, distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the wave's dashing roar;
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my last repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more."

In one song, the scene of which is laid in a winter night, the "wan moon" is described as "settling behind the white waves;" in another, the "storms" are apostrophized, and commanded to "rest in the cave of their slumbers." On several occasions, the genius of Burns loses sight entirely of his archetype, and rises into a strain of uniform sublimity. Instances of this kind appear in *Liberty, a Vision*, and in his two war-songs, *Bruce to his Troops*, and the *Song of Death*. These last are of a description of which we have no other in our language. The martial songs of our nation are not military, but naval. If we were to seek a comparison of these songs of Burns with others of a similar nature, we must have recourse to the poetry of ancient Greece, or of modern Gaul.

Burns has made an important addition to the songs of Scotland. In his compositions, the poetry equals and sometimes surpasses the music. He has enlarged the poetical scenery of his country. Many of her rivers and mountains, formerly unknown to the muse, are now consecrated by his immortal verse. The Doon, the Lugar, the Ayr, the Nith, and the Cluden, will in future, like the Yarrow, the Tweed, and the T[illegible]

of his nation. they exhibit i are peculiarly which bind ge and to the do and to cherish dae restriction our nature. I composed some not be bestowe speedily be fo where Scottish jectionable in p stituted other c occasions, with changed the sen be seen in the which is now strain of conjug moral as it is ex

Few circum striking proof of than the gener England, notwit the greater part be supposed to re sure. In som dialect on subje general he confin tion of a tender o he rises into ele a purer English he possessed of m morous sentiment gery of a sublim him to use this v sions with strikin o' *Shanter* afford he passes from a to situations of

[illegible] them from his speech; and being [illegible] to hear them from the vulgar daily, does not easily admit of their use in poetry, which requires a style elevated and ornamental. A dislike of this kind, is, however, accidental, not natural. It is of the species of disgust which we feel at seeing a female of high birth in the dress of a rustic; which if she be really young and beautiful, a little habit will enable us to overcome. A lady who assumes such a dress puts her beauty, indeed, to a severer trial. She rejects she, indeed, oppresses, the influence of fashion; she, possibly, abandons the grace of elegant and flowing drapery; but her native charms remain, the more striking, perhaps, because the less adorned; and to these she trusts for fixing her empire on those affections over which fashion has no sway. If she succeeds, a new association arises. The dress of the beautiful rustic becomes itself beautiful, and establishes a new fashion for the young and the gay. And when, in after ages, the contemplative observer shall view her picture in the gallery that contains the portraits of the beauties of successive centuries, each in the dress of her respective day, her drapery will not deviate, more than that of her rivals, from the standard of his taste, and he will give the palm to her who excels in the lineaments of nature.

Burns wrote professedly for the peasantry of his country, and by them their native dialect is universally relished. To a numerous class of the natives of Scotland of another description, it may also be considered as attractive in a different point of view. Estranged from their native soil, and spread over foreign lands, the blow of their country unites with the sentiments and the descriptions on which it is employed, to recall to their minds the interesting scenes of infancy and youth to awaken many pleasing, many tender recollections. Literary men, residing at Edinburgh or Aberdeen, cannot judge on this point for one hundred and fifty thousand of their expatriated countrymen.*

To the use of the Scottish dialect in one species of poetry, the composition of songs, the taste of the public has been for some time reconciled. The dialect in question excels, as has already been observed, in the [illegible] and exactness of its terms for [illegible] and in pastoral or rural scenes [illegible] simplicity, which is very [illegible] Neither does the regret [illegible] which some persons of taste have expressed, that Burns used this dialect in [illegible] other of his compositions. His [illegible] was to paint the manners of [illegible] he "humble compeers," and [illegible] conceive, that this could have [illegible] equal humour and effect, if he had [illegible] their idioms. There are some, [illegible] will think the subject too low for poetry. Persons of this stiffly taste will find the [illegible] consulted in many a [illegible] author; let them not seek [illegible] the rough and vigorous lines, [illegible] humour, or in the overpowering [illegible] the bard of nature.

To determine the comparative merit of Burns would be no easy task. Many [illegible] wards distinguished in literature [illegible] tion as a bard [illegible] would be difficult to [illegible] while forming his [illegible] has written verses which have [illegible] retained universal attention, and [illegible] likely to give the author a [illegible] distinguished place among the [illegible] masters. If he is deficient in grace, he [illegible] tinguished for ease as well as [illegible] and these are indications of the [illegible] of genius. The father of epic poetry [illegible] one of his heroes as excelling in strength, another in swiftness to form his perfect warrior, these attributes are combined. Every species of intellectual superiority admits, perhaps, of a similar arrangement. One writer excels in force—another in ease; he's superior to them both, in whom both these qualities are united. Of Homer himself, it may be said, that like his own Achilles, he surpasses his contemporaries in mobility as well as strength.

The force of Burns lay in the powers of his understanding, and in the [illegible] of his heart; and these will be found to [illegible] the living principle into all the [illegible] which seem destined to [illegible] His sensibility had an uncommon [illegible] He was alive to every species of emotion. He [illegible] of the few poets that can be mentioned, who have at once excelled in humour, in [illegible] and in sublimity; a praise unknown to the ancients, and which in modern times is only due to Ariosto, to Shakspeare, and perhaps to Voltaire. To compare the writings of the Scottish peasant with the works of these giants in literature, might appear presumptuous; yet, it may be asserted that he has [illegible] the *foot of Hercules*. How much he might have approached them by proper culture, with lengthened years, and under happier auspices, it is not for us to calculate. But while we run over the melancholy story of his life, it is impossible not to heave a sigh at the asperity of his fortune; and as we survey the records of his mind, it is easy to see, that out of such materials have been reared the [illegible] most durable of the monuments of genius.

* These observations are excited by some remarks of respectable correspondents of the description alluded to. This calculation of the number of Scotchmen living out of Scotland is not altogether arbitrary, and it is probably below the truth. It is, in some degree, founded on the proportion between the number of the sexes in *Scotland*, as it appears from the invaluable Statistics of Sir John Sinclair.—For Scotchmen of this description more particularly, Burns seems to have written his song beginning, *Their groves o' sweet myrtle*, a beautiful strain, which, it may be confidently predicted, will be sung with equal or superior interest, on the banks of the Ganges or of the Mississippi, as on those of *the Tay* or the Tweed.

ON

'HE DEATH OF BURNS.

BY MR ROSCOE.

---

f poems have been written on the death of Burns, some of them of consider-
erit. To have subjoined all of them to the present edition, would have been
d it to another volume at least; and to have made a selection, would have been
erable delicacy.

fore, presents one poem only on this melancholy subject; a poem which has
ared in print. It is from the pen of one who has sympathized deeply in the
and will not be found unworthy of its author—the Biographer of *Lorenzo de*
person so well known, it is wholly unnecessary for the Editor to speak; and,
sary, it would not be easy for him to find language that would adequately ex-
t and his affection.

---

ak majestic hills,
alleys proudly spread,
r thy thousand rills,
aths with blossoms red;
et now shall tread
ts, thy woodland reign,
retest bard, is dead,
hed the soothing strain?

ring pines may grow,
eams may speed along,
amer suns may glow,
thy feathery throng;
ed is the song,
feless all around,
lies all unstrung,
and that waked its sound.

vigorous offspring rise,
s, thy sons excel;
thy daughters' eyes,
very feature dwell;
w their praises tell,
assioned, fond, and free,
the song shall swell,
berty, and thee.

rye and frown severe
ith why didst thou view?
o him were dear,
rs *to thee were due;*
his bosom knew,
h's delightful orisne,
vouring ear he drew
haated rhyme.

Thy lonely wastes and frowning skies
To him were all with rapture fraught;
He heard with joy the tempest rise
That waked him to sublimer thought;
And oft thy winding dells he sought, [fame,
Where wild flow'rs pour'd their rathe per-
And with sincere devotion brought
To thee the summer's earliest bloom.

But ah! no fond maternal smile
His unprotected youth enjoy'd,
His limbs inured to early toil,
His days with early hardships tried;
And more, to mark the gloomy void,
And bid him feel his misery,
Before his infant eyes would glide
Day-dreams of immortality.

Yet, not by cold neglect depress'd,
With sinewy arm he turn'd the soil,
Sank with the evening sun to rest,
And met at morn his earliest smile.
Waked by his rustic pipe, meanwhile
The pow'rs of fancy came along,
And soothed his lengthened hours of toil,
With native wit and sprightly song.

—Ah! days of bliss, too swiftly fled,
When vigorous health from labour springs,
And bland contentment smooths the bed,
And deep his ready opiate brings;
And hovering round on airy wings
Float the light forms of young desire,
That of unutterable things
The soft and shadowy hope inspire.

And lead his steps those bowers among,
  Where elegance with splendour vies,
Or Science bids her favour'd throng,
  To more refined sensations rise:
Beyond the peasant's humbler joys,
  And, freed from each laborious strife,
There let him learn the bliss to prize
  That waits the sons of polish'd life.

Then, whilst his throbbing veins beat high
  With every impulse of delight,
Dash from his lips the cup of joy,
  And shroud the scene in shades of night.

[illegible] of soul [illegible]
  Nor longer with his
An idiot laugh the we
  As genius thus degr
Till pitying Heaven th
  That shrouds the Pe

  Rear high thy bleak
  Thy shelter'd valley
And, Scotia, pour thy
  And wave thy heath
But never more shall p
  Thy airy height, thy
Since he the sweetest b
  That ever breath'd [illegible]

ENERAL CORRESPONDENCE

OF

ROBERT BURNS.

It is impossible to dismiss this Volume* of the Correspondence of our Bard, without some anxiety as to the reception it may meet with. The experiment we are making has not often been tried; perhaps on no occasion has so large a portion of the recent and unpremeditated effusions of a man of genius been committed to the press.

Of the following letters of Burns, a considerable number were transmitted for publication, by the individuals to whom they were addressed; but very few have been printed entire. It will easily be believed, that in a series of letters written without the least view to publication, various passages were found unfit for the press, from different considerations. It will also be readily supposed, that our Poet, writing nearly at the same time, and under the same feelings to different individuals, would sometimes fall into the same train of sentiment and forms of expression. To avoid, therefore, the tediousness of such repetitions, it has been found necessary to mutilate many of the individual letters, and sometimes to cancel parts of great delicacy—the unbridled effusions of panegyric and regard. But though many of the letters are printed from originals furnished by the persons to whom they were addressed, others are printed from first draughts, or sketches, found among the papers of our Bard. Though in general no man committed his thoughts to his correspondents with less consideration or effect than Burns, yet it appears that in some instances he was dissatisfied with his [illegible]

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place in th
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LETTERS, &c.

No. I.

TO A FEMALE FRIEND.

WRITTEN ABOUT THE YEAR 1780.

I Verily believe, my dear E. that the pure genuine feelings of love, are as rare in the world as the pure genuine principles of virtue and piety. This, I hope, will account for the uncommon style of all my letters to you. By uncommon, I mean, their being written in such a serious manner, which, to tell you the truth, has made me often afraid lest you should take me for a zealous bigot, who conversed with his mistress as he would converse with his minister. I don't know how it is, my dear; for though, except your company, there is nothing on earth that gives me so much pleasure as writing to you, yet it never gives me those giddy raptures so much talked of among lovers. I have often thought, that if a well-grounded affection be not really a part of virtue, 'tis something extremely akin to it. Whatever the thought of my E. warms my heart, every feeling of humanity, every principle of generosity, kindles in my breast. It extinguishes every dirty spark of malice and envy, which are but too apt to infest me. I grasp every creature in the arms of universal benevolence, and equally participate in the pleasures of the happy, and sympathise with the miseries of the unfortunate. I assure you, my dear, I often look up to the divine Dispenser of events, with an eye of gratitude for the blessing which I hope he intends to bestow on me, in bestowing you. I sincerely wish that he may bless my endeavours to make your life as comfortable and happy as possible, both in sweetening the rougher parts of my natural temper, and bettering the unkindly circumstances of my fortune. This, my dear, is a passion, at least in my view, worthy of a man, and I will add, worthy of a Christian. The sordid earth-worm may profess love to a woman's person, whilst, in reality, his affection is centered in her pocket; and the slavish drudge may go a-wooing as he goes to the horse-market to choose one who is stout and firm, and, as we may say of an old horse, one who will be a good drudge and draw kindly. *I disdain their dirty, puny ideas. I would be heartily out of humour with myself, if I thought I were capable of having so poor a notion of the sex, which were designed to crown the pleasures of society. Poor devils! I don't envy them their happiness who have such notions.* For my part, I propose quite other pleasures with my fair partner. . . . . .

No. II.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR E.

I do not remember in the course of your acquaintance and mine, ever to have heard you opinion on the ordinary way of falling in love, amongst people of our station of life: I do not mean the persons who proceed in the way of bargain, but those whose affection is really placed on the person.

Though I be, as you know very well, but a very awkward lover myself, yet as I have some opportunities of observing the conduct of others who are much better skilled in the affair of courtship than I am, I often think it is owing to lucky chance more than to good management, that there are not more unhappy marriages than usually are.

It is natural for a young fellow to like the acquaintance of the females, and customary for him to keep them company when occasion serves; some one of them is more agreeable to him than the rest; there is something, he knows not what, pleases him, he knows not how, in her company. This I take to be what is called love with the greatest part of us, and I must own, my dear E. it is a hard game such a one as you have to play when you meet with such a lover. You cannot refuse but he is sincere, and yet though you use him ever so favourably, perhaps in a few months, or at farthest in a year or two, the same unaccountable fancy may make him as distractedly fond of another, whilst you are quite forgot. I am aware, that perhaps the next time I have the pleasure of seeing you, you may bid me take my own lesson home, and tell me that the passion I have professed for you is perhaps one of those transient flashes I have been describing; but I hope my dear E. you will do me the justice to believe me, when I assure you, that the love I have for you is founded on the sacred principles of virtue and honour, and in consequence, so long as you continue possessor of those amiable qualities which first inspired my passion for you, so long must I continue to love you. Believe me, my dear, that a like this alone which can render the state happy. People may talk of their

... regard my E. with the tenderest affection, and for this plain reason, because she is still possessed of those noble qualities, improved to a much higher degree, which first inspired my affection for her.

"O! happy state, when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law."

I know, were I to speak in such a style to many a girl who thinks herself possessed of no small share of sense, she would think it ridiculous—but the language of the heart is, my dear E., the only courtship I shall ever use to you.

When I look over what I have written, I am sensible it is vastly different from the ordinary style of courtship—but I shall make no apology—I know your good nature will excuse what your good sense may see amiss.

No. III.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR E.

I have often thought it a peculiarly unlucky circumstance in love, that though, in every other situation in life, telling the truth is not only the safest, but actually by far the easiest way of proceeding, a lover is never under greater difficulty in acting, or more puzzled for expression, than when his passion is sincere, and his intentions are honourable. I do not think that it is very difficult for a person of ordinary capacity to talk of love and fondness, which are not felt, and to make ... of ...

... a peremptory re... by a generous co...

It would oblig... me a line or tw... only add further... ed (though perh... the rules of hon... voted to love and... endeavour to pro... these are qualities... in a husband; I l... in your real frien...

TO

I ought in good m... the receipt of yo... but my heart was... tents of it, that I... thoughts so as to w... I will not attempt... receiving your letter... again and again, a... litest language of r... tory; "you were... me a return, but yo... you, I never can o... kind of happiness. ... unmanly to say, th... be happy; but sur... with you, would ha... wanting you, I nev...

Your uncommon... your superior good... strike me; these, n...

I am I expect to remove in
urther off, and you, I sup
ment leave this place, I wish
rom you soon; and if an
perhaps escape me rather
ship, I hope you will par-
Mme ——, (pardon me
for once). . .

No. V.

HN MURDOCH,

DLMASTER,

BUILDINGS, LONDON.

Mauchline, 15th *January*, 1783.

portunity of sending you a
ting you to that expense
on of mine would but ill
with pleasure, to tell you
otten, nor ever will forget,
s I lie under to your kind-

Sir, but you will wish to
the result of all the pains
er, and a masterly teacher;
gratify your curiosity with
u would be pleased with;
am afraid will not be the
ssed, kept pretty clear of
l in this respect, I hope my
grace the education I have
on of the world, I am most
—One would have thought,
been, under a father who
ell as *un homme des affaires*,
that the world calls a push-
but, to tell you the truth,
any thing more my reverse.
eat into the world to see,
very easily compound with
icks me of my money, if
original about him which
nature in a different light
ve seen before. In short,
t is to "study men, their
ways;" and for this darling
sacrifice every other con-
quite indolent about those
set the bustling busy sons
if I have to answer for the
very easy with regard to
Even the last, worst shift
and the wretched, does not
know that even this my
stry folks call "a sensible
t it is sanctified by a hoary
e me so much esteem, that
learn to be happy. How-
apprehensions about that;
t, yet, so far as an extreme-
ion permits, I am not lazy;
, especially in *tavern mat-*
economist; not indeed for
y, but one of the principal

---

ded to here, must be the
st beggar.

parts in my composition is a kind of pride of stomach, and I scorn to fear the face of any man living: above every thing, I abhor as hell, the idea, of sneaking in a corner to avoid a man — possibly some pitiful, sordid wretch, who in my heart I despise and detest. "Tis this, and this alone, that concerns economy to me. In the matter of books, indeed, I am very profuse. My favourite authors are of the sentimental kind, such as *Shenstone*, particularly his *Elegies*; *Thomson*; *Man of Feeling*, a book I prize next to the Bible; *Man of the World*; *Sterne*, especially his *Sentimental Journey*; *Macpherson's Ossian*, &c. These are the glorious models after which I endeavour to form my conduct; and 'tis incongruous, 'tis absurd, to suppose that the man whose mind glows with sentiments ennobling up at their sacred fame—the man whose heart distends with benevolence to all the human race—he "who can soar above this little scene of things," can he descend to mind the paltry concerns about which the terrestrial race fret, and fume, and vex themselves? O how the glorious triumph swells my heart! I forget that I am a poor insignificant devil, unnoticed and unknown, stalking up and down fairs and markets, when I happen to be in them, reading a page or two of mankind, and "catching the manners living as they rise," whilst the men of business jostle me on every side as an idle encumbrance in their way. But I dare say I have by this time tired your patience; so I shall conclude with begging you to give Mrs Murdoch—not my compliments, for that is a mere common place story, but—my warmest, kindest wishes for her welfare; and accept of the same for yourself, from,

Dear Sir,
Yours, &c.

No. VI

[The following is taken from the MS. prose presented by our Bard to Mr Rankel.]

On rummaging over some old papers, I lighted on a MS. of my early years, in which I had determined to write myself out, as I was placed by fortune among a class of men to whom my ideas would have been nonsense. I had meant that the book should have lain by me, in the fond hope that, some time or other, even after I was no more, my thoughts would fall into the hands of somebody capable of appreciating their value. It sets off thus:

Observations, Hints, Songs, Scraps of Poetry, &c. by R. B.—a man who had little art in making money, and still less in keeping it; but was, however a man of some sense, and a great deal of honesty, and unbounded good-will to every creature, rational and irrational. As he was but little indebted to scholastic education, and bred at a plough tail, his performances must be strongly tinctured with his unpolished rustic way of life; but as I believe they are really his own, it may be some entertainment to a curious observer of human nature, to see how a ploughman thinks and feels, under the pressure of love, ambition, anxiety, grief, with the like cares and passions, which, however

rors of his crime,
ponizing throbs;
ose of amendment,
ring thoughts to pe
riable man!
y of soul!

March, 178
l, in the course of
e, that every man,
hing good about h
ing else than a hi
lation inclining hi
r this reason, no
any other person,
ith strict justice, ca
strictest character
nong us, examine
es he has never b
care or vigilance,
or some accides
g; how many of
he has escaped,
line of such temp
if not always weig
w much he is inde
opinion, because
I say, any man w
the failings, nay,
aukind around hi

the acquaintance
monly known by t
ards, sometimes fa
with the safety of m
thoughtless prodig
as, have been drive
aced by follies, nay
guilt, ...
found among them
some of the noble
erosity, disintereste
ity.

April,

ngs of the wind. In one of these seasons, v after a train of misfortunes, I composed following:

he wintry west extends his blast, &c.
See Songs.

Shenstone finely observes, that love-verses, ll without any real passion, are the most ccess of all conceits; and I have often ought that no man can be a proper critic of e-composition, except he himself, in one or ve instances, have been a warm votary of passion. As I have been all along a erable dupe to love, and have been led into thousand weaknesses and follies by it, for it reason I put the more confidence in my bent skill, in distinguishing foppery, and ect, from real passion and nature. Whether following song will stand the test, I will pretend to say, because it is my own; only as say it was, at the time, genuine from the art.

Behind yon hills, &c.
See Songs.

think the whole species of young men y be naturally enough classed into two ad classes, which I shall call the grave and merry; though, by the bye, these terms do with propriety enough express my ideas. grave I shall cast into the usual division those who are guided on by the love of ney; and those whose darling wish is to be a figure in the world. The merry are, men of pleasure of all denominations; the al lads, who have too much fire and spirit have any settled rule of action; but with much deliberation, follow the strong im- ses of nature; the thoughtless, the careless, indolent—in particular he, who, with a py sweetness of natural temper, and a rful vacancy of thought, steals through life generally, indeed, in poverty and obscurity; poverty and obscurity are only evils to him can sit gravely down and make a reasoning parison between his own situation and that thers; and lastly, to grace the quorum, such re, generally, those whose heads are capable ll the towerings of genius, and whose hearts warmed with all the delicacy of feeling.

s the grand end of human life is to culti- an intercourse with that *Being* to whom owe life, with every enjoyment that can ter life delightful; and to maintain an in- stive conduct towards our fellow-creatures; so, by forming piety and virtue into habit, may be fit members for that society of the n and the good, which reason and revela- teach us to expect beyond the grave: I ot see that the turn of mind, and pursuits ny son of poverty and obscurity, are in the more inimical to the sacred interests of y and virtue, than the even lawful, bustling straining after the world's riches and hon- ; and I do not see but that he may gain ven as well (*which, by the bye*, is no mean *deration*), *who steals through* the vale of *amusing himself with every little flower tune throws in his way*: as he who, *ng straight forward*, and perhaps despai- *ll about him*, gains some of life's little

rtainments; where, after all, he catches nothing, and is seen, a little more conspicuous perhaps, but what, in the proud his heart, [illegible] term the poor, indecent dead he has still [illegible] him.

There is a noble sublimity, a heart-melting tenderness, in some of our ancient songs, which shows them to be the work of [illegible] hand; and it has often given me heavy hearts, [illegible] ache to reflect, that such genius, [illegible] bards who very probably sweated and [illegible] to native genius, yet have descended to [illegible] profits of heroes, the pangs of disappointed [illegible], and the misings of love with such [illegible] strokes of nature, that their very [illegible] how mortifying to a bard's vanity! [illegible] "buried among the wreck of things which were."

O ye illustrious names unknown! wh[illegible] feel so strongly an incentive to [illegible] the meanest of the muses! [illegible] though far inferior to your [illegible] your pelf, and with [illegible] [illegible] sublimer song after you [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] pay this sympathetic [illegible] memory! Some of you [illegible] chasms of verse, that you have [illegible] nate in the world indefatigable in [illegible] has felt the loss of his little fortune, the [illegible] friends, and, worse than all, the [illegible] man he is sore. Like you, as his [illegible] was his muse; she taught him in [illegible] tures to complain. Happy could he have [illegible] it with your strength of imagination and [illegible] of verse! May the turf lie lightly on your bones! and may you now enjoy that [illegible] rest which this world seldom gives to the heart, tuned to all the feelings of poetry and love!

This is all worth quoting in my MSS. and more than all.

R. B.

No. VII.

TO MR AIKEN.

[The Gentleman to whom the Editor's Saturday Night is addressed.]

SIR, *Ayrshire*, 1786.

I was with Wilson, my printer, Gathering day, and settled all our by-gone matters between us. After I had paid him all demands, I made him the offer of the second edition, on the hazard of being paid out of the *first and second*, which he declines. By his account, the paper of a thousand copies would cost about twenty-seven pounds, and the printing about fifteen or sixteen: he offers to agree to this for the printing, if I will advance for the paper; but this you know, is out of my power, so farewell hopes of a second edition till I grow richer!—an epocha which, I think, will arrive at the payment of the British national debt.

There is scarcely any thing hurts me so much in being disappointed of my second edition, as not having it in my power to show my gratitude to Mr Ballantyne, by publishing

my home,

uncertainty of getting soon into busi-
the consequences of my follies, which
erhaps make it impracticable for me to
t home; and besides, I have for some
een pining under secret wretchedness,
causes which you pretty well know—the
of disappointment, the sting of pride,
some wandering stabs of remorse, which
fail to settle on my vitals like vultures,
attention is not called away by the calls
ciety or the vagaries of the muse. Even
hour of social mirth, my gaiety is the
ess of an intoxicated criminal under the
of the executioner. All these reasons
me to go abroad: and to all these reasons
ve only one answer—the feelings of a
r. This, in the present mood I am in,
balances everything that can be laid in the
against it.

ou may perhaps think it an extravagant
y, but it is a sentiment which strikes home
my very soul: though sceptical in some
ts, of our current belief, yet, I think, I
e every evidence for the reality of a life be-
d the stinted bourne of our present exis-
ce: if so, then how should I, in the pre-
ce of that tremendous Being, the Author
existence, how should I meet the reproaches
those who stand to me in the dear relation
children, whom I deserted in the smiling
nocency of helpless infancy? O, thou great
known Power! thou Almighty God! who
st lighted up reason in my breast, and blessed
s with immortality! I have frequently wan-
red from that order and regularity necessary
r the perfection of thy works, yet thou hast
ver left me nor forsaken me!

[illegible] I wrote the foregoing sheet, I have

[illegible]
"standing idle in the market place,
left the chase of the butterfly from flo
flower, to hunt fancy from whim to wh

You see, Sir, that if to *know* one's
were a probability of *mending* them, I s
fair chance; but, according to the re
Westminster divines, though conviction
precede conversion, it is very far from
implying it.*

* * * * * * * * * *

No. VIII.

TO MRS DUNLOP, OF DUNL

MADAM, *Ayrshire,*
I am truly sorry I was not at home ye
when I was so much honoured with yo
for my copies, and incomparably more
handsome compliments you are please
my poetic abilities. I am fully persua
there is not any class of mankind so
alive to the titillations of applause as
of Parnassus; nor is it easy to conce
the heart of the poor bard dances with
when those whose character in life gi
a right to be polite judges, honour
their approbation. Had you been th
acquainted with me, Madam, you
have touched my darling heart-ch
sweetly than by noticing my attempt
brate your illustrious ancestor, the S
his Country.

"Great, patriot hero! Ill requited c

e Leglen wood, when it was late, ilent and a safe retreat."

lese summer Sunday, the only day e allowed, and walked half a dozen pay my respects to the Leglen a much devout enthusiasm as ever to Loretto; and, as I explored d dell where I could suppose my ryman to have lodged, I recollect n I was a rhymer), that my heart a wish to be able to make a song me measure equal to his merits.

No. IX.

IS STEWART OF STAIR.

1786.

f my preparations for going abroad me from performing my promise intended. I have here sent you a ngs, &c. which never made their except to a friend or two at most. e of them may be no great enter- you: but of that I am far from quate judge. The song to the tune ssks, you will easily see the impro- ssing much even in manuscript. elf, it has some merit, both as a cription of one of Nature's sweetest ly evening, and one of the finest Nature's workmanship, the finest (now say thing of, an amiable, ing woman;* but I have no com- to procure me that permission, with- would not dare to spread the copy, aware, madam, what task the I assign me in this letter. The , when any of the great condescend e of him, should heap the altar ence of flattery. Their high an- own great and godlike qualities should be recounted with the most description. This, madam, is a h I am altogether unfit. Besides qualifying pride of heart, I know ar connections in life, and have where your real character is to be ompany of your compeers: and fraid that even the most refined y no means the road to your good

s of your character I shall ever l pleasure remember—the recep- nen I had the honour of waiting ir. I am little acquainted with ut I know a good deal of benevo- r and goodness of heart. Bure- n exalted stations know how ould make some classes of their condescension and affability, they tand so high, measuring out with e height of their elevation, but sweetly as did Mrs Stewart of

* Miss A——

elowed is that given in the Life Running.

e dewy fields were green, &c.

No. X.

DR BLACKLOCK

TO

THE REVEREND MR G. LOWRIE.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

I ought to have acknowledged your favour long ago, not only as a testimony of your kind remembrance, but as it gave me an opportunity of sharing one of the truest, and, perhaps, one of the most genuine entertainments, of which the human mind is susceptible. A number of avocations retarded my progress in reading the poems; at last, however, I have finished that pleasing perusal. Many instances have I seen of Nature's force and beneficence exerted under numerous and formidable disadvantages; but none equal to that with which you have been kind enough to present me. There is a pathos and delicacy in his serious poems, a vein of wit and humour in those of a more festive turn, which cannot be too much admired, nor too warmly approved; and I think I shall never open the book without feeling my astonishment renewed and increased. It was my wish to have expressed my approbation in verse; but whether from declining life, or a temporary depression of spirits, it is at present out of my power to accomplish that agreeable intention.

Mr Stewart, Professor of Morals in this University, had formerly read me three of the poems, and I had desired him to get my name inserted among the subscribers; but whether this was done, or not, I never could learn. I have little intercourse with Dr Blair, but will take care to have the poems communicated to him by the intervention of some mutual friend. It has been told me by a gentleman, to whom I showed the performances, and who sought a copy with diligence and ardour, that the whole impression is already exhausted. It were, therefore, much to be wished, for the sake of the young man, that a second edition, more numerous than the former, could immediately be printed; as it appears certain that its intrinsic merit, and the exertion of the author's friends, might give it a more universal circulation than any thing of the kind which has been published within my memory.†

No. XI.

FROM SIR JOHN WHITEFORD.

SIR, *Edinburgh, 6th December*, 1786.

I received your letter a few days ago. I do not pretend to much interest, but what I have I shall be ready to exert in procuring the at-

† The reader will perceive that this is the letter which produced the determination of our Bard to give up his scheme of going to the West Indies, and to try the fate of a new edition of his poems in Edinburgh. A copy of this letter was sent by Mr Lowrie to Mr C. Hamilton, and by him communicated to Burns among whose papers it was found.

[illegible] I am,

Your friend and well-wisher,

JOHN WHITEFORD.

P.S.—I shall take it as a favour when you at any time send me a new production.

No. XII.

FROM —— ——

DEAR SIR, 22d *December*, 1786.

I last week received a letter from Dr Blacklock, in which he expresses a desire of seeing you. I write this to you, that you may lose no time in waiting upon him, should you not yet have seen him.

I rejoice to hear, from all corners, of your rising fame, and I wish and expect it may tower still higher by the new publication. But, as a friend, I warn you to prepare to meet with your share of detraction and envy—a train that always accompany great men. For your comfort, I am in great hopes that the number of your friends and admirers will increase, and that you have some chance of ministerial, or even * * * * * patronage. Now, my friend, such rapid success is very uncommon; and do you think yourself in no danger of suffering by applause and a full purse? Remember Solomon's advice, which he spoke from experience, "stronger is he that conquers," &c. Keep fast hold of your rural simplicity and purity, like Telemachus, by Mentor's aid, in Calypso's isle, or even in that of Cyprus. I hope you have also Minerva with you. I need not tell you how much [illegible]

[illegible] the di[illegible]—a heavily solemn path t[illegible] been ever since I came to [illegible] to write a letter of humou[illegible] mentary on the *Revelation*

To make you some amen[illegible] you reach this paragraph, [illegible]ed, I inclose you two p[illegible] and spun since I passed G[illegible] in the address to Edinburg[illegible] is the heavenly Miss Burne[illegible] Monboddo, at whose hou[illegible] honour to be more than o[illegible] been any thing nearly like [illegible]binations of beauty, grace, [illegible] great Creator has formed, [illegible] on the first day of her exist[illegible]

I have sent you a parcel [illegible] and have written to Mr [illegible] Aiken, to call on you for so[illegible] want them. My direction [illegible] Bruce, merchant, Bridge S[illegible]

No. XI[illegible]

TO THE EARL OF [illegible]

MY LORD, *Edinburgh*, [illegible]

As I have but slender pret[illegible] phy, I cannot rise to the [illegible] citizen of the world; but I [illegible] tional prejudices which, I b[illegible] liarly strong in the breast [illegible] There is scarcely any thing [illegible] feelingly alive, as the hono[illegible] my country; and, as a poet, [illegible] enjoyment than singing her [illegible]

t, I shall ever have so much hon-
o orient.

No. XV.

TO MRS DUNLOP.

Edinburgh, January 15, 1787.

e 9th current, which I am the
oured with, is a deep reproach to
iteful neglect. I will tell you the
or I am miserably awkward at a
d to have written to Dr Moore
to to you; but though, every day
ved yours of December 20th, the
ah to write him, has constantly
my thoughts, yet I could not for
about it. I know his fame and
ad I am one of "the sons of little
write him a mere matter-of fact
merchant's order, would be dis-
little character I have; and to write
f The Pow of Society and Mem-
y of sentiment—I declare every
hold at the thought. I shall try,
write him to-morrow or next day.
erposition in my behalf I have al-
nsured, as a gentleman waited on
day, on the part of Lord Eglin-
n guineas by way of subscription
s of my next edition.

you object to in the mention I
of my glorious countryman and
al ancestor, is indeed borrowed
ce; but it does not strike me as
r epithet. I distrusted my own
your finding fault with it, and ap-
opinion of some of the Literati
nour me with their critical strict-
ey all allow it to be proper. The
I cannot recollect, and I have not
I have not composed any thing
Wallace, except what you have
t, and the inclosed, which I will
edition.* You will see I have
me others of the name. When I
Vision, long ago, I had attempt-
tion of Ryle, of which the addi-
are a part, as it originally stood.
ws with a wish to be able to do
e merits of the *Saison: of his*
ch sooner or later, I shall at least

uld I shall grow intoxicated with
y as a poet. Alas! madam, I
and the world too well. I do not
e of affected modesty; I am will-
that my abilities deserved some
in a most enlightened, informed
ge, when poetry is and has been
men of the first natural genius,
ll the powers of polite learning,
and polite company—to be drag-
be full glare of learned and polite
with all my imperfections of awk-
y and crude unpolished ideas on
my head. I assure you, madam, I do not dis-
semble when I tell you I tremble for the con-
sequences. The novelty of a poet in my ob-
scure situation, without any of those advan-
tages which are reckoned necessary for that
character, at least at this time of day, has
raised a partial tide of public notice, which has
borne me to a height where I am absolutely,
feelingly certain, my abilities are inadequate to
support me; and too surely do I see that time
when the same tide will leave me, and recede,
perhaps, so far below the mark of truth.

Your patronising me, and interesting your-
self in my fame and character as a poet, I re-
joice in; it exalts me in my own idea; and
whether you can, or cannot aid me in my sub-
scription is a trifle. Has a paltry subscription-
bill any charms to the heart of a bard, compar-
ed with the patronage of the descendant of the
immortal Wallace?

No. XVI.

TO DR MOORE.

SIR, 1787.

Mrs Dunlop has been so kind as to send me
extracts of letters she has had from you, where
you do the rustic bard the honour of noticing
him and his works. Those who have felt the
anxieties and solicitudes of authorship, can
only know what pleasure it gives to be noticed
in such a manner by judges of the first character.
Your criticisms, sir, I receive with reve-
rence; only I am sorry they mostly came too
late; a percant passage or two, that I would
certainly have altered, were gone to the press.

The hope to be admired for ages is, in by
far the greater part of those even who are au-
thors of repute, an unsubstantial dream. For
my part, my first ambition was, and still my
strongest wish is, to please my compeers, the
rustic inmates of the hamlet, while ever-chang-
ing language and manners shall allow me to be
relished and understood. I am very willing to
admit that I have some poetical abilities; and
as few, if any writers, either moral or poetical,
are intimately acquainted with the classes of
mankind among whom I have chiefly mingled,
I may have seen men and manners in a differ-
ent phasis from what is common, which may
assist originality of thought. Still I know
very well the novelty of my character has by
far the greatest share in the learned and polite
notice I have lately had; and in a language
where Pope and Churchill have raised the
laugh, and Shenstone and Gray drawn the tear
—where Thomson and Beattie have painted
the landscape, and Lyttleton and Collins de-
scribed the heart, I am not vain enough to hope
for distinguished poetic fame.

No. XVII.

FROM DR MOORE.

SIR, Clifford Street, January 23, 17
I have just received your letter, by wh

---

n the *Vision*, beginning third
ntately tower or palace fair,"
s the first dunn.

[illegible] are not all I admire in your works; the love of your native country, that feeling sensibility to all the objects of humanity, and the independent spirit which breathes through the whole, give me a most favourable impression of the poet, and have made me often regret that I did not see the poems, the certain effect of which would have been my seeing the author last summer, when I was longer in Scotland than I have been for many years.

I rejoice very sincerely at the encouragement you receive at Edinburgh, and I think you peculiarly fortunate in the patronage of Dr Blair, who, I am informed, interests himself very much for you. I beg to be remembered to him: nobody can have a warmer regard for that gentleman than I have, which, independent of the worth of his character, would be kept alive by the memory of our common friend, the late Mr George B——e.

Before I received your letter, I sent inclosed in a letter to ———, a sonnet by Miss Williams, a young poetical lady, which she wrote on reading your Mountain-Daisy; perhaps it may not displease you.*

I have been trying to add to the number of your subscribers, but I find many of my acquaintance are already among them. I have only to add, that with every sentiment of esteem, and most cordial good wishes,

I am,

Your obedient humble servant,

J. MOORE.

---

* The sonnet is as follows:

While soon the garden's flaunting flowers decay,

[illegible] thing to ask from the gre[illegible] their judgment; but gen[illegible]ing, and at its proper poi[illegible] eye of the world, this of [illegible] with, and tremble at its [illegible] the affectation of seemi[illegible] self-conceit. That I hav[illegible] deny; but I see with fi[illegible] heart, that the novelty a[illegible] the honest national prejudi[illegible] men, have borne me to [illegible] untenable to my abilities.

For the honour Miss [illegible] please, Sir, return her in[illegible] grateful thanks. I hav[illegible] thought of paying her [illegible] hitherto quitted the idea [illegible] deny. I had never befor[illegible] the other day I got her [illegible] several reasons, some belo[illegible] and others the offspring of [illegible] great deal of pleasure. I [illegible] sions to critic love: there [illegible] characteristic features in h[illegible] fettered wild flight of natu[illegible] querulous, sombre tenderness [illegible] sorrow."

I only know what pleases [illegible] being able to tell why.

No. XIX.

FROM DR MO[illegible]

Clifford Street, 28th [illegible]

DEAR SIR,

Your letter of the [illegible]

of my esteem. It is sent by sea, of Mr Creech; and, along with volumes for yourself, I have also few *blankets*, in one volume, for Mrs Dunlop of Dunlop: this you obliging so to transmit, or, if you is soon by Dunlop, to give to her. y to hear that your subscription is nd shall rejoice at every piece of that befalls you: for you are a very ite in my family; and this is a liment than perhaps you are aware den almost all the professions, and a proof that your writings are arious tastes and situations. My s, who is at Winchester school, that he is translating some stanzas *lowe'n* into Latin verse, for the is comrades. This union of taste ncis, no doubt, from the eminent of riality, with which they are all inctured. Even *your translator*, eland too early in life for recollection without it.

main, with great sincerity,

Your obedient servant,

J. BOORE.

No. XX.

TO THE EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

Edinburgh, 1787.

purchase a profile of your lordship, told was to be got in town; but rry to see that a blundering painted a "human face divine." The ings I intended to have written ure or profile of your lordship, been so happy as to procure one ng of a likeness.

oon return to my shades, I want something like a material object for I wanted to have it in my power riend, There is my noble patron, benefactor. Allow me, my lord, ese verses. I conjure your lordhonest throe of gratitude, by the h of benevolence, by all the powers which compose the magnanimous t deny me this petition.* I one hip; and what has not in some ways been the case with me, the obligation is a pleasing load. I n heart as independent as your han which I can say nothing more: not be beholden to favours that fy my feelings. Your dignified life, and manner of supporting s, are flattering to my pride; and nions of the purity of my grateful where I was under the patronage much favoured sons of fortune. ry poet has celebrated his patrons, when they were names dear to illustrious *in their country*; allow me, then, my lord, if you think the verses have intrinsic merit, to tell the world how much I have the honour to be

Your lordship's highly indebted,

And ever grateful humble servant.

No. XXI.

TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

MY LORD,

The honour your lordship has done me, by your notice and advice in yours of the 1st instant, I shall ever gratefully remember:

"Praise from thy lips 'tis mine with joy to hear,
They best can give it who deserve it most."

Your lordship touches the darling chord of my heart, when you advise me to lire my muse in Scottish story and Scottish scenes. I wish for nothing more than to make a leisurely pilgrimage through my native country; to wind my muse on those once hard-contended fields where Caledonia, rejoicing, saw her bloody lion borne through broken ranks to victory and fame; and, catching the inspiration, to pour the deathless names in song. But, my lord, in the midst of these enthusiastic reveries, a long-visaged, dry, moral looking phantom strides across my imagination, and pronounces these emphatic words, "I, Wisdom, dwell with prudence."

This, my lord, is unanswerable. I must return to my humble station, and woo my rustic muse in my wonted way at the plough-tail. Still, my lord, while the drops of life warm my heart, gratitude to that dear-loved country in which I boast my birth, and gratitude to those her distinguished sons, who have honoured me so much with their patronage and approbation, shall, while stealing through my humble shades, ever distend my bosom, and at times draw forth the swelling tear.

Ext. Property in favour of Mr Robert Burns, *to erect and keep up a Mausoleum in memory of Poet Fergusson*, 1787.

Session-house, within the Kirk of Canongate, the twenty-second day of February, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven years.

Sederunt of the managers of the Kirk and Kirkyard Funds of Canongate.

Which day, the treasurer to the said funds produced a letter from Mr Robert Burns, of date the 16th current, which was read, and appointed to be engrossed in their sederunt-book, and of which letter the tenor follows:

"To the honourable Bailies of Canongate, Edinburgh. Gentlemen, I am sorry to be told that the remains of Robert Fergusson, the so justly celebrated poet, a man whose talents, for ages to come, will do honour to our Caledonian name, lie in your church-yard, among the noble dead, unnoticed and unknown.

---

* *It appear that the earl granted or have the verses* alluded to been *he Ms.*

the [illegible]
rns, and the propriety of his request,
nd hereby do, unanimously grant power
berty to the said Robert Burns to erect
dstone at the grave of the said Robert
xson, and to keep up and preserve the same
memory in all time coming. Extracted
of the records of the managers, by

William Sprott, Clerk.

No. XXIII.

TO ———

Y DEAR SIR,

may think, and too justly, that I am a
sh ungrateful fellow, having received so
y repeated instances of kindness from you,
yet never putting pen to paper to say—
nk you; but if you knew what a devil of a
my conscience has led me on that account,
r good heart would think yourself too much
nged. By the bye, there is nothing in the
ole frame of man which seems to me so
accountable as that thing called conscience.
d the troublesome yelping cur powers ef-
nt to prevent a mischief, he might be of
; but at the beginning of the business, his
ble efforts are to the workings of passion as
infant frosts of an autumnal morning to the
clouded fervour of the rising sun: and so
oner are the tumultuous doings of the wicked
ed over, than, amidst the bitter native con-
quences of folly, in the very vortex of our
errors, up starts conscience, and harrows us
ith the feelings of the d——.

I have inclosed you, by way of expiation,
[illegible] verse and prose, that, if they merit a
[illegible] shall know, in this world. But I m
speak all I think of him, lest I sh
thought partial.

So you have obtained liberty from t
gistrates to erect a stone over Fer
grave? I do not doubt it; such thin
been, as Shakspeare says, "in the olden

"The poet's fate, is here in emblem sh
He ask'd for bread, and he received a

It is, I believe, upon poor Butle
that this is written. But how many
of Parnassus, as well as poor Butler
Fergusson, have asked for bread,
served with the same sauce!

The magistrates gave you liberty, d
O generous magistrates! . . . . .
over the three kingdoms for his pub
gives a poor poet liberty to raise a t
poor poet's memory!—most generous
once upon a time, gave that same
mighty sum of eighteen pence for
his works. But then it must be
that the poet was at this time absolu
ing, and besought his aid with all th
ness of hunger; and, over and abo
ceived a ——— worth, at least o
the value, in exchange, but which,
the poet afterwards very ungratefully

Next week I hope to have the
seeing you in Edinburgh; and as m
be for eight or ten days, I wish you o
would take a sang, well-aired b
me, where I may have the pleasur
you over a morning cup of tea.
accounts, it will be a matter of son
to see you at all, unless your com
spoke a week before-hand. There
[illegible] here concerning your gre

t I must give up this trifling, and attend atters that more concern myself: so, as Aberdeen wit says, *adieu drygly, we sal* ; *phen we meet.*"*

No. XXV.

TO MRS DUNLOP.

ADAM, *Edinburgh, March* 22, 1787.
d your letter with watery eyes. A little, little while ago, *I had scarce a friend but* ubborn *pride of my own bosom*; now I am guished, patronized, befriended by you. friendly advices, I will not give them the name of criticisms, I receive with reve- . I have made some small alterations in . I before had printed. I have the advice me very judicious friends among the lite- here, but with them I sometimes find it sary to claim the privilege of thinking for lf. The noble Earl of Glencairn, to m I owe more than to any man, does me honour of giving me his strictures: his with respect to impropriety or indelicacy, low implicitly.

e kindly interest yourself in my future s and prospects; there I can give you no ; it is all

ark as was chaos, ere the infant sun as roll'd together, or had tried his beams hwart the gloom profound."

e appellation of a Scottish bard is by far ighest pride; to continue to deserve it is eest exalted ambition. Scottish scenes and tish story are the themes I could wish to

I have no dearer aim than to have it in ower, unplagued with the routine of busi for which heaven knows I am unfit gh, to make leisurely pilgrimages through doonia; to sit on the fields of her battles; under on the romantic banks of her rivers; to muse by the stately towers or vene- ruins, once the honoured abodes of her es.

t these are all Utopian thoughts: I have rd long enough with life: 'tis time to be urnest. I have a fond, an aged mother to for; and some other bosom ties perhaps lly tender. Where the individual only re by the consequences of his own thought- ess, indolence, or folly, he may be excus- : nay, shining abilities, and some of the r virtues, may half-sanctify a heedless

---

The above extract is from a letter of one of blest of our poet's correspondents, which tains some interesting anecdotes of Fergus- that we should have been happy to have ted, if they could have been authenticated. writer is mistaken in supposing the magis- of Edinburgh had any share in the transac- respecting the monument erected for Fer- n by our ard; *this, it is evident, passed* *en Burns and the Kirk Session of the Ca- te. Neither at Edinburgh, nor anywhere o magistrates usually trouble themselves re how the house of a poor* poet is fur- *or how his grave is adorned.*

character: but where God and nature have intrusted the welfare of others to his care; where the trust is sacred, and the ties are dear, that man must be far gone in selfishness, or strangely lost to reflection, whom these considerations will not rouse to exertion.

I guess that I shall clear between two and three hundred pounds by my authorship: with that sum I intend, so far as I may be able to have any intention, to return to my old acquaintance, the plough, and, if I can meet with a lease by which I can live, to commence farmer. I do not intend to give up poetry: being bred to labour secures me independence; and the muses are my chief, sometimes have been my only, enjoyment. If my practice second my resolution, I shall have principally at heart the serious business of life: but while following my plough, or building up my sheaves, I shall cast a leisure glance to that dear, that only feature of my character, which gave me the notice of my country and the patronage of a Wallace.

Thus, honoured madam, I have given you the bard, his situation and his views, native as they are in his own bosom.

No. XXVI.

TO THE SAME.

MADAM, *Edinburgh, 15th April*, 1787.
There is no affectation of gratitude which I disdain. The periods of Johnson and the pauses of Sterne may hide a selfish heart. For my part, madam, I trust I have too much pride for servility, and too little prudence for selfishness. I have this moment broke open your letter, but

> "Rude am I in speech,
> And therefore little can I grace my cause
> In speaking for myself—"

so I shall not trouble you with any fine speeches and hunted figures. I shall just lay my hand on my heart, and say, I hope I shall ever have the truest, the warmest, sense of your goodness.

I come abroad in print for certain on Wednesday. Your orders I shall punctually attend to; only, by the way, I must tell you that I was paid before for Dr Moore's and Miss W.'s copies, through the medium of Commissioner Cochrane in this place; but that we can settle when I have the honour of waiting on you.

Dr Smith† was just gone to London the morning before I received your letter to him.

No. XXVII.

TO DR MOORE.

Edinburgh, 23d April, 1787.
I received the books, and sent the one you mentioned to Mrs Dunlop. I am ill at ease

---

† Adam Smith.

timacies and [illegible]
hey are all of too tender a construction
carriage a hundred and fifty miles. To
, the great, the fash-emible, the polite,
no equivalent to offer; and I am afraid
teur appearance will by no means en-
e to a settled correspondence with any
who are the permanent lights of genius
erature.

most respectful compliments to Miss W.
: this tangent flight of mine were over,
were returned to my wonted leisurely
t in my old circle, I may probably ex-
ar to return her poetic compliment in

No. XXVIII.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER

TO MRS DUNLOP.

Edinburgh, 30th April, 1787.

— Your criticisms, Madam, I understand well, and could have wished to have pleas- you better. You are right in your guess I am not very amenable to counsel. Poets, h my superiors, have so flattered those possessed the adventitious qualities of lth and power, that I am determined to ter no created being either in prose or e.

set as little by ———, lords, clergy, cri- , &c. as all these respective gentry do by barship. I know what I may expect m the world by and by—illiberal abuse, and haps contemptuous neglect.

I am happy, Madam, that some of my own are distinguished by your par- [illegible] mind, that abuse, or almost even neglec not surprise me in my quarters.

I have sent you a proof impression o go's work for me, done on Indian pap trifling, but sincere testimony with wha warm gratitude I am, &c.

No. XXX.

FROM DR BLAIR.

Argyle-Square, Edinburgh, 4th May

DEAR SIR,

I was favoured this forenoon with y obliging letter, together with an impr your portrait, for which I return you thanks. The success you have met w not think war beyond your merits; have had any small hand in contribut it gives me great pleasure. I know which literary persons, who are ad years, can do more service to the w in forwarding the efforts of rising bringing forth unknown merit from I was the first person who brought notice of the world, the poems of Os by the *Fragments of Ancient Poetry* published, and afterwards, by my foot the undertaking for collecting a ing the Works of Ossian; and I h considered this as a meritorious ac life.

Your situation, as you say, was i singular; and, in being brought once from the shades of deepest pri great a share of public notice and you had to stand a severe trial. You can have stood it so well; and

a gloss of novelty which time wears off. a very properly hint yourself, you are be surprised if, in your rural retreat, you find yourself surrounded with that glare ice and applause which here shone upon

No man can be a good poet without somewhat of a philosopher. He must n account, that any one who exposes if to public observation, will occasionally with the attacks of illiberal censure, it is always best to overlook and despise. ll be inclined sometimes to court retreat, disappear from public view. He will feet to shine always, that he may at proeasons come forth with more advantage nergy. He will not think himself ned if he be not always praised. I have the liberty, you see, of an old man, to advice and make reflections which your good sense will, I dare say, render unne-).

you mention your being just about to town, you are going, I should suppose, infrequent to look at some of Mr Miller's . I heartily wish the offers to be made here may answer; as I am persuaded rill not easily find a more generous and hearted proprietor to live under than Mr . When you return, if you come this I will be happy to see you, and to know rning your future plans of life. You nd me, by the 22d of this month, not in xse in Argyle Square, but at a country at Ra-talrig, about a mile east from burgh, near the Musselburgh road. Wisn all success and prosperity, I am, with gard and esteem,

Dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

HUGH BLAIR.

No. XXXI.

FROM DR MOORE.

Clifford Street, May 23, 1787.

AR SIR,

the pleasure of your letter by Mr Creech, ion after he sent me the new edition of oems. You seem to think it incumbent a to send to each subscriber a number of proportionate to his subscription money; ou may depend upon it, few subscribers t more than one copy, whatever they subd. I must inform you, however, that I twelve copies for those subscribers for money you were so accurate as to send receipt; and Lord Eglinton told me he not for six copies for himself, as he wished a five of them in presents.

ne of the poems you have added in this dition are beautiful, particularly the *Winlight*, the *Address to Edinburgh*, *Green the Rushes*, and the two songs immedi. *lowing*; the latter of which was ex-

By the way, I imagine you have a *talent for such compositions*, which you ought to indulge.* No kind of poetry demands more delicacy or higher polishing. Horace is more admired on account of his Ars than all his other writings. But nothing now added is equal to your *Vision* and *Cotter's Saturday Night*. In these are united fine imagery, natural and pathetic description, with sublimity of language and thought. It is evident that you already possess a great variety of expression and command of the English language; you ought, therefore, to deal more sparingly for the future, in the provincial dialect—why should you, by using *that*, limit the number of your admirers to those who understand the Scottish, when you can extend it to all persons of taste who understand the English language? In my opinion, you should pick some larger work than any you have as yet attempted. I mean, reflect upon some proper subject, and arrange the plan in your mind, without beginning to execute any part of it till you have studied most of the best English poets, and read a little more of history. The Greek and Roman stories you can read in some abridgment, and soon become master of the most brilliant facts, which must highly delight a poetical mind. You *should* also, and very soon *may*, become master of the heathen mythology, to which there are everlasting allusions in all the poets, and which in itself is charmingly fanciful. What will require to be studied with more attention, is modern history; that is, the history of France and Great Britain, from the beginning of Henry the Seventh's reign. I know very well you have a mind capable of attaining knowledge by a shorter process than is commonly used, and I am certain you are capable of making a better use of it, when attained, than is generally done.

I beg you will not give yourself the trouble of writing to me when it is *inconvenient*, and make no apology, when you do write, for having postponed it; be assured of this, however, that I shall always be happy to hear from you. I think my friend Mr —— told me that you had some poems in manuscript by you of a satirical and humorous nature (in which, by the way, I think you very strong,) which your prudent friends prevailed on you to omit; particularly one called *Somebody's Confession*; if you will intrust me with the sight of any of these, I will pawn my word to give no copies, and will be obliged to you for a perusal of them.

I understand you intend to take a farm, and make the useful and respectable business of husbandry your chief occupation; this, I hope, will not prevent your making occasional addresses to the nine ladies who have shown you such favour, one of whom visited you in the *auld clay biggin*. Virgil, before you, proved to the world that there is nothing in the business of husbandry inimical to poetry; and I sincerely hope that you may afford an example of a good poet being a successful farmer. I fear it will not be in my power to visit Scotland this season; when I do, I'll endeavour to find you out, for I heartily wish to see and converse with you. If ever your occasions call you to this place, I make no doubt of your paying me a

* His subsequent compositions will bear testimony to the accuracy of Dr Moore's judgment.

Sir, [illegible]

d with Mr Douglas of Port Antonio, for years, at thirty pounds sterling a-year; n happy some unexpected accidents ined that prevented your sailing with the , as I have great reason to think Mr las's employ would by no means have ted your expectations. I received a copy r publications, for which I return you hanks, and it is my own opinion, as as that of such of my friends as have them, they are most excellent in their ; although some could have wished they een in the English style, as they allege the tish dialect is now becoming obsolete, and ly the elegance and beauties of your ns are in a great measure lost to far the ter part of the community. Nevertheless e is no doubt you had sufficient reasons for conduct – perhaps the wishes of some Scottish nobility and gentry, your patrons, will always relish their own old country e; and your own inclinations for the same. It vident from several passages in your works, are as capable of writing in the English in the Scottish dialect, and I am in great ns your genius for poetry, from the spen you have already given, will turn out h for profit and honour to yourself and ntry. I can by no means advise you now think of coming to the West Indies, as, I ure you, there is no encouragement for a n of learning and genius here; and am very nident you can do far better in Great Brin, than in Jamaica. I am glad to hear y friends are well, and shall always be happy hear from you at all convenient opportuni s, wishing you success in all your undertak gs. I will esteem it a particular favour if u will send me a copy of the other edition [illegible] printing.

[illegible]

truly noble Duchess, with her smiling seraph in her lap, at the head of the lovely "olive plants," as the Hebrew finely says, round the happy mother; the titul Mrs G——; the lovely sweet, &c. I wish I had the powers of Guido them justice! My Lord Duke's kind hospitality, markedly kind, indeed – Sir G. of F– charms of conversation – Sir W. M– friendship – in short, the recollection that polite, agreeable company, ra honest glow in my bosom.

No. XXXIV.

TO MR GILBERT BURNS

Edinburgh, 17th Sept.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I arrived here safe yesterday evening tour of twenty-two days, and travel six hundred miles, winding in the farthest stretch was about ten miles b verness. I went through the hea Highlands, by Crieff, Taymouth, th seat of Lord Breadalbane, down among cascades and druidical circle to Dunkeld, a seat of the Duke c thence cross Tay, and up one of his streams to Blair of Athole, anoth duke's seats, where I had the honou ing nearly two days with his Grace ily; thence many miles through a try, among cliffs gray with eternal gloomy savage glens, till I crossed went down the stream through Bir

fort. William Brand is likewise a
fellow: but further particulars I de-
ere you, which will be in two or three
The rest of my stages are not worth
ng: warm as I was from Ossian's
where I had seen his very grave,
nd I for fishing towns or fertile carses?
the famous Brodie of Brodie's one
nd dined at Gordon Castle next day
Duke, Duchess, and family. I am
to cease my old mare to meet me, by
John Ronald, at Glasgow; but you shall
ther from me before I leave Edinburgh.
, and many compliments from the
s my mother, and my brotherly compli-
the rest. I have been trying for a
William, but am not likely to be suc-
—Farewell.

No. XXXV.

FROM MR R ——

Ochiertyre, 22d October, 1787.

ously yesterday I got Colonel Edmon-
s answer, that neither the words of
ha bere, *Dorie*, nor *Dainty Dorie*, (
which you mentioned), were written by
l G. Crawford. Next tim I meet
will inquire about his cousin's poetical

---

sed are the inscriptions you requested,
etter to Mr Young, whose company and
l talents will, I am persuaded, be a feast
Nobody can give you better hints,
your present plan, than he. Receive

---

hese inscriptions, so much admired by
, are below:—

WRITTEN IN 1768.

THE SALICTUM † AT OCHTER-TYRE.

Salubritatis voluptatisque causa,
Hoc Salictum,
Paludem olim infidam,
Mihi meisque desideo et exorno.
Hic, procul negotiis strepitusque,
Innocuis deliciis
Silvulas inter nascentes reptandi,
Apismque labores suspiciendi,
Fruor,
Hic, si faxit Deus opt. max.
Prope hunc fontem pellucidum,
m quodam juventutis amico superstite,
Sæpe conquiescam, senex.
Contentus modicis, meoque lætus:
Sin aliter—
Ævique paululum supersit,
Vos silvulæ, et amici,
Cæterique amœna,
Valete, diuque lætamini!

†*Hictum*—Grove of Willows, Willow-

also Omeron Cameron, which seemed to make
such a deep impression on your imagination,
that I am not without hopes it will beget some
thing to delight the public in due time: and,
no doubt the circumstances of this little tale
might be varied or extended, so as to make
part of a pastoral comedy. Age or wounds
might have kept Omeron at home, whilst his
countrymen were in the field. His station
may be somewhat varied, without losing his
simplicity and kindness . . . . A group
of characters male and female, connected with
the plot, might be formed from his family, or
some neighbouring one of rank. It is not in-
dispensable that the guest should be a man of
high station; nor is the political quarrel in
which he is engaged, of much importance, un-
less to call forth the exercise of generosity and
faithfulness, grafted on patriarchal hospitality.
To introduce state affairs, would raise the
style above comedy; though a small spice of
them would season the converse of swains.
Upon this head I cannot say more than to re-
commend the study of the character of Eumæus

ENGLISHED.

To improve both air and soil,
I drain and decorate this plantation of willows,
Which was lately an unprofitable morass.
Here far from noise and strife,
I love to wander,
Now fondly marking the progress of my trees,
Now studying the bee, its arts and manners.
Here, if it please Almighty God,
May I often rest in the evening of life,
Near that transparent fountain,
With some surviving friend of my youth;
Contented with a competency,
And happy with my lot.
If vain these humble wishes,
And life draws near a close,
Ye trees and friends,
And whatever else is dear,
Farewell, and long may ye flourish.

ABOVE THE DOOR OF THE HOUSE.

WRITTEN IN 1775.

Mihi meisque utinam contingat,
Prope Taichi marginem,
Avito in agello,
Bene vivere fausteque mori!

ENGLISHED.

On the banks of the Teith,
In the small but sweet inheritance
Of my fathers,
May I and mine live in peace,
And die in joyful hope!

These inscriptions, and the translations, are
in the hand writing of Mr R——.

This gentleman, if still alive, will, it is
hoped, excuse the liberty taken by the unknown
editor, in enriching the correspondence
Burns with his excellent letter, and with
scriptions so classical and so interesting.

of my namesake's dialogue,* which is without being low, and, under the vels of ... is such as country people in situations, speak ... day. You h ... down your own strain a very A great plan, such as this, would con all yo ... ich facilitates ... tion, and makes ... part of one's ... our plan f retiring fro ... tsipation a farm of very moderate ... ient to fi exercise for mind and body, ... better things. And intellectual pursuit be well chosen and ly pursued, it will ... farms, in this age of rapid improve-

on this subject, as your well-wisher and rer, permit me to go a step further. Let bright talents which the Almighty has wed on you, be henceforth employed to noble purpose of supporting the cause of and virtue. An imagination as varied forcible as yours, may do this in many dif it modes; nor is it necessary to be always as, which you have been to good purpose; morals may be recommended in a comedy, n in a song. Great allowances are due e heat and inexperience of youth;—and oets can boast, like Thomson, of never ing written a line, which, dying, they d wish to blot. In particular, I wish you eep clear of the thorny walks of satire, ch ... hundred enes for one nd, ... doubly dangerous when ... is posed to extend the slips and weaknesses of ividuals ... ret or party. ... alth, serious and excellent on ; have always ered; and there are certain curious questions which may afford scope to men of meta-

with a view of attacking a body of ... commanded by Donald Ballach, and post an arm of the sea which intersects that Having timely intelligence of their ap the insurgents got off precipitately to th site shore in their curaghs, or boats with skins. The king's troops encam full security; but the M'Donalds, ro about midnight, surprised them, killed of Caithness, and destroyed or disper whole army.

The Earl of Mar escaped in the dar out any attendants, and made for th hilly part of the country. In the coun flight he came to the house of a poo whose name was Omeron Cameron landlord welcomed his guest with th kindness: but, as there was no men house, he told his wife he would dire *Mool Odhar*,* to feed the stranger. "only cow!" said she, "our own and children's principal support!" Mo tive, however, to the present call for he than to the remonstrances of his wife future exigencies of his family, he l cow. The best and tenderest parts mediately roasted before the fire, and *lanirich*, or Highland soup, prepare clode their meal.—The whole family guest ate heartily, and the evening w as usual, in telling tales and singing side a cheerful fire. Bed time came brushed the hearth, spread the cow i it, and desired the stranger to lie do Earl wrapped his plaid about him, sound on the hide, whilst the fam themselves rat in ... of the a

Next morning they had a plentiful and at his departure his guest asked

No. XXXVI.

FROM MR W——.

Castle House, 12th September, 1787.

Your letter of the 5th reached me only on the 11; what unknown route it had taken I know not; but it conveyed to me the pleasure of hearing from you in the manner you proposed, tho' it must have left Dumfries before a letter addressed to me could possibly have got there. I hope your appointment on being forced to leave so much great as appeared from your expressions, is the best consolation for the great disappointment. I still think with vexation on that illiberal indisposition which lost me a day's enjoyment of a man (I speak without flattery), possessed of those very dispositions and talents that admire. . . . . You know how anxious the Duke is to have another day of you, and to get Mr Burns to have the pleasure of your conversation, he lent dainty with which he could entertain an honoured guest. You know likewise how generous the ladies showed to detain you; perhaps you do not know the scheme which they devised, with their usual fertility of resources. One of the servants was sent to the driver to bribe him to loosen or pull off a shoe from one of his horses, but the ambush failed. *Fresh mischief!* The driver was incorrigible. Your verses have given us much delight, and I think will produce their proper effect. They produced a powerful one immediately for the morning after I read them, we set out in procession to the Bruar, where some of the ladies had been three seven or eight years, and again enjoyed them there. The stanzas we most admired are the description of *dying Isaac*. Of the high hill, "twas strength" is a happy picture of the upper part. The characters of the birches, "mild and low," is the thrush itself. The benevolent pity for their happiness and safety I highly prove. The two stanzas beginning "Here

---

the Earl's host, and forced him to fly the country. He came with his wife and children to the gate of Balmuamie Castle, and required admittance with a confidence which hardly responded with his habit and appearance. The porter told him, rudely, his Lordship was absent, and must not be disturbed. He became noisy and importunate; at last his name was announced. Upon hearing that it was Lochiel Cameron, the Earl started from his seat, and is said to have exclaimed in a sort of theatrical manner, "I was a night in his house, I fared most plentifully; but naked of shelter was my bed. Cameron from Brunegah is an excellent fellow!" He was introduced to the great hall, and received with the welcome he deserved. Upon hearing how he had been treated, the earl gave him a four merk *bond for the rent, and it is said that there are in the country a number of Cameronians descended of this High and Puissant.*

The humble Petition of Bruar-Water to the of Atholl.

happy too!—*Charity flashes*, in most of the lively stanzas.

Here I cannot deny myself the pleasure of mentioning an incident which happened yesterday at the Bruar. As we passed the door of a most neat little hotel, an old woman, neatly dressed in a white linen cap, with a cheerful countenance, that seemed to announce the happiness of her mind, ran out to us with a bason of such poetry, and a dish of such entertainment, that each of us immediately gave her some money. She was almost lost, amid the confusion of her gratitude, invited us into Mrs C. and I, that we might not hurt her generosity, entered. But, good God, what wretched offers! It was a cow-house—here was a cow, and here was a horse, and there was a bed. Mrs C. paused for, and, with a whole sense of misery, took out her purse, and put it into the old woman's lap. What a charming scene!—A sweet accomplished girl of seventeen in so singular a situation! Take your pencil and paint her as your mind pourtrays it. Hold her up against the darkness of the scene of human woe, to the eye darting that found through the gloom of life, which never losing one generous, one great emotion.

Two days after you left us, I went to Taymouth. It is a charming place, that all. I think art has been less busy. Let me be great Cicerone for two days at Dunkeld, and you will acknowledge that in the treasures of real nature we are not surpassed. The Reel, the Gothic arcade, and the fall of the hermitage, gave me most delight. But I think the last has not been taken proper advantage of. The hermitage is too much in the common place style. Every body expects the reach, the lock-press, and the hairy gown. The linkers seen I think little. A rich and elegant apartment is an excellent contrast to a scene of Alpine horrors.

I must now beg your pardon for fancies you have some other time pay to have your verses printed. They appear to me extremely correct, and some particular stanzas would give universal pleasure. Let me know, however, if you incline to give them any further touches.

Were they in some of the public papers, we could more easily disseminate them among our friends, which many of us are anxious to do.

When you pay your promised visit to the Brae of Dalhrtrye, Sir and Mrs Graham of Balgowan beg to have the pleasure of accompanying you to the lower of *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*, which is now in their possession. The Duchess would give any considerations for another sight of your letter to Dr Blair; we must fall upon some method of procuring it for her. I shall inclose this to our mutual friend Dr H——, who may forward it. I shall be extremely happy to hear from you at your first leisure. Inclose your letter in a cover addressed to the Duke of Atholl, Dunkeld.

God bless you,

——W——.

[illegible] to your merit and their feeling to prevent their appearing in public.

Receive the following hastily written lines from a well-wisher.

Fair fa' your pen, my dainty Rob,
Your leisom way o' writing,
Whiles, glowring o'er your warks, I sob,
Whiles laugh, whiles downright greeting;
Your sonsie tykes may charm a chiel,
Their words are wond'rous bonny,
But guid Scotch drink the truth does say,
It is as guid as ony
Wi' you this day.

Poor Maille, troth, I'll nae but think,
Ye did the poor thing wrang,
To leave her tether'd on the brink
Of stank sae wide and lang;
Her dying words upbraid ye sair,
Cry fie on your neglect;
Guid faith gin ye had got play fair,
This deed had stretch'd your neck,
That mournfu' day.

But waes me, how dare fin' faut,
Wi' sik a winsome bardie,
Wha great an' sma's begun to daut,
And tak him by the gardie:
It sets na ony lawland chiel,
Like you to verse or rhyme,
For few like you can fley the deil,
And skelp auld wither'd Time
On ony day.

It's fair to praise ilk canty callan,
Be he of purest fame.

FROM MR J. I

TO THE

REV W. YOUNG,

Ochterlyre, 21

DEAR SIR,

Allow me to introduce
poems, I dare say, have
pleasure. Upon a persona
doubt not, you will relish t
his works, in which there
intellectual ore. He has
Highland *lainigs* or son
delighted him so much
words to one or two of the
der these more popular. A
being in your quarter, I
will not think it labour lost
of nature with a sample of
melodies, which only want
Milton's phrase) to congeni
we could conjure up the gho
to infuse into our bard a po
sissam for those neglected a
suit the fastidious musicia
hour. But if it be true tha
looked on as the Homer of
date, it is no proof of their
ever, is going out of my pr
show Mr Burns the manner
same *lainigs*: and, if he
words, I do not despair of s
sung upon the stage, in t
round a napkin.

I am very sorry we are lik
dom in this neighbourhood.
greatest drawbacks that atten

XXIX.

TO

DR BLACKLOCK.

27th October, 1787.

Burns, and give you
me an opportunity of
of his calibre. He
on know what passed
st of my hints, to which
, in a letter sent him

as, when you see him,
me told me t'other day.
George Crawford, was
ger of songs; but that
rt (by a former mar-
hat way, having writ-
ah about Tweqnair, and
Mary to whom it was
wart of the Castlemilk
of Mr John Belches.
w Robert Crawford,
rial fifty-five years ago.
nan, and has lived long
rville is his niece, and
oetical vein. An epi-
ght moralize upon the
vanity of those sweet
ardly room to offer my
Blacklock; and I am,

llest humble servant,
RAMSAY.

XLI.

IN MURDOCH.

n, *28th October*, 1787.

is going from this place
I embrace the oppor-
t I am yet alive, toler-
n expectation of being
llusu letters before me,
y to have given you this
years and nine months
o allege as an excuse,
bustling bodies in Lon-
n up with the various
here engaged, that we
on, creature, place, or
but this is not altogether
I often think of you,
el, and an *unfathomed*
ntane, all in the same
nd they are (as I sup-
listance. I flatter my-
pleasing thought, that
e time or other either
. *If ever* you come
satisfaction of seeing
the Caledonians in
hey can be by those
of Edinburgh. We frequently repeat some of your verses in our Caledonian society; and you may believe, that I am not a little vain that I have had some share in cultivating such a genius. I was not absolutely certain that you were the author, till a few days ago, when I made a visit to Mrs Hill, Dr M'Comb's eldest daughter, who lives in town, and who told me that she was informed of it by a letter from her sister in Edinburgh, with whom you had been in company when in that capital.

Pray let me know if you have any intention of visiting this huge, overgrown metropolis? It would afford matter for a large poem. Here you would have an opportunity of indulging your vein in the study of mankind, perhaps to a greater degree than in any city upon the face of the globe; for the inhabitants of London, as you know, are a collection of all nations, kindreds, and tongues, who make it, as it were, the centre of their commerce.

Present my respectful compliments to Mrs Burns, to my dear friend Gilbert, and all the rest of her amiable children. May the Father of the universe bless you all with those principles and dispositions that the best of parents took such uncommon pains to instil into your minds from your earliest infancy! May you live as he did! if you do, you can never be unhappy. I feel myself grown serious all at once, and affected in a manner I cannot describe. I shall only add, that it is one of the greatest pleasures I promise myself before I die, that of seeing the family of a man whose memory I revere more than that of any person that ever I was acquainted with.

I am, my dear Friend,
Yours sincerely
JOHN MURDOCH.

No. XLI.

FROM MR ———

Gordon Castle, 31st October, 1787.

SIR,

If you were not sensible of your fault as well as of your loss in leaving this place so suddenly, I should condemn you to starve upon *cauld kail* for *ae towmont* at least; and as for *Dick Latine*,* your travelling companion, without banning him sic a' the curses contained in your letter, (which he'll no value a *bawbee*,) I should give him sought but *Sim'bogie cuslacks* to chew for *sax oaks*, or aye until he was as sensible of his error as you seem to be of yours.

Your song I showed without producing the author; and it was judged by the Duchess to be the production of Dr Beattie. I sent a copy of it, by her Grace's desire, to a Mrs M'Pherson in Badenoch, who sings *Morag* and all other Gaelic songs in great perfection. I have recorded it likewise, by Lady Charlotte's desire, in a book belonging to her ladyship, where it is in company with a great many other poems and verses, some of the writers of which are no less eminent for their political than for their

* Mr Nicol.

fiddles, tune them sweet'y," &c.

answer your purpose, you may
a brother of mine, Mr James
r in Edinburgh, who, I believe,
usic too.

other humorous thing, I have
be done by the Catholic priest
hich hit my taste much:

wee wifeikie was coming frae
r,
ittle drapikie, which bred her
care;
he wifie's heart, and she begun
v,
wee wifeikie, I wish I binna

"*I wish, &c. &c.*"

of another new composition, by
man of my acquaintance, that
ised with, to the tune of *The*
, which I fear won't do, as the
l, is of Irish original. I have
such as they are, to show my
e you, and to contribute my
to the patriotic work you have
which I wish all success to.
notify your mind, and what
above shall be sent you.
ile you are thus publicly, I
ed, do not sheath your own
cing weapon. From what I
rs already, I am inclined to
od. One lesson of virtue and
d in your amusing style, and
will operate more than doz-
such as me, who shall be
loyment, and be never more
from a pen like yours, as
any, what comes will be ad-
on will produce regard, and
an impression, especially

rmance of your parting promise, me so long in acknowledging it, difficulty I had in getting the ge you wished to have, accurately are at last inclosed: but how along with them those graces from the melodious voice of one rits of the hill of Kilbrummle! t leave to your imagination to as powers sufficient to transport e, to recall her accents, and to ll vibrate in the ears of memory, indebted for getting the inclosed are clothed with "*thoughts* that words that burn." *There*, how- n an *unknown* tongue to you, you ave recourse to that same fertile of yours to interpret them, and r's description of the beauties of stress. Why did I say unknown? of love is an universal one, that escaped the confusion of Babel, erstood by all nations.

find that you were pleased with ts, persons, and places in your r, because it leads me to hope induced to revisit them again. castle of K———k, and its in- ore amongst these, adds to my

I am even vain enough to admit ttering application of the line of st any rate, allow me to believe ship will maintain the ground she "In both our hearts, in spite of that, when we do meet, it will be ses of a score of years standing; ooting, consider me as interested course of your fame, so spread-dly

Any communications of the pro- mise will be received with great d the fire of your genius will have rm, even as frozen sisters of the

is *of* K———k and K———e dial regards to you. When you ure either in your idea, suppose ading your poems, and some of your songs, and my little Hugh ear picture, and you'll seldom

We remember Mr N. with as ill as we do any body, who hurts from us

ser. I can only contribute the sel- the esteem and admiration excited ts and genius, but this I give, as th all my heart—being sincerely

E. R.

No. XLIV.

— DALRYMPLE, ESQ. OF ORANGEFIELD.

Edinburgh, 1787.

e devil is so elated with his success at he is *determined by a coup de plete his purposes* on you all at ing you a poet. I broke open the t me: hummed over the rhymes; they were extempore, said to my- very well: but when I saw at the bottom a name that I shall ever value with grateful respect, "I gaped wide but unthing spak." I was nearly as much struck as the friends of Job, at affliction-bearing memory, when they sat down with him seven days and seven nights, and spake not a word.

I am naturally of a superstitious cast, and as soon as my wonder-scared imagination regained its consciousness and resumed its functions, I cast about what this mania of yours might portend. My foreboding ideas had the wide stretch of possibility; and several events, great in their magnitude, and important in their consequences, occurred to my fancy. The downfal of the conclave, or the crushing of the cork rumps; a ducal coronet to Lord George G—— and the protestant interest; or bit Peter's key to

You want to know how I come on. I am just in *statu quo*, or, not to insult a gentleman with my Latin, "in auld use and wont." The noble Earl of Glencairn took me by the hand to-day, and interested himself in my concerns, with a goodness like that benevolent being, whose image he so richly bears. He is a stronger proof of the immortality of the soul, than any that philosophy ever produced. A mind like his can never die. Let the worshipful squire, H. L. or the reverend Mass J. M. go into their primitive nothing. At best they are but ill-digested lumps of chaos, only one of them strongly tinged with bituminous particles and sulphureous effluvia. But my noble patron, eternal as the heroic swell of magnanimity, and the generous throb of benevolence, shall look on with princely eye at "the war of elements, the wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds."

No. XLV.

TO MRS DUNLOP.

Edinburgh, 21*d January*, 1788.

After six weeks confinement, I am beginning to walk across the room. They have been six horrible weeks; anguish and low spirits made me unfit to read, write, or think.

I have a hundred times wished that one could resign life as an officer resigns a commission: for I would not *take* in any poor, ignorant wretch, by *selling out*. Lately I was a sixpenny private; and, God knows, a miserable soldier enough; now I march to the campaign, a starving cadet: a little more conspicuously wretched.

I am ashamed of all this; for though I do want bravery for the warfare of life, I could wish, like some other soldiers, to have as much fortitude or cunning as to dissemble or conceal my cowardice.

As soon as I can bear the journey, which will be, I suppose, about the middle of next week, I leave Edinburgh, and soon after I shall pay my grateful duty at Dunlop-House.

have ever been "more fool than knave." A mathematician without religion, is a probable character; an irreligious poet, is a monster.

No. XLVII.

TO A LADY.

MADAM, *Mossgiel, 7th March*, 1788.

The last paragraph in yours of the 30th February affected me most, so I shall begin my answer where you ended your letter. That I am often a sinner with any little wit I have, I do confess; but I have taxed my recollection to no purpose, to find out when it was employed against you. I hate an ungenerous sarcasm, a great deal worse than I do the devil; at least as Milton describes him; and though I may be rascally enough to be sometimes guilty of it myself, I cannot endure it in others. You, my honoured friend, who cannot appear in any light, but you are sure of being respectable—you can afford to pass by an occasion to display your wit, because you may depend for fame on your sense; or if you choose to be silent, you know you can rely on the gratitude of many and the esteem of all; but God help us who are wits or wiflings by profession, if we stand not for fame there, we sink unsupported!

I am highly flattered by the news you tell me of Colia.* I may say to the fair painter who does me so much honour, as Dr Beattie says to Goss the poet, of his Muse Scotia, from which, by the bye, I took the idea of Colia: ("'Tis a poem of Beattie's in the Scots dialect, which perhaps you have never seen.)

wench that ever picked e tinker. When I am fairly of business, I shall troub epistle; perhaps with son farming: at present, the w on my mind, that it has tree of the ——— in m

My very best compliment to Mrs Cleghorn.

No. XLIX

FROM MR ROBERT

Saughton Mills, 2

MY DEAR BROTHER FA

I was favoured with your ve 31st ult. and consider myself you, for your attention in sen to my favourite air, Clyde words delight me much; the hair. I wish you would s two more; and if you have would have it in the Jacobit it should be sung after the fai by the unfortunate Charlie: nains the lovely Mary Stuart *Mary's Lamentation.*—Why the person of her great-great-g

---

† Here the bard gives the fi *Chevalier's Lament.*

‡ Our poet took this advice, this beautiful song, as it was n ed, in below.

Any skill I have in country business you say truly command. Situation, soil, customs of countries may vary from each other, but *Farmer Makeallem* is a good farmer in every place. I beg to hear from you soon. Mrs Cleghorn joins me in best compliments.

I am, in the most comprehensive sense of the word, your very sincere friend,

ROBERT CLEGHORN.

No. L.

TO MRS DUNLOP.

MADAM, *Mauchline*, 28*th April*, 1788.

Your powers of reprehension must be great indeed, as I assure you they made my heart ache with penitential pangs, even though I was really not guilty. As I mounted a farmer at Whitsunday, you will easily guess I must be pretty busy; but that is not all. As I got the offer of the excise business without solicitation; and as it cows me only six months' attendance for instructions, to entitle me to a commission; which commission lies by me, and at any future period, on my simple petition, can be resumed; I thought five and thirty pounds a-year was no bad dernier resort for a poor poet, if fortune in her jade tricks should kick him down from the little eminence to which she has lately helped him up.

For this reason, I am at present attending those instructions, to have them completed before Whitsunday. Still, madam, I prepared with the sincerest pleasure to meet you at the Mount, and came to my brother's on Saturday night, to set out on Sunday; but for some nights preceding I had slept in an apartment, where the force of the winds and rain was only mitigated by being sifted through numberless apertures in the windows, walls, &c. In consequence, I was on Sunday, Monday, and part of Tuesday unable to stir out of bed, with all the miserable effects of a violent cold.

You see, madam, the truth of the French maxim, *Le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable*; your last was so full of expostulation, and was something so like the language of an offended friend, that I began to tremble for a correspondence, which I had with grateful pleasure set down as one of the greatest enjoyments of my future life.

Your books have delighted me; *Virgil*, *Dryden*, and *Tasso*, were all equal strangers to me; but of this more at large on my first.

No. LI.

FROM THE REV. JOHN SKINNER.

DEAR SIR, *Linshart*, 28*th April*, 1788.

I received your last, with the curious present you have favoured me with, and would have made proper acknowledgments before now, but that I have been necessarily engaged in a letter of a different complexion. And as I have got a little respite, I make use of it to thank you for the valuable instance of your good will, and to [illegible] that, sincere heart of a true Scotsman, [illegible] esteem both the gift and the giver; a testimony of which I lay [illegible] for your amusement (and in [illegible] form which I hope you will excuse the saving grace [illegible] about to [illegible] you already. *Charming Nancy* is the real production of genius in [illegible] Pinnigham twenty years ago, at the time of its appearing, with [illegible] education than what he picked up [illegible] his grandfather's fireside, though [illegible] by the strength of natural parts, he is now a clerk to a thriving blanchfield in the [illegible] Pinnigham. And I doubt not but you will find [illegible] piety and delicacy, with [illegible] humour, that will please one of [illegible] heart is pleased me when I first saw it, [illegible] can be any recommendation to it. The [illegible] is entirely descriptive of my [illegible] and you may make use of one [illegible] shall see good.*

---

* CHARMING NANCY.

A SONG, BY A BUCHAN PLOUGHMAN.

Tune—"Humours of Glen."

Some sing of sweet Molly, some sing of fair Nelly,
And some call [illegible] Susie the cause of their pain;
Some love to be jolly, [illegible] melancholy,
[illegible] to sing of [illegible] humours of Glen.

But my only fancy, my pretty Nancy,
venting my passion, I'll strive to be plain,
I'll ask more treasure, I'll seek no more pleasure
But thee, my dear Nancy, give thou wert my swain.

Her beauty delights me, her kindness invites me,
Her pleasant behaviour is free from all stain;
Therefore, my sweet jewel, O do not prove cruel,
Consent, my dear Nancy, and be my swain;
Her carriage is comely, her language homely,
Her dress is quite decent, when she's on the main;
She's blooming in feature, she's handsome in stature,
My charming dear Nancy, O wert thou my swain.

er yellow locks shining
My charming, sweet Nancy, w...
my sin!

The whole of her face is with maidenly graces,
Array'd like the gowans, that grow in yon
glen,
She's well shaped and slender, true hearted
and tender,
My charming, sweet Nancy, O wert thou
my sin!

I'll seek through the nation for some habita-
tion,
To shelter my dear from the cold, snow, and
rain,
With songs to my deary, I'll keep her aye
cheery,
My charming, sweet Nancy, gin thou wert
my sin.

I'll work at my calling to furnish thy dwall ng,
With ev'ry thing needful thy life to sustain;
Thou shalt not sit single, but by a clear ingle,
I'll marrow thee, Nancy, when thou art my
sin.

I'll make true affection the constant direction
Of loving my Nancy while life doth remain:
'Tho' youth will be wasting, true love shall be
lasting,
My charming sweet Nancy, gin thou wert
my sin.

But what if my Nancy should alter her fancy,
To favour another be forward and fain,
I will not compel her, but plainly I'll tell her,
Begone, thou false Nancy, thou'se ne'er be
my sin.

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

Tune—"Dumbarton's Drums."

... J. SKINNER.

know ...
semper. Semper de...
I have just room to repeat comp...
good wishes from,
Sir, your humble ser...
JOHN SK...

No. LII.

TO PROFESSOR DUGALD S...

Manchline, 24 ...

SIR,

I inclose you one or two nu...
tcles. If the fervent wishes of h...
have any influence with that g...
Being, who frames the chain...
events; prosperity and happi...
your visit to the Continent, an...
to your native shore.

Wherever I am, allow me,
my privilege, to acquaint you
in my train of rhymes; as I
say it with truth, that, next
and the having it in my p...

What tho' we canna boast
We have plenty of Jockies,
And these, I am ce...
None desirable by f...
Than a pock full of pour...

We have seen many wo...
Of changes that almost
Among rich folk,
Both in country
Who now live but serv...

...should peop...

mfortable to those whom nature has
ear to me, I shall ever regard your
ance, your patronage, your friendly
ices, as the most valued consequence of
success in life.

No. LIII.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER

TO MRS DUNLOP.

AM, *Mauchline, 4th May*, 1788.
's *Virgil* has delighted me. I do not
bother the critics will agree with me,
Georgics are to me by far the best of
It is indeed a species of writing en-
rw to me; and has filled my head with
and fancies of emulation: but, alas!
read the *Georgics*, and then survey my
vers, 'tis like the idea of a Shetland
drawn up by the side of a though-bred
to start for the plate. I own I am dis-
ed in the *Æneid*. Faultless correctness
ase, and does highly please the lettered
but to that awful character I have not
st distant pretensions. I do not know
r I do not hazard my pretensions to be
of any kind, when I say that I think
in many instances, a *servile* copier of
If I had the *Odyssey* by me, I could
many passages where Virgil has evi-
copied, but by no means improved
Nor can I think there is any thing
owing to the translators; for, from
ling I have seen of Dryden, I think him,
ins and fluency of language, Pope's
I have not perused Tasso enough to
a opinion: in some future letter, you
ive my ideas of him; though I am con-
my criticisms must be very inaccurate,
perfect, as there I have ever felt and la-
my want of learning most.

No. LIV.

TO THE SAME.

AM, *27th May*, 1788.
been torturing my philosophy to no pur-
to account for that kind partiality of
which, unlike . . . . . .,
lowed me in my return to the shade of
th assiduous benevolence. Often did I
n the fleeting hours of my late will-o'-
ppearance, that "here I had so continu-
;" and but for the consolation of a few
nisons, could almost lament the time
momentary acquaintance with wealth
endour put me so much out of conceit
e sworn companions of my road through
ignificance and poverty.

e are few circumstances relating to the
l distribution of the good things of this
at *give me more vexation* (I mean in
see around me) *than the importance the*
bestow on their trifling family affairs,
l with the very same things on the
l seale of a cottage. Last afternoon I
had the honour to spend an hour or two at a
good woman's fireside, where the planks that
composed the floor were decorated with a
splendid carpet, and the gay table sparkled
with silver and china. 'Tis now about term-
day, and there has been a revolution among
those creatures, who, though in appearance
partakers, and equally noble partakers of the
same nature with madame; are from time to
time, their nerves, their sinews, their health,
strength, wisdom, experience, genius, time,
may, a good part of their very thoughts, sold for
months and years. . . . . .
not only to the necessities, the convenience,
but the caprices of the important few.* We
talked of the insignificant creatures; nay, not-
withstanding their general stupidity and vo-
cality, did some of the poor devils the honour
to commend them. But light be the turf upon
his breast, who taught "Reverence thyself."
We looked down on the unpolished wretches,
their impertinent wives and clouterly brats, as
the lordly bull does on the little dirty ant-hill,
whose puny inhabitants he crushes in the care-
lessness of his ramble, or tosses in air in the
wantonness of his pride.

No. LV.

TO THE SAME.

AT MR DUNLOP'S, HADDINGTON.

Ellisland, 13th June, 1788.

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee:
Still to my friend it turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthen'd chain."
Goldsmith.

This is the second day, my honoured friend,
that I have been on my farm. A solitary in-
mate of an old, smoky *spence*: far from every
object I love, or by whom I am loved; nor any
acquaintance older than yesterday, except *Jenny*
Geddes, the old mare I ride on; while uncouth
cares, and novel plans, hourly insult my
awkward ignorance and bashful inexperience.
There is a foggy atmosphere native to my soul
in the hour of care, consequently the dreary ob-
jects seem larger than the life. Extreme sen-
sibility, irritated and prejudiced on the gloomy
side by a series of misfortunes and disappoint-
ments, at that period of my existence when the
soul is laying in her cargo of ideas for the
voyage of life, is, I believe, the principal cause
of this unhappy frame of mind.

"The valiant, in himself, what can he suffer?
Or what need he regard his *single* woes?" &c.

Your surmise, madam, is just; I am indeed
a husband.

I found a once much-loved and still much-
loved female, literally and truly cast out to the

---

* Servants in Scotland are hired from ter-
to term, i. e. from Whitsunday to Martinmas
&c.

[illegible] a penny pay-wedding.

No. LVI.

TO MR P. HILL,

MY DEAR HILL,

I [illegible] say nothing at all to your m[illegible]d present [illegible] you have so long and of en been of important service to me, and I suppose you mean to go on conferring obligations until I shall not be able to lift up my face before you. In the meantime, as Sir Roger de Coverly, because it happened to be a cold day in which he made his will, ordered his servants great coats for mourning, so, because I have been this week plagued with an indigestion, I have sent you by the carrier a fine old ewe-milk cheese.

Indigestion is the devil; nay, 'tis the devil and all. It beets a man in every one of his sensers. I lose my appetite at the sight of sucessful knavery; and sicken to loathing at the noise and nonsense of self-important folly. When the hollow-hearted wretch takes me by the hand, the feeling spoils my dinner; the proud man's wine so offends my palate that it choakes me in the gullet: and the *polrvised*, feathered, pert coxcomb, is so disgustful in my nostril that my stomach turns.

If ever you have any of these disagreeable sensations, let me prescribe for you patience and a bit of my cheese. I know that you are no niggard of your good things among your friends, and some of them are in much need of a slice. There in my eye is our friend Surelle, a man positively of the first abilities and greatest strength of mind, as well as one of the best [illegible] and honest wits that I have ever met

Among our [illegible] get one of the dearest of them The brutality, insolence, and world unworthy of having sen is in it, I know sticks in his you can help him to any thing him a little easier on that score obliging.

As to honest J——— S——— a contented happy man, that I can annoy him, except perhaps got the better of a parcel of n which a certain poet gave h supper, the last time said poe

Though I have mentioned law, I shall have nothing to d fessedly—the Faculty are beyo tion. As to their *clients*, that God knows they have much to

The clergy I pass by; th erudition, and their liberalit their total want of pride, and of hypocrisy, nay, so proverbi to place them far, far above or censure.

I was going to mention whom I have the honour to Laird of Craigdarroch; but the landlord of the King's a have, at the next county-mee milk cheese on the table, for Dumfriesshire whigs, to exal the Duke of Queensberry's duct.

I have just this moment a private hand to Edinburgh would not digest double post

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No. LVII

very busy on my farm, house; so at present I am man in Nithsdale, for I to lay my head."
messages in your last that you. "The heart knows, and a stranger intermeddleth." The repository of the heart," is a kind of and 'tis only a chosen particular, sacred times, them.

the bosom-chords sound strung."

his quotation for the sake end of entering on this subscribe you a few lines ge belonging to a gentlemen neighbourhood. They favours the muse has concountry.

hose may hither lead, unset weed,
n silken stole,
ime on thy soul:
at mind,
st, in darkness lost;
se ev'ry hour;
rill ever lour.

a name,
I ease thy aim.
steor-gleam:
less dream:
est flower of spring;
t on the wing.
s dew alone,
ies thy own:
the bloom devour,
save the flower.
prepared,
hou canst guard;
ily done,
ou canst not shun.
thou to air,
mance thy care:
man in mind,
t thy kind.
rely heart
rous work thou art;
still in view,
example too.
heaven be thy guide!
man of Nith-side.

way of transcribing, the production of yesterday as wild hills of New Cumbering them, or something e I am going to write to ose friendship my excise Graham of Fintry; one of accomplished gentlemen, y, but I will dare to say *following are* just the first *russell'd*, unanointed, un-

helpless train;
on his's storm; main:

The world were bless'd, did bless on them depend;
Ah, that "the friendly e'er should want a friend!"
The little fate bestows they share as soon;
Unlike sage, proverb'd, wisdom's hard wrung boon.
Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son
Who life and wisdom at one race begun;
Who feel by reason and who give by rule;
Instinct's a brute and sentiment a fool!
Who make *poor will do* wait upon *I should*;
We own they're prudent, but who fools they're good?

Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye;
God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy!
But come . . . . . .

Here the muse left me. I am astonished at what you tell me of Anthony's writing me. I never received it. Poor fellow! you vex me much by telling me that he is unfortunate. I shall be in Ayrshire ten days from this date. I have just room for an old Roman farewell.

No. LVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Mauchline, 10th August, 1788.

MY MUCH HONOURED FRIEND,

Yours of the 24th June is before me. I found it, as well as another valued friend—my wife, waiting to welcome me to Ayrshire: I met both with the sincerest pleasure.

When I write you, Madam, I do not sit down to answer every paragraph of yours, by echoing every sentiment like the faithful commons of Great Britain in parliament assembled, answering a speech from the best of kings! I express myself in the fulness of my heart, and may perhaps be guilty of neglecting some of your kind inquiries; but not from your very odd reason that I do not read your letters. All your epistles for several months have cost me nothing, except a swelling throb of gratitude, or a deep-felt sentiment of veneration.

Mrs Burns, Madam, is the identical woman

. . . . . .

When she first found herself "as women wish to be who love their lords," as I loved her nearly to distraction, we took steps for a private marriage. Her parents got the hint; and not only forbade me her company and their house, but on my rumoured West Indian voyage, got a warrant to put me in jail, 'till I should find security in my about-to-be paternal relation. You know my lucky reverse of fortune. On my *ecclaud* return to Mauchline, I was made very welcome to visit my girl. The natural consequences began to betray her, and as I was at that time laid up a cripple in Edinburgh, she was turned, literally turned out of doors, and I wrote to a friend to shelter her till my return, when our marriage was declared. Her happiness or misery was in

with all the other blessed boarding-school acquirements, which (*pardonnez moi, madame*) are sometimes to be found among females of the upper ranks, but almost universally pervade the misses of the would-be-gentry.

I like your way in your church-yard lucubrations. Thoughts that are the spontaneous result of accidental situations, either respecting health, place, or company, have often a strength, and always an originality, that would in vain b looked for in fancied circumstances and studi d paragraphs. For me, I have often thought of keeping a letter, *in progression*, by me, to send you when the sheet was written out. Now I talk of sheets, I must tell you, my reason for writing to you on paper of this kind, is my prurieney of writing to you at large. A page of post is on such a dissocial, narrow-minded scale, that I cannot abide it; and double letters, at least in my miscellaneous reverie manner, are a monstrous tax in a close correspondence.

No. LIX.

TO THE SAME.

Ellisland, 16th August, 1788.

I am in a fine disposition, my honoured friend, to send you an elegiac epistle; and want only genius to make it quite Shenstonian.

"Why droops my heart with fancied woes forlorn!
Why sinks my soul beneath each wintry sky?"

them! The old Sc
"king's caff is bett
I was going to make
tion about "casting
be too virulent, for
man of sense and ta

After all that h
side of the question
happy creature. I
ed few, favoured l
souls are tuned to
honours, and prude
of the neglected ma
sinews, whose days
fortune.

If I thought you
transcribe for you a
ballad, called *The I*
ginning thus,

"'Twas in the sixte
Of God, and fif
Frae Christ was b
As writings test

I had an old gra
mother lived a while
good old man, for su
ere he died, during
enjoyment was to sit
mother would sing t
Life and Age of Man.
It is this way of
lancholy truths, that
to the poor, miserab
is a mere phantom,
imagination of enthu

"What truth on

rnishing me there. I must
m for my harvest.

. LX.

OF PINTRY, ESQ.

ence of being introduced
me, I did not think so
ner of you. When Lear,
old Kent, why he wished
e answers, "Because you
so which I could like to
some such reason, sir, do I
stronage. You know, I
dication I lately made to
itted an officer of excise.
form, been examined by a
y I give in his certificate,
n order for instructions.
ncerd, I am afraid I shall
patronizing friend. Pro-
n man, and fidelity and
r, I dare engage for; but
business, except manual
unacquainted.

have closed my late ap-
e of life, in the character
r; but after discharging
nal claims, I find I could
ce in that miserable man-
ed to see throw a venera-
jaws of a jail; whence
n's last and often best

to need your goodness is
it; may I therefore beg
ward me in this affair,
a division, where, by the
ty, I will try to support
so dear to my soul, but
often so distant from my

at master-piece designed,
d, best work, the human

the many plan,
e parts the various man.

e the useful many forth;
ary, and sober worth;
farmers, native sons of

whole genus take their

rarm existence finds,
many-apron'd kinds.
ts are wanted yet,
re needed to the net:
d gross desires
for mere knights and

ens is taught to flow,
ish philosophic dough,
yielding mass with grave

s, and deep divines:
Aurora of the poles,
of female souls.

The order'd system fair before her stood,
Nature well pleased pronounced it very good;
But ere she gave creating labour o'er,
Half-jest, she tried one curious labour more.
Some spunky, fiery, irrit'd jealous matter;
Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter;
With arch alacrity and conscious glee
(Nature may have her whim as well as we,
Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it)
She forms a thing, and christens it—a poet.
Creature, though oft the prey of care and sorrow,
When bless'd to-day unmindful of to-morrow,
A being form'd t' amuse his graver friends,
Admired and praised—and there the homage ends:
A mortal quite unfit for fortune's strife,
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life;
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
Yet hugely wanting wherewithal to live:
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.

But honest Nature is not quite a Turk,
She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work.
Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
She cast about a *standard tree* to find;
And to support his helpless woodbine state,
Attach'd him to the *generous truly great*;—
A title, and the only one I claim,
To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.

Pity the tuneful muses' hapless train,
Weak, timid landmen on life's stormy main!
Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff,
That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough;
The little fate allows, they share as soon,
Unlike sage, proverb'd, wisdom's hard-wrung boon.
The world were bless'd, did bliss on them depend,
Ah, that "the friendly e'er should want a friend!"
Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
Who feel by reason, and who give by rule,
(Instinct's a brute, sad sentiment a fool!)
Who make poor *will do* wait upon *I should*—
We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good?
Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye!
God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy!
But come, ye who the godlike pleasure know,
Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow!
Whose arms of love would grasp the human race:
Come, *thou* who givest with all a courtier's grace;
Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes!
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times.
Why shrinks my soul, half blushing, half afraid,
Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid?
I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
I crave thy friendship at thy kind command;
But there are such who court the tuneful nine—
Heavens, should the branded character be mine!
Whose verse in manhood's pride sublime flows,
Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.

the struggling [illegible]
luckily the monarch failed, and his unwarrantable pretensions fell a sacrifice to our rights and happiness. Whether it was owing to the wisdom of leading individuals, or to the jostling of parties, I cannot pretend to determine; but likewise, happily for us, the kingly power was shifted into another branch of the family, who, as they owed the throne solely to the call of a free people, could claim nothing inconsistent with the covenanted terms which placed them there.

The Stuarts have been condemned and laughed at for the folly and impracticability of their attempts in 1715 and 1745. That they failed, I bless God; but cannot join in the ridicule against them. Who does not know that the abilities or defects of leaders and commanders are often hidden until put to the touchstone of exigency; and that there is a caprice of fortune, an omnipotence in particular accidents and conjunctures of circumstances, which exalt us as heroes, or brand us as madmen, just as they are for or against us?

Man, Mr Publisher, is a strange, weak, inconsistent being. Who would believe, sir, that, in this our Augustan age of liberality and refinement, while we seem so justly sensible and jealous of our rights and liberties, and animated with such indignation against the very memory of those who would have subverted them—that a certain people, under our national protection, should complain not against our monarch and a few favourite advisers, but against our whole *Legislative Body*, for similar oppression, and almost in the very same terms, as our forefathers did of the House of Stuart! I will not, I cannot enter into the merits of the cause, but I dare say the American Congress, in 1776, will be allowed to be as able and as un- [illegible] British convention was in [illegible]

on mine, began a tie, which he strongly entwisted itself amo chords of my bosom; and I [illegible] omens of your late and prese and shattered health. You m ters widely, when you forbid you, lest it should hurt my w My small scale of farming is simple and easy than what seen at Morsham Mains. may, the heart of the man, the poet, are the two grand which I lives if miry ridges hills are to engross the best tions of my soul immortal, a rook or a magpie at once. not have been plagued with a to breaking of clods, and p not to mention barn-door ca creatures with which I coul lives at any time.—If you n am afraid a visit will be no either of us; but if I hear y again so to be able to relish you to it, madam, for I will ings good: I am to be at fair of Ayr, and by all th world, friend, I will meet

Your meeting, which yo with your old schoolfellow interesting. Out upon the —They spoil these "soci heart. "Two veterans o world" would have met, w workings than two old ha road. Apropos, is not "Auld lang syne," exc There is an old song and t

Berwick-law,
y bonnie Mary.

the banners fly,
n are ranked ready;
heard afar,
ick and bloody:
' sea or shore.
or wish to tarry;
d's heard afar,
y bonnie Mary.

.XV.

NG LADY,

: HAD BEEN MAKING
, ENCLOSING THAT
AD.

December, 1788.

worthy neighbour, Mr
ou that I have made
me verses. There is
in the idea of being
that I do not think
such patterns of po
ould have resisted the
t that ballad was so
done me a mischief,
ver intended; and re
sate alternative of lea
ified, or else disgusting
the unfinished produc
t, and never meant to
I have heard or read
man, who had some
ty, and very consider
ncil. In the acciden
which one is thrown,
t met with a character
y degree congenial so
al a sketch of the face,
is true to point out the
o his memory. What
was to him, is my mise
do myself the honour
to exactly of the same

g to the fastidiousness
o delicacy of my taste,
d disgusted, and hurt
ectation, and pride of
meet with a person
I positively feel what
ould call a species of
my fancy like inspira-
desist rhyming on the
an harp can refuse its
air. A distich or two
ree, though the objec
are grey-bearded age:
youth and beauty, a
nal charms, wit, and
triking and unaffected,
d lived *threescore* years
threscore years before I
y imagination would
nd I am truly sorry
have done such poor

No. LXVI.

TO SIR JOHN WHITEFORD.

DEAR, *December*, 1788.

Mr M'Kenzie, in Mauchline, my very warm and worthy friend, has informed me how much you are pleased to interest yourself in my fate as a man, and, (what to me is incomparably dearer) my fame as a poet. I have, sir, in one or two instances, been patronized by those of your character in life, when I was introduced to their notice by [illegible] friends to them and honoured acquaintances to me: but you are the first gentleman in the country whose benevolence and goodness of heart has interested him for me, unsolicited and unknown. I am not master enough of the etiquette of these matters to know, nor did I stay to inquire, whether formal duty I ought, or cold propriety disallowed, my thanking you in this manner, as I am convinced, from the light in which you kindly view me, that you will do me the justice to believe this letter is not the manœuvre of a needy, sharping author, fastening on those in upper life, who honour him with a little notice of him or his works. Indeed the situation of poets is generally such, to a proverb, as may, in some measure palliate that prostitution of heart and talents they have at times been guilty of. I do not think prodigality is, by any means, a necessary concomitant of a poetic turn, but believe a careless, indolent inattention to economy, is almost inseparable from it; then there must be in the heart of every bard of Nature's making, a certain modest sensibility, mixed with a kind of pride, that will ever keep him out of the way of those windfalls of fortune, which frequently light on hardy impudence and fool-licking servility. It is not easy to imagine a more helpless state than his, whose poetic fancy unfits him for the world, and whose character as a scholar, gives him some pretensions to the *politesse* of life—yet is as poor as I am.

For my part, I thank Heaven, my star has been kinder; leaving never elevated my ideas above the peasant's shed, and I have an independent fortune at the plough tail.

I was surprised to hear that any one, who pretended in the least to the *manners of the gentleman*, should be so foolish, or worse, as to stoop to traduce the morals of such a one as I am, and so inhumanly cruel, too, as to meddle with that late most unfortunate, unhappy part of my story. With a tear of gratitude, I thank you, sir, for the warmth with which you interposed in behalf of my conduct. I am, I acknowledge, too frequently the sport of whim, caprice, and passion—but reverence to God, and integrity to my fellow-creatures, I hope I shall ever preserve. I have no return, sir, to make you for your goodness but one—a return which I am persuaded, will not be unacceptable—the honest, warm wishes of a grateful heart for your happiness, and every one of that lovely flock, who stand to you in a kind relation. If ever calumny aim the poisoned shaft at them, may friendship be by to ward the blow!

[illegible] to you, my dear brother, how good the God of Seasons is to us; and that however some clouds may seem to lower over the portion of time before us, we have great reason to hope that all will turn out well.

Your mother and sisters, with Robert the second, join me in the compliments of the season to you and Mrs Burns, and beg you will remember us in the same manner to William, the first time you see him.

I am, dear brother, yours,
GILBERT BURNS.

No. LXVIII.

TO MRS DUNLOP.

Ellisland, New-Year day Morning, 1789.

This, dear madam, is a morning of wishes, and would to God that I came under the apostle James's description—*The prayer of a righteous man availeth much!* In that case, madam, you should welcome in a year full of blessings; every thing that obstructs or disturbs tranquillity and self-enjoyment, should be removed, and every pleasure that frail humanity can taste, should be yours. I own myself so little a Presbyterian, that I approve of set times and seasons of more than ordinary acts of devotion, for breaking in on that habituated routine of life and thought, which is so apt to reduce our existence to a kind of instinct, or even sometimes, and with some minds, to a state very little superior to mere machinery.

This day; the first Sunday of May; a breezy, blue-skyed noon some time about the beginning, and a hoary morning and calm sunny day about the end of autumn; these, [illegible]

[illegible] harp, passive, takes [illegible] ing accident? Or something within us I own myself partia awful and importo made all things—u moral nature—and beyond death and the

---

No.

TO DR

Ellisland, near D

SIR,

As often as I think of has been three or four six months, it gives me idea of an ordinary-si conversation with the my mind misgives me. miscarries somewhere resolve. I have, at with you, and busines the style-book.—I say you, sir, for you never cept the business that illusion of poverty.

The character and were formerly my plea pride. I know that a able eclat was owing to situation, and the hone men; but still, as I said first edition, I do look u some pretensions from

rterion I know is a friend—not only of
es to judge, but with good nature enough,
present teacher with a young learner, to
perhaps a little more than is exactly
lest the thin-skinned animal fall into that
deplorable of all poetic diseases—heart-
ng despondency of himself. Dare I, sir,
y immensely indebted to your goodness,
additional obligation of your being that
to me? I inclose you an essay of mine,
rolk of poesy to me entirely new; I mean
rotic addressed to R. G. Esq. or Robert
on of Fentry, Esq. a gentleman of na-
ion worth, to whom I lie under very
obligations. The story of the poem, like
of my poems, is connected with my own
and to give you the one, I must give
something of the other. I cannot boast

Sieve, I shall, in whole, £100 copy-right
fed, clear £400 some little odds;
part of this depends upon what ho
settle with me. I give
his information, if you did the
ar to yourself much in my wel-

give the of my story in brief have
ed "my Jean," and taken farm; with
step I have every day and
; to be satisfied; with lost,
the younger brother,
supports my aged mother; another still
er brother, and three sisters, in a farm,
f last return from Edinburgh, it cost me
£180 to save them from ruin. Not
have lost so much—I only interposed
to my brother and his impending fate by
on of so much. I give myself no airs
, for it was mere selfishness on my part;
conscious that the wrong scale of the
was pretty heavily charged, and I
that throwing a little filial piety, and
al affection, into the scale in my favour,
help to smooth matters at the grand
er. There is still one thing would
y circumstances quite easy; I have an
there's commission, and I live in the
of a country division. My request to
bam, who is one of the commissioners
s, was, if in his power, to procure me
ission. If I were very sanguine, I
ope that some of my great patrons
procure me a treasury warrant for an
surveyor-general, &c.

secure of livelihood, "to then, sweet
delightful maid," I would consecrate
days.

No. LXX.

TO BISHOP GEDDES.

land near Dumfries, 2d Feb. 1789.

ARLE FATHER,

*conscious that wherever I am you do
your to interest yourself in my wel-
e me pleasure to inform you, that I
t last, stationary in the serious*

business of life, and have [illegible]
retired desire, but the hearty [illegible]
attend to those great and important [illegible]
what I am, where I am, and for what I am
destined.

In that first concern, the conduct of the
man, there was ever [illegible] in him I
was habitually [illegible], and there I have
secured myself in the way pointed out by
Nature and Nature's [illegible] was [illegible]
that, to so helpless a [illegible] a poor [illegible]
a wife and family were incumbrances,
a species of pressure would bend him above
but when the alternative was, being [illegible]
warfare with myself, [illegible]
follies, to give to [illegible] with
general example, [illegible] wife, [illegible]
tical infidelity would, [illegible] me, ever justify, I
have been a fool [illegible] have hesitated, and a
fool to have [illegible] their choice.

In the affair of livelihood, I think myself
tolerably secure; I have good hopes I may
farm; but should they fail, I have excuse
misfortune, [illegible] simple poll
will, at any time, procure me bread. The
is a certain stigma attached to the character of
officer, but
honour from any profession and though the
salary be comparatively small, it is great
any thing that the first twenty-five years of my
life taught me to expect.

Thus, with rational aim and method in
life, you may easily [illegible] my reverend and
much-honoured friend, that my [illegible]
trade is not forgotten. I am, if possible, more
than enthusiast [illegible] muse. I am
determined to study [illegible] and nature, and in
that view incessantly; and to try if the ripening
and corrections of years [illegible] me to
produce something worth preserving.

You will see in your book, which I beg
your pardon detaining long, that I have
been tuning my [illegible] the lauks of Nith.
Some larger poetic plans [illegible] listing my
imagination, [illegible] put in execution, I shall
impart to you when I have the pleasure of
meeting with you, which, if you [illegible] then in
Edinburgh, shall have about the beginning
of March.

That acquaintance, worthy sir, with [illegible]
you were pleased to honour me, [illegible]
allow me to challenge; for, with whatever
unconcern I give up my transient [illegible]
with the merely great, I cannot [illegible]
tronizing notice of the learned and the good,
without the bitterest regret.

No. LXXI.

FROM THE REV. P. C———.

SIR, *21 January, 1789.*

If you have lately seen Mrs Dunlop of Dun-
lop, you have certainly heard of the author of
the verses which accompany this letter. He
was a man highly respectable for every accom-
plishment and virtue which adorne the cha-
acter of a man or a Christian. To a great

[illegible] a large octavo volume. In particular, two complete and regular tragedies, a farce of three acts, and some smaller poems on different subjects. It falls to my share, who have lived in the most intimate and uninterrupted friendship with him from my youth upwards, to transmit to you the verses he wrote on the publication of your incomparable poems. It is probable they were his last, as they were found in his scrutoire, folded up with the form of a letter addressed to you, and I imagine, were only prevented from being sent by himself by that melancholy disposition which we all bemoan. The verses themselves I will not pretend to criticise when writing to a gentleman whom I consider as entirely qualified to judge of their merit. They are the only verses he seems to have attempted in the Scottish style; and I hesitate not to say, in general, that they will bring no dishonour on the Scottish muse;—and allow me to add, that if it is your opinion they are not unworthy of the author, and will be no discredit to you, it is the inclination of Mr Mylne's friends that they should be immediately published in some periodical work, to give the world a specimen of what may be expected from his performances in the poetic line, which, perhaps, will be afterwards published for the advantage of his family.

I must beg the favour of a letter from you, acknowledging the receipt of this, and to be allowed to subscribe myself with great regard,

[illegible] to me, as an improvement on the [illegible] man figure, that a man, in proportion [illegible] own conceit of his consequence in [illegible] could have pushed out the length [illegible] common size, as a small pushes out [illegible] or as we draw out a perspective. [illegible] alteration, not to mention the prodig[illegible] it would be in the tear and wear [illegible] and limb-aches of many of his Maj[illegible] subjects in the way of losing the [illegible] tipsy strutting, would evidently [illegible] vast advantage, in enabling us at o[illegible] the ceremonials in making a bow, [illegible] way to a great man, and that to [illegible] second of the pestles aquarical an[illegible] rence, or an inch of the partial[illegible] respectful distance, which the imp[illegible] ture itself requires: as a measure[illegible] its towering altitude would determi[illegible] like instinct.

You are right, madam, in your [illegible] Mylne's poem, which he has addre[illegible] The piece has a good deal of merit, [illegible] one great fault—it is, by far, too [illegible] side, my success has encouraged [illegible] of ill-spawned monsters to crawl [illegible] notice, under the title of Scottish [illegible] the very term of Scottish Poetry [illegible] the burlesque. When I write to [illegible] I shall advise him rather to try one [illegible] ceased friend's English pieces. I [illegible] ously hurried with my own mat[illegible] would have requested a perusal of [illegible] poetic performances; and would [illegible]

ts shall greet with kindred love,
ain, envy must approve.*

No. LXXIII.

: REV. P. CARFRAE.

SIR, 1789.

ect that I have ever felt a seve-
me, than on looking at the date
f letter, which accompanied Mr

o blame: the honour Mr Mylne
reatly enhanced in its value by
though melancholy circumi-
ering the last production of his
n a better return.
on hint, thought of sending s
em to some periodical publica-
second thoughts, I am afraid
ecent case, it would be an im-
My success, perhaps as much
merited, has brought an inundat-
es under the name of Scottish
cription-bills for Scottish poems
d, and daily do dun the public,
nsme is in danger of contempt.
ns, if publishing any of Mr M.'s
gazine, &c. be at all prudent, in
ertainly should not be a Scottish
ofits of the labours of a man
I hope, as honourable as any
r; and Mr Mylne's relations
entitled to that honest harvest,
denied himself to reap. But
of Mr Mylne's fame (among
he honour of ranking myself),
ave his respectability as a man
and take no measure that, be-
knows any thing about him,
name and character being
s fools of the times.
ome experience of publishing;
which I would proceed with
ms, is this:—I would publish,
English and Scottish public
s of his English poems which
ate judges, he thought the most
mention it at the same time, as
luctions of a Lothian farmer,
haracter, lately deceased, whose
ids had it in idea to publish,
iption, for the sake of his su-
—not in pity to that family,
to what his friends think the
f the deceased; and to secure,
ectual manner, to those tender
*ow right it is, the pecuniary
merits.*

---

*ul lines, we have reason to
duction of the lady to whom
sed.*

No. LXXIV.

TO DR MOORE.

SIR, *Ellisland, 23d March*, 1789.

The gentleman who will deliver you this is a Mr Neilson, a worthy clergyman in my neighbourhood, and a very particular acquaintance of mine. As I have troubled him with this packet, I must turn him over to your goodness, to recompense him for it in a way in which he much needs your assistance and where you can effectually serve him:—Mr Neilson is on his way for France, to wait on his Grace of Queensberry, on some little business of a good deal of importance to him, and he wishes for your instructions respecting the most eligible mode of travelling, &c. for him, when he has crossed the Channel. I should not have dared to take this liberty with you, but that I am told, by those who have the honour of your personal acquaintance, that to be a poor honest Scotchman in a letter of recommendation to you, and that to have it in your power to serve such a character, gives you much pleasure.

The enclosed ode is a compliment to the memory of the late Mrs ——, of ——. You probably knew her personally, an honour of which I cannot boast; but I spent my early years in her neighbourhood, and among her servants and tenants. I know that she was detested with the most heartfelt cordiality. However, in the particular part of her conduct which roused my poetic wrath, she was much less blameable. In January last, on my road to Ayrshire, I had put up at Bailie Wigham's in Sanquhar, the only tolerable inn in the place. The frost was keen, and the grim evening and howling wind were ushering in a night of snow and drift. My horse and I were both much fatigued with the labours of the day, and just as my friend the Bailie and I were bidding defiance to the storm, over a smoking bowl, in wheels the funeral pageantry of the late great Mrs ——, and poor I am forced to brave all the horrors of the tempestuous night, and jade my horse, my young favourite horse, whom I had just christened Pegasus, twelve miles farther on, through the wildest muirs and hills of Ayrshire, to New Cumnock, the next inn. The powers of poesy and prose sink under me, when I would describe what I felt. Suffice it to say, that when a good fire, at New Cumnock, had so far recovered my frozen sinews, I sat down and wrote the inclosed ode.

I was at Edinburgh lately, and settled finally with Mr Creech; and I must own, that, at last, he has been amicable and fair with me.

No. LXXV.

TO MR HILL.

Ellisland, 2d April, 17

I will make no excuses, my dear Bibl

——— 3.—The execrations in the first two lines are strong or coarse; but they may pass. "Murder-aiming," is a bad compound epithet, and not very intelligible. "Blood-stained," in stanza iii. line 4, has the same fault; *Bleeding* bosom is infinitely better. You have accustomed yourself to such epithets, and have no notion how stiff and quaint they appear to others, and how incongruous with poetic fancy, and tender sentiments. Suppose Pope had written, "Why that blood-stained bosom gored," how would you have liked it? *Foam* is neither a poetic, nor a dignified, nor a plain common word: it is a mere sportsman's word; unsuitable to pathetic or serious poetry.

"Mangled" is a coarse word. "Innocent," in this sense, is a nursery word; but both may pass.

Stanza 4.—"Who will now provide that life a mother only can bestow," will not do at all: it is not grammar—it is not intelligible. Do you mean "provide for that life which the mother had bestowed and used to provide for?"

There was a ridiculous slip of the pen, "Feeling" (I suppose) for "Fellow," in the title of your copy of verses; but even fellow would be wrong: it is but a colloquial and vulgar word, unsuitable to your sentiments. "Shot" is improper too. On seeing a person (or a sportsman) wound a hare: it is needless to add with what weapon; but if you think otherwise, you should say, *with a fowling piece*.

Let me see you when you come to town, and I will show you some more of this Minstrel's

the obligation. It
pleasure to hear by
Kennedy, that you
language. "Hale as
that your charming
mising to be an amin
tion to the company
Great Manager of the
ing into action for the

With respect to n
which you once warn
cited yourself, I am
ing my plough, mai
corn, or the health of
sauntering by the de
With, on the margin
humble domicile, pray
ther, or holding an in
the only gipsey with
intercourse. As I a
state of matrimony, I
completely Zion-ward
all honest fellows, to
hope that the little p
days, will of course fal
fluence of some good-n
proscription. In my
like a good presbyteria
my household folks, I
the psalm, "Let not t
&c. and that other, "
heritage," &c. in whi
by the bye, has a glori
at either old song or p

all, is surely simple business, concerns the ignorant and the poor and the rich. That there is a heavenly great Being, I whom existence, and that he must be worshipped with the operations and the internal machinery, and consequent department of this creature we make; that there is a real and eternal difference between virtue and vice, and that I am an accountable creature; by the seeming nature of the human well as from the evident imperfections, active injustice, in the administration of both in the natural and moral world, that be a retributive scene of existence the grave; must, I think, be allowed by me who will give himself a moment's the sublimity, excellence, and purity of doctrine and precepts, unparalleled by the aggregated wisdom and learning of preceding ages, though, to appearance, himself was the obscurest and most ignorant of our species: therefore, Jesus Christ was in fact God.

Whatever mitigates the woes, or increases the happiness of others, this is my criterion of morals; and whatever injures society at large, or any individual in it, this is my measure of iniquity.

What think you, madam, of my creed? I trust that I have said nothing that will lessen me in the eye of one, whose good opinion I value almost next to the approbation of my own mind.

FROM DR MOORE.

Clifford Street, 10th June, 1789.

DEAR SIR,

I thank you for the different communications you have made me of your occasional productions in manuscript, all of which have merit, and some of them merit of a different kind from what appears in the poems you have published. You ought carefully to preserve all these. You ought carefully to correct and improve them at your leisure; and when you can spare as many of them as will make a volume, publish it either at Edinburgh or London, by subscription: On such an occasion, it may be in my power, as it is very much in my inclination, to be of service to you.

If I were to offer an opinion, it would be, that in your future productions you should standon the Scottish stanza and dialect, and adopt the measure and language of modern English poetry.

The stanza which you use in imitation of Christ's Kirk on the Green, with the tiresome repetition of "*that day*," is fatiguing to English ears, and I should think not very agreeable to Scotish.

All the fine satire and humour of your Holy Fair is lost on the English; yet, without more trouble to yourself, you could have conveyed the whole to them. The same is true of some of your other poems. In your Epistle to J. S——, the stanza from that beginning with "This life, my lord," I am certain, is one which could not be translated, so as to retain any thing like the original grace, or even sense. The original is an easy, flowing, pleasant epistle, full of Horatian elegance and ease, and some of those so happy moralisings on life, with a few Scotish words and some English, so harmonious as to seem to me exactly fitted for what poet would not prefer grazing to twilight.

I imagine, that by carefully keeping, and occasionally polishing and correcting those verses, which the nature of your publication, in a year or two, have another volume as large as the first, ready for the press; and this, without diverting you from every proper attention to the study and practice of Husbandry, in which I understand you are very learned, and which I fancy you will choose to adhere to as a sure, while poetry secures you from time to time a mistress. The humour, although you retain it, must not show all humour, although you retain a smoking kindness to the rogues, when in the manner alienates your heart from your lawful spouse, but lends on the contrary to promote her interest.

I desired Mr Cadell to write to Mr Creech to send you a copy of *Zeluco*. This performance has had great success here, but I know you to have your opinion of it, because I know you are above saying what you do not think.

I beg you will tell my best wishes to my very good friend, Mrs Hamilton, who I hope stand in your neighbour. If she is so happy I wish her, she is happy enough. My compliments also to Mrs Burns, and tell her to be, with sincere esteem,

Dear Sir, yours, &c.

No. LXXXII.

FROM MISS J. L——.

Lochs-House, 12th July, 1789.

SIR,

Though I have not the happiness of being personally acquainted with you, yet among the number of those who have read and admired your publications, may I be permitted to address you with this. You must know, though I am somewhat in love with the Muses, yet I cannot boast of any favours they have conferred to confer upon me as yet; my station in life has been very much against me about Lochs, tchan (where my parents reside), in Westshire have spent some years in and about Ecclefechan (where my parents reside), in Westshire of a servant, and am now come to London House, at present possessed by Mrs H——, whom I understand you are particularly acquainted with. As I had the pleasure of reading your poems, I felt a partiality for authors, which I should not have experienced had you been in a more dignified station. A few verses of address to you, which then think of ever presenting, but seems to have favoured me in this, me into a family by whom you are and much esteemed, and where have an opportunity of seeing hopes of your future friendship to transcribe them.

And critic skilly aughty
Thy art to charm.

Cæsar and Lunth weel can speak,
Tho pity e'er their gabs should steek,
But into human nature keek,
And knots unravel:
To hear their lectures once a-week,
Nine miles I'd travel.

Thy dedication to G. H.
An unco bonnie hamespun speech,
Wi' winsome glee the heart can teach
A better lesson,
Than servile bards, who fawn and fleech
Like beggar's messin.

When slighted love becomes your theme,
And women's faithless vows you blame;
With so much pathos you exclaim,
In your lament;
But glanced by the most frigid dame,
She would relent.

The daisy too ye sing wi' skill;
And weel ye praise the whisky gill:
In vain I blunt my feckless quill,
Your fame to raise;
While echo sounds from ilka hill,
To Burns's praise.

Did Addison or Pope but hear,
Or Sam, that critic most severe,
A ploughboy sing with throat sae clear
They in a rage

FROM MR ———

London, 5th

MY DEAR SIR,

Excuse me when I say, that t
abilities which you possess, mu
correspondence very acceptable
can assure you, I am particularl
partiality, and shall endeavour,
thod in my power, to merit a
your politeness.

When you can spare a few mo
be proud of a letter from you, di
Gerrard Street, Soho.

I cannot express my happiness
the instance of your attachment
estimable friend, Bob Ferguson,
ticularly intimate with myself a
While I recollect with pleasure
nary talents and many amiabl
affords me the greatest consolatio
honoured with the correspondenc
cessor in national simplicity and
Mr Burns has refined in the art o
readily be admitted; but notwiths
favourable representations, I am
that he inherits his convivial pow

There was such a richness of
such a plenitude of fancy and
him, that when I call the happy
intercourse to my memory, I fee

defence of a poet at all times ill, I hope, plead my excuse for [illegible] your obliging letter of August.

[illegible] have done well in quitting your [illegible] I do [illegible] eighty reasons you mention [illegible] and deservedly indeed, weighty [illegible] matter the first friendship or gratitude, [illegible] the remaining pro- [illegible] the paper have also [illegible] well, is [illegible] doubt. The [illegible] for reader, exhibited such brilliancy [illegible] with an elegance of paragraph, and [illegible] of intelligence, that I can hard- [illegible] it possible [illegible] a dusty paper [illegible] degree of [illegible] but there [illegible] who had abilities equal [illegible] the [illegible] at man's assistance the proprietors [illegible]

[illegible] I received your letter I was transcribing [illegible] my letter to the Magistrates [illegible] Canongate, Edinburgh, begging [illegible] to place a monument over poor [illegible] and their edict in consequence [illegible] petition; but [illegible] shall send them to [illegible] Poor Fergusson! If [illegible] be a life beyond the grave which trust [illegible] is; and if there be [illegible] good presiding [illegible] all nature, which I [illegible] glorious world, [illegible] enjoying existence [illegible] worth of the heart alone is distinction [illegible] the [illegible] where riches, deprived of all their [illegible] purchasing powers, [illegible] to their [illegible] where titles [illegible] honours [illegible] the disregarded [illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible] more than heavy virtue, [illegible] the [illegible] native consequence of steady dulness, [illegible] those thoughtless, though often [illegible] follies, which [illegible] the unavoidable [illegible] of frail human nature, will be known [illegible] equal eye [illegible] if they had [illegible] less!

Adieu, my dear [illegible] as soon as your present views and schemes are concentred in an aim, I shall be glad to hear from you; as your welfare and happiness is by no means a subject indifferent to

Yours, &c.

No. LXXXV.

TO MRS DUNLOP.

Ellisland, 6th September, 1789.

DEAR MADAM,

I have mentioned in my last, my appointment [illegible] the excise, and the birth of little Frank; [illegible] by the bye, I trust will be no discredit [illegible] the honourable name of Wallace, as he has [illegible] *his manly countenance, and a figure that will do credit to a little fellow two months older; and likewise an excellent good temper, [illegible] when he pleases he has a pipe, only not [illegible] so long as the horn that his immortal [illegible] blew as a signal to take out the pin [illegible] ring bridge.*

[illegible] some time ago in an epistle, part poetic, [illegible] Pindar, from your poetress, Mrs J. [illegible] very ingenious, but modest compositions. I should [illegible] [illegible] question, that by the story of the [illegible] I have heard of her and her [illegible] this quality I ask. I am happy to hear, it was to the honour of her choice [illegible] The fact is, I know not what how to write to her. I should sit down to a sheet of paper that I know not how to start. I am [illegible] of the common letter-writing; and except when poetry, or friendship or gratitude, [illegible] extremely rarely inspired by the Muse [illegible] her name) [illegible] ing, I sit [illegible] when necessitated [illegible] [illegible] parts of your [illegible] [illegible] of your [illegible]

Would I [illegible] write you a letter of comfort? I would sit down to it with as much pleasure as I would to write an epic poem of my own composition, that should equal the Iliad. Religion, my dear friend, is the true comfort! A strong persuasion in a future state of existence [illegible] proposition [illegible] that, setting [illegible] every [illegible] people, so far [illegible] investigations has reached [illegible] at least [illegible] thousand years, have, in [illegible] other firmly believed it. In [illegible] would [illegible] pretend [illegible] have [illegible] a very [illegible] but when reflected [illegible] [illegible] of good men, and flying in the face of all the human kind, in all ages, I was shocked at my own conjecture.

I know not whether I have ever send you [illegible] following lines [illegible] you [illegible] them; [illegible] my favour [illegible] which I keep constantly by me in my prayers through life, in the language of the Book of Job,

"Against the day of battle and of war,"—

spoken of religion.

"'Tis *this*, my friend, that streaks our morning bright,
"'Tis this that gilds the horror of our night,
When [illegible] faithless, [illegible] pursue;
"'Tis this that wards the blow, [illegible] the smart,
Disarms affliction, or repels his [illegible]
Bids smiling conscience spread her cheerful skies."

I have been very busy with *Zeluco*. [illegible] obliging as to request my opinion of it. I have been revolving [illegible] my good kind [illegible] on novel writing, [illegible] is a depth beyond my [illegible] I shall however digest my thoughts [illegible] subject as well as I can. *Zeluco* is a most striking performance.

Farewell! A Dieu, le bon Dieu, je commende!

IBRARY.

d o' sauls to waste his lear on,
E'en tried the body.*

at d'ye think, my trusty fier,
d a gauger—Peace be here!
ian queens, I fear, I fear,
Ye'll now disdain me,
n my fifty pounds a-year
Will little gain me.

et, gleesome, dainty damies,
Castalia's wimplin streamies,
ing, and lave your pretty limbies,
Ye ken, ye ken,
ing necessity supreme is
'Mang sons o' men.

rife and twa wee laddies,
un hae brose and brats o' duddies:
ursel my heart right proud is,
I needna vaunt,
and besoms—threw saugh woodies,
Before they want.

) me through this warld o' care!
y sick o't late and air!
hae a richer share
Than mony ithers;
should ae man better fare,
And a' men brithers!

rm Resolve, tak thou the van,
k o' carl-hemp in man!
mind, faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair:
the utmost that he can,
Will whyles do mair.

clude my silly rhyme,
o' verse, and scant o' time,)
happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,
true nathe[illegible]

is so kindly taking in your con-
ought by every thing to your powe
re and cherish." Now though,
has thought proper to make one
d another helpless, the connexion
and obliged in all fair; and though
ader your patronage is to me highly
, yet, sir, allow me to flatter myself,
ect and an honest man, you first
yourself in my welfare, and princi-
h still, you permit me to approach

mind the excise business go on a
smoother with me than I expected;
ed deal to the generous friendship
Shell, my collector, and the kind
of Mr Findlater, my supervisor. I
nsent, and I fear no labour. Nor
ny hurried life greatly inimical to
soodness with the Muses. Their
s, indeed, and I believe to most of
ainances, like the visits of good
short and far between; but I meet
and then as I jog through the hills
le, just as I used to do on the banks
I take the liberty to inclose you a
ldles, all of them the productions of
thoughts in my excise rides.

know or have ever seen Captain
antiquarian, you will enter into any
at is in the verses on him. Perhaps
seen them before, as I sent them to
Newspaper. Though I dare say
one of the solemn-league-and-cove-
which shone so conspicuous in Lord
rdon, and the Kilmarnock weavers,
you must have heard of Dr M'Gill,
clergyman of Ayr, and his heretical
d help him, poor man! Though he
se worthiest, as well as one of the
be whole priesthood of the Kirk of
in every sense of that ambiguous
the poor Doctor and his numerous
in imminent danger of being thrown
mercy of the winter-winds. The
illed on that business is, I confess,
out I laughed myself at some con-
though I am convinced in my con-
at there are a good many heavy
it too.

tion ballad, as you will see, alludes
recent canvass in our string of

I do not believe there will be
d run match in the whole general

little a man to have any political
ts: I am deeply indebted to, and
rarmest veneration for, individuals
ties: but a man who has it in his
e the father of a country, and who
—— is a character that one cannot
ith patience.

, does "what man can do," but
this fate.

---

alludes to the contest for the bo-
Dumfries, between the Duke of
ry's interest and that of Sir James

No. LXXXIX.

TO MRS DUNLOP.

Ellisland, 13th December, 1789.

Many thanks, dear madam, for your sheaf of rhymes. Though at present I am below the veriest prose, yet from you every thing pleases. I am groaning under the miseries of a diseased nervous system; a system, the state of which is most conducive to our happiness or the most productive of our misery. For now near three weeks I have been so ill with a nervous headache, that I have been obliged to give up, for a time, my excise books, being scarce able to lift my head, much less to ride once a-week over ten muir parishes. What is Man! To-day, in the luxuriance of health, exulting in the enjoyment of existence; in a few days, perhaps in a few hours, loaded with conscious painful being, counting the tardy pace of the lingering moments by the repercussions of anguish, and refusing or denied a comforter. Day follows night, and night comes after day, only to curse him with life which gives him no pleasure; and yet the awful, dark termination of that life, is a something at which he recoils.

"Tell us, *ye dead*; will none of you in pity
Disclose the secret
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be!
— ..... 'tis no matter:
A little time will make us learn'd as you are.

Can it be possible, that when I resign this frail, feverish being, I shall still find myself in conscious existence! When the last gasp of agony has announced that I am no more to those that knew me, and the few who loved me: when the cold, stiffened, unconscious, ghastly corse is resigned into the earth, to be the prey of unsightly reptiles, and to become in time a trodden clod, shall I yet be warm in life, seeing and seen, enjoying and enjoyed? Ye venerable sages, and holy flamens, is there probability in your conjectures, truth in your stories of another world beyond death: or are they all alike, baseless visions, and fabricated fables? If there is another life, it must be only for the just, the benevolent, the amiable, and the humane; what a flattering idea, then, is the world to come! Would to God I so firmly believed it, as I ardently wish it! There I should meet an aged parent, now at rest from the many buffettings of an evil world, against which he so long and so bravely struggled. There should I meet the friend, the disinterested friend of my early life; the man who rejoiced to see me, because he loved me and could serve me. —— Alas! thy weaknesses were the aberrations of human nature, but thy heart glowed with every thing generous, manly, and noble; and if ever emanation from the All-good Being animated a human form, it was thine! There should I with speechless agony of rapture, again recognize my long, long lost dear Mary! whose bosom was fraught with truth, honour, constancy, and love.

My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of heavenly rest?

vous affections are in fact diseases of the mind. I cannot reason, I cannot think; and but to you I would not venture to write any thing above an order to a cobbler. You have felt too much of the ills of life not to sympathize with a diseased wretch, who is impaired in more than half of any faculties he possessed. Your goodness will excuse this distracted scrawl, which the writer dare scarcely read, and which he would throw into the fire, were he able to write any thing better, or indeed any thing at all.

Rumour told me something of a son of yours who has returned from the East or West Indies. If you have gotten news of James or Anthony, it was cruel in you not to let me know; as I promise you, on the sincerity of a man, who is weary of one world and anxious about another, that scarce any thing could give me so much pleasure as to hear of any good thing befalling my honoured friend.

If you have a minute's leisure, take up your pen in pity to *le pauvre miserable*

R. B.

No. XC.

TO SIR JOHN SINCLAIR.

SIR,

The following circumstance has, I believe,

meeting, all the books,
forfeitures, by way of
duced; and the mem
the volumes in rota
stood, for that night, t
choice of what volume
collection; the second
first; the third after
the last. At next mee
first on the list at the
last at this; he who ha
and so on through the
the expiration of the
were sold by auction,
members themselves
share of the common
books, as he chose to b

At the breaking up
which was formed und
age, what with benef
him, and what with th
had collected together
and fifty volumes. It
that a good deal of tr
Among the books, h
library, were *Blair's Sc*
tory of Scotland, Hume'
the Spectator, Tatler,
Lounger, Observer, Ma
World, Chrysal, Don
arenas, &c. A peasant
such books, is certainly
to his neighbour, who
his team, very little ren

. XCI.

LBERT BURNS.

d, 11th January, 1790.

ntage of the frank, though
resent frame of mind much
m in writing. My nerves
state. I feel that horrid
ding every atom of both
his farm has undone my
. It is a ruinous affair on
it go to ——— ! I'll fight
th it.

a set of very decent players
have seen them an evening
Campbell, in Ayr, wrote to
ber of the company, a Mr
a man of apparent worth.
evening I gave him the
, which he spouted to his
ance.

nce I bring from you great

our taste—the more's the

bye, abroad why will you

ts are natives here at home:
ric I appear,
all a good new year!
sputes me here before ye,
but tell his simple story:
lient cough'd, and baile me

older this important day,"
ested some sugge-tion,
rds, you know, to ask the

-be-roguish leer and wink,
you press this one word—
?

nths, quite flush with hope

n the world by cin of merit,
has a deal to say,
ntentious, proverb way!
d, amid your thoughtless

is ever half the battle;
e by the skirt may try to

k in the hold to catch him,

---

that if a similar plan were
e different parishes of Scot-
d greatly to the speedy im-
tenantry, trades people, and
r Burns was so good as to
arge of this small concern.
librarian, and censor to this
will long have a grateful
pirit and exertions for their
formation.
nour to be, Sir John,
most sincerely,
ROBERT RIDDEL."
Bt.

That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
You may do much by persevering.

Last, though not least, in love, ye youthful fair,
Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care!
To you old Bald pate smooths his wrinkled brow,
And humbly begs you'll mind the important—NOW!
To crown your happiness, he asks your leave,
And offers, bliss to give and to receive.

For our sincere, though haply weak endeavours,
With grateful pride we own your many favours:
And howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it,
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.

I can no more. If once I was clear of this ——— farm, I should respire more at ease.

No. XCII.

TO MRS DUNLOP.

Elisland, 25th January, 1790.

It has been owing to unremitting hurry of business that I have not written to you, madam, long ere now. My health is greatly better, and I now begin once more to share in satisfaction and enjoyment with the rest of my fellow-creatures.

Many thanks, my much esteemed friend, for your kind letters; but why will you make me run the risk of being contemptible and mercenary in my own eyes! When I pique myself on my independent spirit, I hope it is no ther poetic licence, nor poetic rant; and I am so flattered with the honour you have done me, in making me your compeer in friendship and friendly correspondence, that I cannot, without pain, and a degree of mortification, be reminded of the real inequality between our situations.

Most sincerely do I rejoice with you, dear madam, in the good news of Anthony. Not only your anxiety about his fate, but my own esteem for such a noble, warm-hearted, manly young fellow, in the little I had of his acquaintance, has interested me deeply in his fortunes.

Falconer, the unfortunate author of the *Shipwreck*, which you so much admire, is no more. After weathering the dreadful catastrophe he so feelingly describes in his poem, and after weathering many hard gales of fortune, he went to the bottom with the Aurora frigate! I forget what part of Scotland had the honour of giving him birth, but he was the son of obscurity and misfortune.* He

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* Falconer was in early life a sea-boy, use a word of Shakspeare, on board a man war, in which capacity he attracted the of Campbell, the author of the satire Johnson, entitled *Lexiphanes*, then pu the ship. Campbell took him as his and delighted in giving him instruct when Falconer afterwards acquired

... . subject, allow me to give you two stanzas of another old simple ballad, which I am sure will please you. The catastrophe of the piece is a poor ruined female, lamenting her fate. She concludes with this pathetic wish:

"O that my father had ne'er on me smiled;
O that my mother had ne'er to me sung!
O that my cradle had never been rock'd;
But that I had died when I was young!

"O that the grave it were my bed;
My blanke's were my winding sheet;
The clocks and the worms my bedfellows a';
And O sae sound as I should sleep!"

I do not remember in all my reading to have met with any thing more truly the language of misery, than the exclamation in the last line. Misery is like love; to speak its language truly, the author must have felt it.

I am every day expecting the doctor to give your little god-son * the small-pox. They are rife in the country, and I tremble for his fate. By the way, I cannot help congratulating you on his looks and spirit. Every person who sees him, acknowledges him to be the finest, handsomest child he has ever seen. I am myself delighted with the manly swell of his little chest, and a certain miniature dignity in

to quote any one's ov
I have for your frienc
truly, or more elegant

"Time but the impr
As streams their ch

Having written to y
heard from you, I am
have miscarried. My
upon the chapter of
against me, as it too
and I may with truth
affairs of life: but I sh
to inform you what
circle of your friends
days of merriment, I
your name *proclaimed*
under the roof of o
Stenhouse Mills, there

"Lingering moments

I saw your *Address*
Dumfries Journal.
shall say nothing, but
that when your nam
every man of celebrity
pens, I am the champi
all snarling critics, a
tiles, of whom a *few* o
With best complimer
black-eyed sister, I ren

---

boasted of him as his scholar. The editor had this information from a surgeon of a ... ...

ndal-bearing help-mate of a village priest; a glass of whisky-toddy, with the ruby- nd jolte-fellow of a foot-pudding exciseman I make a vow to inclose this sheetful of itesiary fragments in that my only scrap of t paper.

I am indeed your unworthy debtor for three redly letters. I ought to have written to a long ere now, but it is a literal fact, I have ercely a spare moment. It is not that I l not write to you; Miss Burnet is not more r to her guardian angel, nor his grace the ke of to the powers of ——, n my friend Cunningham to me. It is not d I cannot write to you: should you doubt take the following fragment which was in- ded for you some time ago, and be convinced d I am *multiform* sentimental, and *circum- r* periods, as well as any coiner of phrase in regions of philology.

December, 1789.

MY DEAR CUNNINGHAM,

here are you? And what are you doing? e you be that son of levity, who takes up a nship as he takes up a fashion; or are t, like some other of the worthiest fellows the world, the victim of indolence, laden h fetters of ever-increasing weight? What strange beings we are! Since we have ortion of conscious existence, equally capa- of enjoying pleasure, happiness, and rap- s, or of suffering pain, wretchedness, and ury, is it surely worthy of an inquiry, ether there be not such a thing as a science life; whether method, economy, and fertil- of expedients be not applicable to enjoyment; l whether there be not a want of dexterity in ssure, which renders our little scantling of ppiness still less; and a profuseness, an in- lation in bliss which leads to satiety, dis- st, and self-abhorrence. There is not a ht but that health, talents, character, est competency, respectable friends, are l substantial blessings; and yet do we not ly see those who enjoy many or all of these d things, contrive, notwithstanding, to be unhappy as others to whose lot few of them e fallen. I believe one great source of this ulds or misconduct is owing to a certain sains, with us called ambition, which goads up the hill of life, not as we ascend other sences, for the laudable curiosity of viewing extended landscape, but rather for the dis- nest pride of looking down on others of our ow-creatures, seemingly diminutive, in able stations, &c. &c.

Sunday, 14th February, 1790.

l help me! I am now obliged to join

Night *to day, and Sunday to the week.*"

ere be any truth in the orthodox faith of churches, I am —— *past redemp- ned what is worse,* —— to all eter- *I am deeply read in Boston's Fourfold Vardaloff on Sanctification, Guthrie's a saving Interest, &c.* but "There is *in Gilead, there is no physician r me; so I shall o'en turn Arminian,* and trust to "Sincere, though imperfect obedience."

Tuesday, 16th.

Luckily for me, I was prevented from the dis- cussion of the knotty point at which I had just made a full stop. All my fears and cares are of this world: if there is another, an honest man has no hing to fear from it. I hate a man that wishes to be a Deist, but I fear, every fair, unprejudiced inquirer must in some degree be a ceptic. It is not that there are any very stag- gering arguments against the immortality of man; but like electricity, phlogiston, &c. the subject is so involved in darkness, that we want data to go upon. One thing frightens me much; that we are to live for ever, seems too *good news to be true.* That we are to enter into a new scene of existence, where, exempt from want and pain, we shall enjoy ourselves and our friends without satiety or separation—how much should I be indebted to any one who could fully assure me that this was cer- tain!

My time is once more expired. I will write to Mr Cleghorn soon. God bless him and all his concerns! And may all the powers that preside over conviviality and friendship, be present with all their kindest influence, when the bearer of this, Mr Byme, and you meet! I wish I could also make one.—I think we should be . . . . . .

Finally, brethren, farewell! Whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are gentle, whatsoever things are charitable, whatsoever things are kind, think on these things, and think on

ROBERT BURNS.

No. XCV.

TO MR HILL.

Ellisland, 2d March, 1790.

At a late meeting of the Monkland Friendly Society, it was resolved to augment their library by the following books, which you are to send us as soon as possible:—*The Mirror, The Lounger, Man of Feeling, Man of the World,* (these for my own sake I wish to have by the first carrier) *Knox's History of the Reformation; Rae's History of the Rebellion* in 1715; any good *History of the Rebellion* in 1745; *A Display of the Secession Act and Testimony,* by Mr Gibb; *Hervey's Meditations; Beveridge's Thoughts;* and another copy of *Watson's Body of Divinity.*

I wrote to Mr A. Masterton three or four months ago, to pay some money he owed me into your hands, and lately I wrote to you to the same purpose, but I have heard from neither one or other of you.

In addition to the books I commissioned in my last, I want very much, An Index to Excise Laws, or an Abridgment of all the rules now in force, relative to the Excise. Jellinger Symons: I want three copies of book; if it is now to be had, cheap;

[illegible] meet with them very [illegible] get them for me.

Also now, to quit the dry walk of business, how do you do, my dear friend? and how is Mrs. H.? I trust if now and then not so *elegantly* handsome, at least as amiable, and sings as divinely as ever. My good-wife too has a charming "wood-note wild;" now could we four . . . . . .

I am out of all patience with this vile world, for one thing. Mankind are by nature benevolent creatures; except in a few scoundrelly instances, I do not think that avarice of the good things we chance to have, is born with us; but we are placed here amid so much nakedness, and hunger, and poverty, and want, that we are under a cursed necessity of studying selfishness, in order that we may exist! Still there are, in every age, a few souls, that all the wants and woes of life cannot debase to selfishness, or even to the necessary alloy of caution and prudence. If ever I am in danger of vanity, it is when I contemplate myself on this side of my disposition and character. God knows I am no saint; I have a whole host of follies and sins to answer for; but if I could, and I believe I do it as far as I can, I would wipe away all tears from all eyes. Adieu!

---

men that ever existed, of now talk of right and wrong, they and improper; and their m is, not what they *ought*, but For the truth of this I shall history of nations, but suppo ablest judges of men, and h ablest men that ever lived. Earl of Chesterfield. In fa could thoroughly control hu they interfered with his in could completely put on th every virtue as often as it suit is, on the Stanhopian plan, th man to lead nations. But ar complete without a flaw, and a blemish, the standard of hu This is certainly the staunch c *the world*; but I call on hone worth, to give the Stygian doc gative! However, this must b if you abstract from man the i ence beyond the grave, *then*, th of human conduct is *proper* Virtue and vice, as disposition are in that case, of scarcely value to the world at large, a discord in the modifications of delicate sense of honour, like music, though it may sometime sensor an ecstasy unknown t organs of the herd, yet, conside gratings, and inharmonic jars, i state of being, it is odds but would be as happy, and certain

the simple affecting tale of your

all my admiration of M'Kenzie's
do not know if they are the fittest
young man who is about to set
forms in, to make his way into life.
think, madam, that among the few
Heaven in the structure of their
ich there certainly are), there may
a tenderness, a dignity, an elegance
ch are of no use, say, in some de-
nately disqualifying for the truly
siness of making a man's way into
ne not much mistaken, my gallant
d, A———, is very much under
difficulties; and for the young fe-
family I could mention, well may
parental solicitude, for I, a common
n, or, as my vanity will have it, an
ed, have often trembled for a turn
hich may render them eminently
specially miserable!

been manufacturing some verses
t as I have got the most hurried
scless business ever, I hope to have
e to transcribe any thing that may
much I have the honour to be,
ours, &c.

No. XCVII.

OM MR CUNNINGHAM.

Edinburgh, 25th May, 1790.

R BURNS,

ch indebted to you for your last
ligant epistle, and it shall make a
vanity *of my composition*, to retain
spondence through life. It was
your introducing the name of Miss
a time when she was in such ill
d I am sure it will grieve your gen
o hear of her being in the last stage
nption. Alas! that so much beauty,
and virtue, should be ripe in the
e was the smile of cheerfulness—of
not of allurement; and her elegance
corresponded with the purity and
f her mind.

n your friendly muse? I am sure
claim her affection for you, and that
many of her favours in your power-
h I have not seen. I weary much
n you. I beseech you, do not forget

sincerely hope all your concerns in
, and that your roof-tree enjoys the
good health. All your friends here
among whom, *and not the least*, is
intimate, Cleghorn. As for myself,
so far as . . . . . will
r but with these I am happy.

meet with my very agreeable
me, give him for me a hearty
d God bless him.
robability of your being soon

No. XCIX.

TO DR MOORE.

Dumfries, Excise-Office, 14th July, 1790.

SIR,

Coming into town this morning, to attend my duty in this office, it being collection-day, I met with a gentleman who tells me he is on his way to London; so I take the opportunity of writing to you, as franking is at present under a temporary death. I shall have some snatches of leisure through the day, amid our horrid business and bustle, and I shall improve them as well as I can; but let my letter be as stupid as . . . . . as misrevisionus as a newspaper, as short as a hungry grace-before-meat, or as long as a law-paper in the Dingwalls-cause; as ill-spelt as country John's billet-doux, or as roughly a scrawl as Betty Byre-mucker's answer to it; I hope, considering circumstances, you will forgive it; and as it will put you to no expense of postage, I shall have the less reflection about it.

I am sadly ungrateful in not returning you my thanks for your most valuable present, *Zeluco*. In fact, you are in some degree blameable for my neglect. You were pleased to express a wish for my opinion of the work, which so flattered me, that nothing less would serve my overweening fancy, than a formal criticism on the book. In fact, I have greatly planned a comparative view of you, Fielding, Richardson, and Smollet, in your different qualities and merits as novel-writers. This, I own, betrays my ridiculous vanity, and I may probably never bring the business to bear; but I am fond of the spirit young Elihu shows in the book of Job—"And I said, I will also declare my opinion." I have quite dishgured my copy of the book with my annotations. I never take it up, without at the same time taking my pencil, and marking with asterisks, parentheses, &c. wherever I meet with an original thought, a nervous remark on life and manners, a remarkably well turned period, or a character sketched with uncommon precision.

Though I shall hardly think of fairly writing out my "Comparative View," I shall certainly trouble you with my remarks, such as they are. I have just received from my gentleman, that horrid summons in the book of Revelations—"That time shall be no more!"

The little collection of sonnets have some charming poetry in them. If indeed I am indebted to the fair author for the book, and not, as I rather suspect, to a celebrated author of the other sex, I should certainly have written to the lady, with my grateful acknowledgments, and my own ideas of the comparative excellence of her pieces. I would do this lest, not from any vanity of thinking that my remarks could be of much consequence to Smith, but merely from my own feelings as author, doing as I would be done by.

---

nent; as I pay it from ...
its truth—a quality rather rare in com-
ts of these grumning, bowing, scraping

l, I hope writing to you, will ease a
ny troubled soul. Surely has it been
d to-day! A ci-devant friend of mine,
n intimate acquaintance of mine, has
my feelings a wound that I perceive will
rse dangerously ere it cure. He has
ded my pride!

No. C.

TO MR CUNNINGHAM.

Ellisland, 8th August, 1790.

rgive me, my once dear, and ever dear
iend, my seeming negligence. You cannot
t down, and fancy the busy life I lead.
I laid down my goose feather to beat my
rains for an apt simile, and had some thoughts
f a country grammar at a family christening;
a bride on the market day before her marriage;
. . . . . .
a tavern-keeper at an election dinner, &c. &c.
— but the resemblance that hits my fancy best
is, that blackguard miscreant, Satan, who
roams about like a roaring lion, seeking,
... he may devour. However,
... and who

His fortune, relations, ...
With love of the Muses so strongly still ...
ten,
I meant this epistle in verse to have written;
But from age and infirmity, indolence flows,
And this, much I fear, will restore me so
prose.
Anon to my business I wish to proceed,
Dr Anderson guides and provokes me to speed
A man of integrity, genius, and worth,
Who soon a performance intends to set forth
A work miscellaneous, extensive, and free,
Which will weekly appear, by the name of
Bee.
Of this from himself I inclose you a plan,
And hope you will give what assistance
can.
Entangled with business, and haunted
care,
In which more or less human nature
share,
Some moments of leisure the Muses
claim,
A sacrifice due to amusement and fame.
The Bee, which sucks honey from ev'
bloom,
With some rays of your genius her work
illume,
Whilst the flower whence her honey
neously flows,
As fragrantly smells, and as vig'rously
Now with kind gratulations 'tis time
clude,
And add, your promotion is here under
the servile employ

No. CII.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER

FROM MR CUNNINGHAM.

Edinburgh, 14th October, 1790.

tely received a letter from our friend —,—what a charming fellow lost to ty—born to great expectations—with su- e abilities, a pure heart and untainted n, his fate in life has been hard indeed— I am persuaded he is happy; not like the st, the gay Lotharie, but in the simplicity ral enjoyment, unmixed with regret at the mbrances of "the days of other years." ow Mr Dunbar put, under the cover of newspaper, Mr Wood's Poem on Thom-

This poem has suggested an idea to me h you alone are capable to execute;—a adapted to each season of the year. The is difficult, but the theme is charming; d you succeed, I will undertake to get music worthy of the subject. What a field for your imagination, and who is alive can draw so many beauties from re and pastoral imagery as yourself? It r the way, surprising that there does not ng for as I know, *a proper song* for each n. We have songs on hunting, fishing, ng, and one autumnal song, *Hervest* . As your muse is neither spavied nor , you may mount the hill of Parnassus, return with a sonnet in your pocket for season. For my suggestions, if I be correct me; if impertinent, chastise me; sumning, despise me. But if you blend y weaknesses, and pound out one grain ancerity, then am I not thy

Faithful friend, *&c.*

No. CIII.

TO MRS DUNLOP.

November, 1790.

cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good from a far country."

e has long owed me a letter of good news you, in return for the many tidings of r which I have received. In this in-

I most cordially obey the apostle— oice with them that do rejoice"—for no for joy is no new thing; but *to preach* , as I have done in the commencement epistle, is a pitch of extravagant rapture ch I never rose before.

ad your letter—*I literally jumped for How could such a mercurial creature as a implishly keep his seat on the receipt ot news from his best friend.* I seized *headed Wangoe rod*, an instrument *thly necessary, in my left hand, in ut of inspiration and rapture; and te—quick and quicker*—out skipt I *tail. To keep within the bounds e impossible.* Mrs Little's is a more elegant, but not a more sincere compliment to the sweet little fellow than I, extempore almost, poured out to him in the following verses. See the poem—*On the Birth of a Posthumous Child.*

I am much flattered by your approbation of my *Tam o' Shanter*, which you express in your former letter, though, by the bye, you lead me in that said letter with accusations heavy and many; to all which I plead not *guilty*? Your book is, I hear, on the road to reach me. As to printing of poetry, when you prepare it for the press, you have only to spell it right, and place the capital letters properly; as to the punctuation, the printers do that themselves.

I have a copy of *Tam o' Shanter* ready to send you by the first opportunity: it is too heavy to send by post.

I heard of Mr Corbet lately. He, in consequence of your recommendation, is most zealous to serve me. Please favour me soon with an account of your good folks; if Mrs H. is recovering, and the young gentleman doing well.

No. CIV.

TO MR CUNNINGHAM.

Ellisland, 23d *January*, 1791.

Many happy returns of the season to you, my *dear friend*! As many of the good things of this life, as is consistent with the usual mixture of good and evil in the cup of being!

I have just finished a poem, which you will receive inclosed. It is my first essay in the way of tales.

I have, these several months, been hammering at an elegy on the amiable and accomplished Miss Burnet. I have got, and can get, no farther than the following fragment, on which, please give me your strictures. In all kinds of poetic composition, I set great store by your opinion; but in sentimental verses, in the poetry of the heart, no Roman Catholic ever set more value on the infallibility of the Holy Father than I do on yours.

I mean the introductory couplets as that verses.

ELEGY

ON THE LATE MISS BURNET OF MONBODDO.

Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize,
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies;
Nor envious death so triumph'd in a blow,
As that which laid the accomplished Burnet low.

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget;
In richest urn the brightest jewel set!
In thee, high Heaven above was truest shown
As by his noblest work the Godhead low known.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye F
Thou crystal streamlet, with thy shore;

spheres;
But like the sun eclipsed at morning tide,
Thou lett'st us darkling in a world of tears.

Let me hear from you soon. Adieu!

No. CV.

TO MR PETER HILL.

17th January, 1791.

Take these two guineas, and place them over against that ——— account of yours, which has gagged my mouth these five or six months! I can as little write good things as apologies to the man I owe money to. O the supreme curse of making three guineas do the business of five! Not all the labours of Hercules; not all the Hebrews' three centuries of Egyptian bondage were such an insuperable business, such an ——— task!! Poverty! thou half-sister of death, thou cousin-german of hell! where shall I find force of execration equal to the amplitude of thy demerits? Oppressed by thee, the venerable ancient, grown hoary in the practice of every virtue, laden with years and wretchedness, implores a little-little aid to support his existence, from a stony-hearted son of Mammon, whose sun of prosperity never knew a cloud; and is by him denied and insulted. Oppressed by thee, the man of sentiment, whose heart glows with independence,

Well, divines m
please, but execrati
phlebotomy is to the
both are wonderfully
tive evacuations.

No.

FROM A. F.

Edinbur

DEAR SIR,

Mr Hill yesterday pu
of *Grose's Antiquiti*
yours, entitled *Tam*
very high pleasure I
perusal of this admira
the warmest acknowl
he is to send off a pa
cannot resist therefore
I must have told yo
with you after the rec
which is, that I feel
if undischarged, wou
gratitude. I have sel
higher enjoyment fro
than I have received
and I am much mista
had you never written
not have been suffici
your name down to p
tation. In the intro

, after the two following lines, o' horrible and awfu', "&c. the de- t might perhaps have been better s the four lines which succeed, gh good in themselves, yet as they eir merit from the satire they con- e rather misplaced among the cir- of pure horror.* The imitation which is most happily described— f her charms, exhibited in the Satan himself.. the apostrophe— thought thy reverend grannie!"— of Tam, who forgets his situation, completely into the spirit of the ll features of high merit, in this position. The only fault it possesses the winding up, or conclusion is not commensurate to the inter- s excited by the descriptive and e painting of the preceding parts. ration is fine, but the result is not But for this, perhaps, you have a y—you stick to the popular tale. that I have got out my mind, and relieved of the weight of that debt let me end this desultory scroll by -You have proved your talent for composition, in which but a very wn poets have succeeded—Go on re tales in the same style; you Prior and La Fontaine; for, with qual power of numbers, and equal pre-sion, you have a bolder, and ne imagination.

, dear Sir, with much esteem,

Yours, &c.

No. CVII.

A. F. TYTLER, ESQ.

s than the unfortunate accident I rith, could have prevented my nowledgments for your letter. His te poem, and that an essay in a muses entirely new in him, where his hopes and fears were in the alarm for his success in the ar- ave that poem so much applauded first judges, was the most deteri- that ever trilled along the heari- poor poet. However, providence, he proper proportion of evil with ich it seems is necessary in this ste, thought proper to check my y a very serious misfortune. A after I received your letter, my lown with me, and broke my right is is the first service my arm has e *its disaster, I find myself* unable *as just in general terms* to thank *ditional instance of your patron- ship. As to the faults you piece, they are truly there: one it at the lawyer and priest, I s to the falling off in the catas-*

trophe, for the reason you justly adduce, it cannot easily be remedied. Your approbation, sir, has given me such additional spirits to persevere in this species of poetic composition, that I am already resolving two or three stories in my fancy. If I can bring these floating ideas to bear any kind of embodied form, it will give me an additional opportunity of assuring you how much I have the honour to be, &c.

No. CVIII.

TO MRS DUNLOP.

Ellisland, 7th February, 1791.

When I tell you, madam, that by a fall, not from my horse, but with my horse, I have been a cripple some time, and that this is the first day my arm and hand have been able to serve me in writing; you will allow that it is too good an apology for my seemingly ungrateful silence. I am now getting better, and am able to rhyme a little, which implies some tolerable ease: as I cannot think that the most poetic genius is able to compose on the rack.

I do not remember if ever I mentioned to you my having an idea of composing an elegy on the late Miss Burnet of Monboddo. I find the honour of being pretty well acquainted with her, and have seldom felt so much at the loss of an acquaintance, as when I heard that so amiable and accomplished a piece of God's works was no more. I have as yet gone no further than the following fragment, of which please let me have your opinion. You know that elegy is a subject so much exhausted, that any new idea on the business is not to be expected; 'tis well if we can place an old idea in a new light. How far I have succeeded as to this last, you will judge from what follows: ...

(*Here follows the Elegy, &c. adding this verse.*)

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care!
So deck'd the woodbine sweet you aged tree,
So from it ravaged, leaves it bleak and bare.

I have proceeded no further.

Your kind letter, with your kind remembrance of your godson, came safe. This last, madam, is scarcely what my pride can bear. As to the little fellow, he is, partiality apart, the finest boy I have of a long time seen. He is now seventeen months old, has the small-pox and measles over, has cut several teeth, and yet never had a grain of Costor's drags in his bowels.

I am truly happy to hear that the "little flowers" is blooming so fresh and fair, and that the "mother plant" is rather recovering her drooping head. "Soon and well may her wounds" be healed! I have written this with a good deal of difficulty. When I little abler you shall hear farther from.

Madam, yours

Bred by Mr Tytler's criticism, four lines accordingly.

ladyship's elegant present by Mrs Miller, from returning you my warmest and most grateful acknowledgments. I assure your ladyship, I shall set it apart; the symbols of religion shall only be more sacred. In the moment of poetic composition, the box shall be my inspiring genius. When I would breathe the comprehensive wish of benevolence for the happiness of others, I shall recollect your ladyship; when I would interest my fancy in the distresses incident to humanity, I shall remember the unfortunate Mary.

No. CX.

MRS GRAHAM OF FINTRY.

MADAM,

Whether it is that the story of our Mary Queen of Scots, has a peculiar effect on the feelings of a poet, or whether I have, in the inclosed ballad, succeeded beyond my usual poetic success, I know not: but it has pleased me beyond any effort of my muse for a good while past; on that account I inclose it particularly to you. It is true, the purity of my motives may be suspected. I am already deeply indebted to Mr G——'s goodness; and, what *in the usual ways of men*, is of infinitely greater importance, Mr G——

[illegible] of a few miniberts [illegible]
which I have got from th
poet.

But the design I have in v
you, is, not merely to inform
it is to solicit the aid of your
support of the scheme. T
Bruce is already high with
classical taste, and I shall be
against tarnishing his chara
any new poems to appear th
For this purpose, the MSS. I
of, have been submitted to the
whose critical talents I can
mean still to submit them to c

May I beg to know, there
take the trouble of perusing
giving your opinion, and sugg
ishments, alterations, or am
to you as advisable? And w
to let it be known, that a few
be added to the volume?

I know the extent of this
hold to make it. But I have t
that though you see it proper
will not blame me for having
will see my apology in the *mot*

May I just add, that Michae
in whose company, from his p
you would not, I am convinc
found; and as I would subm
his that should now be publishe
criticisms, you would be assure
derogatory either to him or you
mitted in that appearance he

all have the pleasure of sending it to

No. CXII.

TO THE REV. G. BAIRD,

ANSWER TO THE FORGOING.

you, my dear sir, write to me in such ing style, the of poor Ilion's I and have fels, ills, the peculiar ills that poetic flesh T You shall have your choice of all blished poems I have; and had your f my direction so as to have reached e (it only came to my hand this mo- should have directly put you out of on the subject. I only ask, that ntatory advertisement, in the book, as he subscription bills, may bear, that tination is solely for the benefit of mother. I would not put it in the ignorance to surmise, or malice to e, that I clubbed a share in the work cenary motives. Nor need you give it for any remarkable generosity in my the business. I have such a host of loss, failings, foilies, and backslidings ly but myself might perhaps give some a worse appellation), that by way of lance, however trifling, to the account, to to do any good that occurs in my ited power to a fellow-creature, just within purpose of clearing a little the retrospection.

No. CXIII.

TO DR MOORE.

Ellisland, 28th *February*, 1791.

I know, sir, whether you are a sub- to *Grose's Antiquities of Scotland*. If , the inclosed poem will not be allogo- w to you. Captain Grose did me the to send me a dozen copies of the proof- of which this is one. Should you in e place before, still this will answer neipal end I have view: it will give other opportunity thanking you for r goodness to the rustic lord; and also wing you, that the abilities you lessed to commend and patronize ployed in the way you wish.

Elie y on Captain *Henderson*, a tribute memory of a loved much. Poets n this the advantage Roman *ley they can be of service to their after they have past that bourne where r kindness ceases to be of any* , after all, either the one or the other real service to the dead, is, fear, *mation*; but I am sure they *tifying to the living*; and as a very *ex*, I forget where in Scripture, *hatsoever is not of faith, is sin*; *hatsoever is not detrimental to so-*

ciety, and of positive, very, great, is of the greatest and most that ought received and enjoyed by his creatures thankful delight. As religious tenets originate from my fully pleased sides, keep up a tender with the beloved friend, still dearly mistress, who is gone to rest

The ballad on Queen Mary gone while I am busy with *Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. By the honest heart, high hat of nion prejudice, obliged to your glorious story of Buchanan and The was requisite proof of your loyal of giving Targe the victory. mortified to the ground it you had

have just read many times, your *Zi*. marked in my pen- as I went along, passage that particular the rest, ink, ich with humble disposed unequal of the be have ever thought be the these marked passages, not where they are, and send them to you. Original strokes that ly depict the human ing's province, beyond any other have ever perused. Richardson might perhaps excepted; but, unhappily, his *domestic persons* are beings of some other world: and however they may captivate unexperienced, fancy of be girl, they will in proportion have made human ripen minds.

As my private concerns, going on, mighty tax-gatherer Lord, and have lately had the ge myself ras- on the list of excise supernumerary I am not yet employed such, but in a few year I shall fall into the file of supervisorship or ority. I have had the death of the Earl of Glencairn; he patron whom all my fame good. Independent of my fal he- him, which was indeed pervaded my very soul, and with the threat of my chatteres he prince's friends get (and day, you know, has his day), my getting in the excise would have sons than otherwise it will be. Though this was a consummation devoutly to be wished, yet, thank Heaven, I can live and rhyme as I am; and as to my boys, poor little fellows! if I cannot place them on as high an elevation in life as I could wish, I shall, if I am favoured so much of the Disposer of events as to see that period, fix them on as broad and independent a basis as possible. Among the many wise adages which have been treasured up by our Scottish ancestors, this is one of the best, *Better be the head of the commonality, as the o' the gentry.*

But I am got subject which, how interesting to a of a manner of consequence to you; so I shall give you a poem on the other page, and close with assuring you how sincerely I have the to be, yours, &c.

ing as to transmit it to me, with the printed verses on *Alloway Church*, the *Elegy on Capt. Henderson*, and the *Epitaph*. There are many poetical beauties in the former: what I particularly admire are the three striking similes from

"Or like the snow falls in the river,"

and the eight lines which begin with

"By this time he was cross the ford;"

so exquisitely expressive of the superstitious impress of one of the country. And the twenty-two lines from

"Coffins stood round like open presses,"

which, in my opinion, are equal to the ingredients of Shakspeare's cauldron in *Macbeth*.

As for the *Elegy*, the chief merit of it consists in the very graphical description of the objects belonging to the country in which the poet writes, and which none but a Scottish poet could have described, and none but a real poet, and a close observer of Nature, could have so described.

There is something original, and to me wonderfully pleasing, in the *Epitaph*.

I remember you once hinted before, what you repeat in your last, that you had made some remarks on *Zeluco*, on the margin. I should be very glad to see them, [illegible]

[illegible] number of my letters; [illegible] line but on business; and [illegible] should have scribbled all [illegible] the business part, that is, [illegible] new publication; and to see [illegible] think you have a sufficient [illegible] volume, you should set you[illegible] subscriptions. I wish I [illegible] hours' conversation with [illegible] things to say which I cann[illegible] go to Scotland, I will let y[illegible] may meet me at your own [illegible] Mrs Hamilton's, or both.

Adieu,

No. CX[illegible]

TO THE REV. ARC[illegible]

Ellisland, near Dumfrie[illegible]

SIR,

You must, by this time, have [illegible] one of the most ungrateful of [illegible] the honour to present me [illegible] does honour to science and [illegible] powers of man, and I have [illegible] as acknowledged the receipt [illegible] you yourself are to blame for [illegible] was by your telling me that y[illegible] my opinion of the work, the [illegible]

he plough. I never read a book
me such a quantum of information,
o much to my stock of ideas as
on the Principles of Taste."
le, you must forgive my mention-
nonsense merit in the work, I mean
s. To excite abstract philosophy
of style, sounds something like a
in terms; but you have convinced
are quite compatible.
you some po-tie bagatelles of my
tion. The one in print is my first
way of telling a tale.

I am, Sir, &c.

No. CXVI.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER

TO MR CUNNINGHAM.

12th March, 1791.

ing piece be worth your strictures,
them. For my own part, a thing
r just composed, always appears
able portion of that partial medium
n author will ever view his own
believe, in general, novelty has
n it that inebriates the fancy, and
ently dissipates and fumes away like
ration, and leaves the poor patient,
ith an aching heart. A striking in-
ce might be adduced, in the revolu-
r a hymeneal honeymoon. But lest
ruspic prose, and so sacrilegiously
he office of my parish priest, I shall
ege in my own way, and give you
ng of my late composition, which
, perhaps, in Johnson's work, as
former.

t know a beautiful Jacobite air,
ver be peace till Jamie comes hame.
ical combustion ceases to be the ob-
ces and patriots, it then, you know,
e lawful prey of historians and

lie wa', at the close of the day,
man sing, though his head it was
:
was singing, the tears fast down
:—
ver be peace till Jamie comes hame.

is in ruins, the state is in jars,
oppressions, and murderous wars:
weel say't, but we ken wha's to
e—
ver be peace till Jamie comes hame.

raw sons for Jamie drew sword,
greet round their green beds in the
:
e sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld
—
r be peace till Jamie comes hame.

burden that bows me down,
hairs, and be tint his crown;
ast moment my words are the
r peace till Jamie comes hame.

If you like the air, and if the stanzas fit your fancy, your candid opinion, my dear friend, how much you would oblige me, if, by the charms of your delightful voice, you would give my honest effusion to "the memory of joys that are past." to the few friends whom you indulge in that pleasure. But I have scribbled on till I hear the clock has intimated the near approach of

"That hour o' night's black arch the key-stone,—"

So good-night to you! Sound be your sleep and delectable your dreams! Apropos, how do you like this thought in a ballad, I have just now on the tap?

I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
For far in the west is he I lo'e best,
The lad that is dear to my baby and me!

Good night, once more, and God bless you!

No. CXVII.

TO MRS DUNLOP.

Ellisland, 11*th April*, 1791.

I am once more able, my honoured friend, to return you, with my own hand, thanks for the many instances of your friendship, and particularly for your kind anxiety in this last disaster that my evil genius had in store for me. However, life is chequered—joy and sorrow—for on Saturday morning last, Mrs Burns made me a present of a fine boy; rather stouter but not so handsome as your godson was at his time of life. Indeed I look on your little namesake to be my *chef d'œuvre* in that species of manufacture, as I look on *Tam o' Shanter* to be my standard performance in the poetical line. 'Tis true, both the one and the other discover a spice of roguish waggery, that might, perhaps, be as well spared; but then they all so show, in my opinion, a force of genius, and a finishing polish, that I despair of ever excelling. Mrs Burns is getting stout again, and laid as lustily about her to-day at breakfast, as a reaper from the corn-ridge. That is the peculiar privilege and blessing of our hale, sprightly damsels, that are bred among the *hay and heather*. We cannot hope for that highly polished mind, that charming delicacy of soul, which is found among the female world in the more elevated stations of life, and which is certainly by far the most bewitching charm in the famous cestus of Venus. It is indeed such an inestimable treasure, that where it can be had in its native heavenly purity, unstained by some one or other of the manly shades of affectation, and unalloyed by some one or other of the many species of caprice, I declare to Heaven, I should think it cheaply purchased at the expense of every other earthly good! But as this angelic creature is, I am afraid, extremely rare in any station and rank of life, and totally denied to such a lump one as mine; we meaner mortals must put with the next rank of female excellence—a fair figure and face we can procure as any of life whatever; rustic, native grace

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No. CXVIII.

TO MR CUNNINGHAM.

11th June, 1791.

Let me interest you, my dear Cunningham, in behalf of the gentleman who waits on you with this. He is a Mr Clarke of Moffat, principal schoolmaster there, and is at present suffering severely under the . . . . . of one or two powerful individuals of his employers. He is accused of harshness to . . . . . that were placed under his care. God help the teacher, if a man of sensibility and genius, and such is my friend Clarke, when a busby father presents him with his busby son, and insists on lighting up the rays of science, in a fellow's head, whose skull is impervious and inaccessible by any other way than a positive fracture with a cudgel: a fellow whom, in fact, it endeavours of impiety to attempt making a scholar of, as he has been marked a blockhead in the book of fate, at the almighty fiat of his Creator.

The patrons of Moffat school are, the ministers, magistrates, and town-council of Edinburgh, and as the business comes now before them, let me beg my dearest friend to do every thing in his power to serve the interests of a man of genius and worth, and a man whom I

you. And sin
the paths of
interest to hi
put it on my p
of myself, to
errors. I do
I may sin, but
sinning.

To return in
just I set out
friend, Mr Cla
good offices; hi
and his gratit
long much to h

FROM TH

Dryber
Lord Buchan
Burns to make
bust of Thomson
of September; f
may inspire an
Suppose Mr Bur
go across the bou
the nearest poin
dering along the
pure parent stre
devious walk, till

the honour you have done me in inviting me to make one at the coronation of the bust of Thomson. In my first enthusiasm on reading the card you did me the honour to write me, I overlooked every obstacle, and determined to go: but I fear it will not be in my power. A week or two's absence, in the very middle of my harvest, is what, I much doubt, I dare not venture on.

Your lordship hints at an ode for the occasion: but who would write after Collins? I read over his verses to the memory of Thomson, and despaired.—I got indeed to the length of three or four stanzas, in the way of address to the shade of the bard, on crowning his bust. I shall trouble your lordship with the subjoined copy of them, which, I am afraid, will be but too convincing a proof how unequal I am to the task. However, it affords me an opportunity of approaching your lordship, and declaring how sincerely and gratefully I have the honour to be, &c.

No. CXXI.

FROM THE SAME.

Dryburgh Abbey, 18*th September*, 1791.

SIR,

Your address to the shade of Thomson has been well received by the public: and though I should disapprove of your allowing Pegasus to ride with you off the field of your honourable and useful profession, yet I cannot resist an impulse which I feel at this moment to suggest to your muse, *Harvest Home*, as an excellent subject for her grateful song, in which the peculiar aspect and manners of our country might furnish an excellent portrait and landscape of Scotland, for the employment of happy moments of leisure and recess, from your more important occupations.

Your *Hallowe'en*, and *Saturday Night*, will remain to distant posterity as interesting pictures of rural innocence and happiness in your native country, and were happily written in the dialect of the people; but *Harvest Home* being suited to descriptive poetry, except where colloquial, may escape the disguise of a dialect which admits of no elegance or dignity of expression. Without the assistance of any god or goddess, and without the invocation of any foreign muse, you may convey in epistolary form the description of a scene so gladdening and picturesque, with all the concomitant local position, landscape, and costume; contrasting the peace, improvement, and happiness of the borders of the once hostile nations of Britain, with their former oppression and misery, and showing, in lively and beautiful colours, the beauties and joys of a rural life. And as the invitiated heart is naturally disposed to overflow in gratitude in the moment of prosperity, such a subject would furnish you with an amiable opportunity of perpetuating the names of Glencairn, Miller, and your other eminent benefactors; which, from what I know of your spirit, and have seen of your poems and letters, will not deviate from the chastity of praise, that is so uniformly to true taste and genius.

I am, Sir, &c.

No. CXXII.

TO LADY E. CUNNINGHAM

MY LADY,

I would, as usual, have availed myself privilege your goodness has allowed sending you any thing I suppose in my real way; but as I had resolved, so soon shock of my irreparable loss would allo to pay a tribute to my late benefactor, mised to make that the first piece I sho myself the honour of sending you. I wing of my fancy been equal to the ar my heart, the inclosed had been much worthy your perusal; as it is, I beg l lay it at your ladyship's feet. As world knows my obligations to the late Glencairn, I would wish to show as that my heart glows, and shall ever with the most grateful sense and remem of his lordship's goodness. The sadd myself the honour to wear to his lor memory, were not the "mockery of Nor shall my gratitude perish with m among my children, I shall have a s has a heart, he shall hand it down to h as a family honour, and a family debt, t dearest existence I owe to the noble h Glencairn!

I was about to say, my lady, that think the poem may venture to see the l would, in some way or other, give it world.*

No. CXXIII.

TO MR AINSLIE.

MY DEAR AINSLIE,

Can you minister to a mind diseased? you, amid the horrors of penitence, remorse, head ache, nausea, and all t of the —— hounds of hell, that beset wretch, who has been guilty of the drunkenness — can you speak peace troubled soul?

Miserable pacts that I am, I have trie thing that used to amuse me, but in vain must I sit a monument of the vengean up in store for the wicked, slowly c every crack of the clock as it slowly numbers over these lazy scoundrels who, —— them, are ranked up before one at his neighbour's backsides, one with a burthen of anguish on pour on my devoted head—and the pity me. My wife scolds me!

---

* The poem inclosed, is 7 James, Earl of Glencairn.

as we call it, for a supervisor, and will be call-
ed out by and bye to act one; but at present,
I am a simple gauger, tho' t'other day I got
an appointment to an excise division of L.25
per ann. better than the rest. My present in-
come, down money, is L.70 per ann.

I have one or two good fellows here whom
you would be glad to know.

No. CXXIV.

FROM SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD.

Near Maybole, 16th October, 1791.

SIR,

Accept of my thanks for your favour with the *Lament* on the death of my much esteemed friend, and your worthy patron, the perusal of which pleased and affected me much. The lines addressed to me are very flattering.

I have always thought it most natural to suppose, (and a strong argument in favour of a future existence), that when we see an honourable and virtuous man labouring under bodily infirmities, and oppressed by the frowns of fortune in this world, that there was a happier state beyond the grave; where that worth and honour which were neglected here, would meet with their just reward, and where temporal misfortunes would receive an eternal recompense. Let us cherish this hope for our departed friend; and moderate our grief for that loss we have sustained; knowing that he cannot return to us, but we may go to him.

Remember me to your wife, and with every good wish for the prosperity of you and [illegible]

[illegible] and on [illegible]
have taken up is the best ad
nalian composition of any I
and you have done it full ju
place, the strokes of wit a
the subject, and are uncom
example,—

"The Lands grew the tigl
were wet."

"Cynthia hinted she'd
more."

"Tho' Fate said a hero sho
So up rose bright Flor
the knight."

In the next place, you are s
the discrimination of your be
each the sentiments and lan
his character. And, lastly,
merit in the delicacy of the
you have contrived to thro
dramatis personæ, perfectly
character. The compliment
blunt soldier, is peculiarly fi
composition, in my opinion
honour, and I see not a line
which I could wish to be alt

As to *The Lament*, I sa
expressions in your letter to
more doubtful with respect
this piece than of the other,
you have reason; for altho
some beautiful stanzas, as the
blew hollow," &c. the fifth
birds;" the thirteenth, "A
voice," &c. yet it appears t
whole, and inferior to seve

dam, my opinion of both
have made a very ill re-
nent you paid me, if I had
than my genuine senti-

nat pleasure to hear from
deavs, and I beg you will
r sis, yours, &c.

CXXVI.

SS DAVIES.

adam, that the generous
purity of your youthful
ideas of that moral disease
opply most rank as the
ma a turpitude of the moral
called, a lethargy of con-
sciences roars her harvest
her snakes; beneath the
leaden hand of indolence,
hermed into the torpor of
ost the rigours of winter
ined wall. Nothing less,
made me so long neglect
mands. Indeed I had one
ife was not worth present-
rongly am I interested in
nd welfare in the serious
l its chances and changes,
subject of a silly ballad,
ory of these ardent feel-
pertinent just to a dying

I why this disparity be-
nd our powers? Why is
ish to make others blest,
ctual—as the idle breeze
less desert? In my walks
ith a few people to whom
have said—"Go, be hap-
your hearts have been
n of the proud, whom ne-
ve you—or worse still, in
hape, placed many of the

But there! sacred that
and look justly down on
ral. Make the worthless
ndignation, and the fool-
ontempt; and largely im-
to others, which, I am
rselves so much pleasure

, must I wake from this
nd find it all a dream?
erous enthusiasm, must I
powerless, incapable of
the eye of pity, or of ad-
the friend I love!—Out
r I, that its affairs are ad-
ney talk of reform!—good
arm would I make among
the daughters of men!—
, should go fools from the
misbegotten chance has
through life should they
by their native insignifi-
marches accompanied by
much more formidable
at a loss what to do with

them. Had I a world, there should not be a knave in it.

But the hand that could give I would lavishly fill; and I would pour delight on the heart that could kindly forgive, and generously love.

Still the inequalities of this life are, among men, comparatively tolerable—but there is a delicacy, a tenderness, accompanying every view in which we can place lovely Woman, that are grated and shocked at the rude, capricious distinctions of fortune. Women in the blood-royal of life: let there be aught degrees of precedency among them—but let them be all sacred. Whether this last sentiment be right or wrong, I am not accountable; it is an original component feature of my mind.

No. CXXVII.

TO MRS DUNLOP.

Ellisland, 17th *December*, 1788.

Many thanks to you, madam, for your good news respecting the little flowret and the mother-plant. I hope my poetic prayers have been heard, and will be answered up to the warmest sincerity of their fullest extent; and then Mrs Henri will find her little darling the representative of his late parent, in every thing but his abridged existence.

I have just finished the following song, which, to a lady the descendant of Wallace, and many heroes of his truly illustrious line, and herself the mother of several soldiers, needs neither preface nor apology.

Scene,—*A field of battle—time of the day, evening—the wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following*

SONG OF DEATH.

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
Now gay with the broad setting sun;
Farewell, love and friendships, ye dear, tender ties,
Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go frighten the coward and slave;
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the poor peasant—he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves a'en the wreck of a name:
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In the field of proud honour—our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save—
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O, who would not die with the brave!

No. CXXVIII.

TO MRS DUNLOP.

5th January, 1792.

You see my hurried life, madam; I can only command starts of time; however, I am glad of one thing; since I finished the other sheet, the political blast that threatened my welfare is overblown. I have corresponded with Commissioner Graham, for the Board had made me the subject of their animadversions; and now I have the pleasure of informing you, that all is set to rights in that quarter. Now, as to these informers, may the devil be let loose to —— but hold! I was praying most fervently in my last sheet, and I must not so soon fall a swearing in this.

Alas! how little do the wantonly or idly officious think what mischief they do by their malicious insinuations, indirect impertinence, or thoughtless blabbings. What a difference there is in intrinsic worth, candour, benevolence, generosity, kindness—in all the charities, and all the virtues; between one class of human beings and another. For instance, the amiable circle I so lately mixed with in the hospitable hall of D——, their generous hearts—their uncontaminated, dignified minds—their informed and polished understandings—what a contrast, when compared—if such comparing were not downright sacrilege—with the soul of the miscreant who can deliberately plot the destruction of an honest man that never offended him, and with a grin of satisfaction see the unfortunate being, his faithful wife, and prattling innocents, turned over to beggary and ru n!

industrious to place staring
cipled knaves in the foregrou
white men of sense and hon
thrown in the dimmest shad
who will take this letter to
send it to you, is a character
own way, as a naturalist a
would be an acquisition to y
The lady too is a votary of t
I think myself somewhat of
trade, I assure you that
correct, and often elegant,
the common run of the lady-
She is a great admirer of yo
ing me say that I was acq
she begged to be known to y
going to pay her first visit
capital. I told her that her
desire her near relation,
friend, Craigdarroch, to ha
while she was there; and le
of a lively West Indian gi
girls of eighteen too often de
of, I should take care to rem
To be impartial, however,
lady's merits, she has one
failing which you will easil
seems rather pleased with it
a failing that you will as ea
a sin which very much
where she dislikes or deep
make no more a secret of it
esteems and respects.

I will not present you w
compliments of the season, b
my warmest wishes and mo
that fortune may never thro
to the mercy of a knave, or
on the judgment of a fool,

ed, round-headed slave indebted to thy supereminent goodness, that from the luminous path of thy own right-lined rectitude, thou lookest benignly down on an erring wretch, of whom the zig zag wanderings defy all the powers of calculation, from the simple copulation of units, up to the hidden mysteries of fluxions! May one feeble ray of that light of wisdom which darts from thy sensorium, straight as the arrow of heaven, and bright as the meteor of inspiration, may it be my portion, so that I may be his sawcrity of the face and favour of that father of proverbs and master of maxims, that antipode of folly, and magnet among the sages, the wise and witty Willie Nicol! Amen! Amen! Yea, so be it!

For me! I am a beast, a reptile, and know nothing! From the cave of my ignorance, amid the fogs of my dulness, and pestilential fumes of my political heresies I look up to thee, as doth a toad through the iron-barred incense of a pestiferous dungeon, to the cloudless glory of a summer sun! Sorely sighing in bitterness of soul, I say, when shall my name be the quotation of the wise, and my countenance be the delight of the godly, like the illustrious lord of Leggan's many hills?* As for him, his works are perfect; never did the pen of calumny blur the fair page of his reputation, nor the bolt of hatred fly at his dwelling.

Thou mirror of purity, when shall the celine lamp of my glimmerous understanding, purged from sensual appetites and gross desires, shine like the constellation of thy intellectual powers.—As for those, thy thoughts are pure, and thy lips are holy. Never did the unhallowed breath of the powers of darkness, and the pressures of darkness, pollute the sacred flame of thy sky-descended and heaven-bound desires; never did the vapours of impurity stain the unclouded serene of thy cerulean imagination. O that like thine were the tenor of my life, like thine the tenor of my conversation! then should no friend fear for my strength, no enemy rejoice in my weakness! Then should I lie down and rise up, and none to make me afraid.—May thy pity and thy prayer be exercised for, O thou lamp of wisdom and mirror of morality! thy devoted slave.†

No. CXXXI.

TO MR CUNNINGHAM.

2d March, 1792.

Since I wrote to you the last lugubrious sheet, I have not had time to write you farther. When I say that I had not time, that, as usual, means, that the three demons, indolence, business, and ennui, have so completely shared my hours among them, as not to leave me a five minutes fragment to take up a pen in.

Thank heaven, I feel my spirits buoying upwards with the renovating year. Now I shall in good earnest take up Thomson's songs. I dare say he thinks I have used him unkindly, and I must own with too much appearance of truth. Apropos, do you know the much admired old Highland air called *The Sutor's Dochter*? It is a first-rate favourite of mine, and I have written what I reckon one of my best songs to it. I will send it to you as it was sung with great applause in some fashionable concerts by Major Robertson of Lude, who was here with his corps.

There is one commission that I must trouble you with. Lately out in manuscript, a present from a departed friend, which was me much. I have gotten one of your Highland pebbles, which I fancy would make a very decent one; and I want to cut my armorial bearing on it; will you be so obliging as inquire what will be the expense of such a box? Now! I do not know that my name is matriculated, as the heralds call it, at all; but I have invented arms for myself, so you know I shall be chief of the name; and by courtesy of Scotland, will likewise be entitled to supporters. These, however, I do not intend having on my seal. I am a bit of a herald; and shall give you, *secundum artem*, my arms. On a field, azure, a holly bush, seeded, proper, in base a shepherd's pipe and crook, all proper, wise, also proper, in chief. On a wreath of the colours, a wood-lark perching on a sprig of bay-tree, proper: for crest, two mottoes, round the top of the crest, *Wood-notes wild*. At the bottom of the shield, in the usual place, *Hafer a wee bush thou nae bind*. By the shepherd's pipe and crook I do not mean the nonsense of painters of Arcadia; but a *Stock and Horn*, and a *Club*, such as you see at the head of Allan Ramsay, in Allan's quarto edition of the *Gentle Shepherd*. By the bye, do you know Allan? He must be a man of very great genius. Why is he not more known? Has he no patrons? or do "Poverty's cold wind and crushing rain beat keen and heavy" on him? I once, and but once, got a glance of that noble edition of the noblest pastoral in the world, and dear as it was, I mean dear as to my pocket, I would have bought it; but I was told that it was printed and engraved for subscribers only. He is the *only* artist who has hit genuine pastoral costume. What, my dear Cunningham, is there in riches, that they narrow and harden the heart so? I think that were I as rich as the sun, I should be as generous as the day; but as I have no reason to imagine my soul a nobler one than any other man's, I must conclude the wealth imparts a bird-like quality to the possessor, at which the man, in his native poverty, would have revolted. What has led me to this, the idea of such merit as Sir Allan possesses, and such riches as a nabob or governor-contractor possesses, and why they do not form a mutual league. Let wealth shelter and cherish unprotected merit, and the gratitude and celebrity of that merit will richly repay it.

No. CXXXII.

TO MRS DUNLOP.

Annan Water Foot, 22d August, 17[illegible]

Do not blame me for it, madam—my own science, hackneied and weather-beaten

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* *Mr Nicol.*

† *This strain of irony was excited by a letter of Mr Nicol's, containing good advice.*

not leisure to explain,) do you know that I am almost in love with an acquaintance of yours? —Almost! said I—I am in love, sense! over head and ears, deep as the most unfathomable abyss of the boundless ocean; but the word, Love, owing to the *intermingledoms* of the good and the bad, the pure and the impure, in this world, being rather an equivocal term for expressing one's sentiments and sensations, I must do justice to the sacred purity of my attachment. Know then, that the heart-struck awe, the distant humble approach, the delight we should have in gazing upon and listening to a Messenger of Heaven, appearing in all the unspotted purity of his celestial home, among the coarse, polluted, far inferior sons of men, to deliver to them tidings that make their hearts swim in joy, and their imaginations soar in transport—such, so delighting, and so pure, were the emotions of my soul on meeting the other day with Miss L— B—, your neighbour at M———. Mr B. with Ms two daughters, accompanied by Mr H. of G. passing through Dumfries a few days ago, on their way to England, did me the honour of calling on me; on which I took my horse (though God knows I could ill spare the time), and accompanied them fourteen or fifteen miles, and dined and spent the day with them. 'Twas about nine, I think, when I left them; and riding home, I composed the following ballad, of which you will probably think you have a dear bargain, as it will cost you another groat of postage. You must know that there is an old ballad beginning with

"My bonnie Lizzie Baillie,
I'll row thee in my plaidie," &c.

So I [illegible]

[illegible] of religion is no
by making us better men, but
us happier men, that I shall
that your little god-son, and
ture that shall call me father,
them.

So ends this heterogeneous l
this wild place of the world, in
my labour of discharging a ves
Antigua.

No. CXXXIII.

TO MR CUNNING

Dumfries, 10th Sept

No! I will not attempt an apol
my hurry of business, grinding
publicans and the sinner on
wheels of the excise; making ba
drinking, and singing them;
above all, the correcting the pres
different publications; still, stil
stolen five minutes to dedicate
first of my friends and fellow
might have done, as I do at pre
an hour near "witching time of
scrawled a page or two. I mig
gratulated my friend on his m
might have thanked the Caled
for the honour they have done m
do myself justice, I intended t
both in rhyme, else I had done
now). Well, then, here is t
health! for you must know, I ha
perkin of toddy by me, just by
to keep away the meikle horned D
his [illegible]

l miseries of man on the
in the tumbling boat!—
ghost, paying thy nocturn-
f ruins of decayed gran-
thy mystic rites in the
-worn church, while the
. a cloud, on the silent,
he dead around thee; or
e bedside of the villain,
rraying on his dreaming
ful as the horrors of un-
ible as the wrath of im-
, thou spirit, but not in
come with the milder,
ne, which thou breathest
prating advocate, or the
ossip, while their tongues
gallop of clishmaclaver
me and assist a poor devil
the attempt to share half
hundred words; to fill up
while he has not got one
ollection, information, or
pen to paper for.
nence of supernatural as-
the embrace of my elbow
ure, like the bloated Sybil
tool, and like her too, la-
.—Nonsense, auspicious
, and finger-post in the
the cadaverous paths of
arly in the sightless soar-
, who, leaving Common
at his strength of pinion,
th eyeing his giddy flight;
ack into the bottom of her
r that ever she offered her
e wizard power of Theo-
thread on all the winds.
l a gloomy Heaven above,
ates to the nineteen thou-
the of mankind! and be-
and inexorable hell, ex-
jaws for the gast residue
O doctrine! comfortable
eary, wounded soul of
daughters of affliction, ye
to whom day brings no
yields no rest, be com-
ons to nineteen hundred
ration will mend in this
he experience of the poor
en affirms; and 'tis mus-
ed to one, by the dogmas
hat you will be damned
d to come!
me, Religious Nonsense is
al; so enough, and more
Only, by the bye, will
me, my dear Cunningham,
of mind has always a ten-
nd illiberalize the heart.
they may be just; nay, I
iserciful: but still your chil-
e among their fellow crea-
snuffing putrescence, and
, in short, with a conceited
tled . . . . . .
any other of your Scottish
senturies standing, display
lly mix among the many-
hanical life. I remember,
ys, I could not conceive it
lows could be a fool, or a
godly man could be a knave.—How ignorant are plough-boys!—Nay, I have since discovered that a *godly woman* may be a . . . ! —But hold—Here's t'ye again this rum is generous Antigua, so a very unfit menstruum for scandal.

Apropos, how do you like, I mean *really* like the married life? Ah, my friend! matrimony is quite a different thing from what your love-sick youths and sighing girls take it to be! But marriage, we are told, is appointed by God, and I shall never quarrel with any of his institutions. I am a husband of sober standing than you, and shall give you my ideas of the conjugal state—(*a passant*, you know I am no Latinist, is not *conjugal* derived from *jugum*, a yoke?) Well, then, the sense of good wifeship I divide into ten parts.—Good nature, one; Good sense, two; Wit, one; Personal Charms, viz. a sweet face, eloquent eyes, fine limbs, graceful carriage, (I would add a fine waist too, but that is so seldom spoilt, you know,) all these, one; as for the other qualities belonging to, or attending on, a wife, such as Fortune, Connexions, Education, (I mean education extraordinary,) Family Blood, &c. divide the two remaining degrees among them as you please; only, remember that all these minor properties must be expressed by *fractions*, for there is not any one of them, in the aforesaid scale, entitled to the dignity of an *integer*.

As for the rest of my fancies and reveries—how I lately met with Miss L——— B———, the most beautiful, elegant woman in the world—how I accompanied her and her father's family fifteen miles on their journey, out of pure devotion, to admire the loveliness of the works of God; in such an unequaled display of them—how, in galloping home at night, I made a ballad on her, of which these two stanzas make a part—

> Thou, bonnie L———, art a queen,
> Thy subjects we before thee;
> Thou, bonnie L———, art divine,
> The hearts o' men adore thee.
>
> The very Deil, he could na scath
> Whatever wad betang thee!
> He'd look into thy bonnie face
> And say, "I canna wrang thee."

—behold all these things are written in the chronicles of my imagination, and shall be read by thee, my dear friend, and by thy beloved spouse, my other dear friend, at a more convenient season.

Now to thee, and to thy before-designed *bosom*-companion, be given the precious things brought forth by the sun, and the precious things brought forth by the moon, and the benignant influences of the stars, and the living streams which flow from the fountains of life, and by the tree of life, for ever and ever! Amen!

hanging for a comforter, but finding none—a mother's feelings? too—but it is too much; he who wounded (he only can), may He heal!

I wish the former great joy of his new acquisition to his family. . . . . .

I cannot say that I give him joy of his life as a farmer. 'Tis, as a farmer paying a dear, unconscionable rent, a *cursed life!* As to a laird farming his own property; sowing his own corn in hope; and reaping it, in spite of brittle weather, in gladness; knowing that none can say unto him, "what dost thou?"—fattening his herds; shearing his flocks; rejoicing at Christmas; and begetting sons and daughters, until he be the venerated, grey-haired leader of a little tribe—'tis a heavenly life! but devil take the life of reaping the fruits that another must eat.

Well, your kind wishes will be gratified, as to seeing me when I make my Ayrshire visit. I cannot leave Mrs B—— until her nine months' race is run, which may, perhaps, be in three or four weeks. She, too, seems determined to make me the patriarchal leader of a band. However, if Heaven will be so obliging as let me have them on the proportion of three boys to one girl, I shall be so much the more pleased. I hope, if I am spared with them, to show a set of boys that will do honour to my cares and name; but I am not equal to the task of rearing girls. Besides, I am too poor; a girl should always have a fortune. Apropos, your little god-son is thriving charmingly, but is a very devil. He, though two years younger, has completely mastered his brother. Robert is indeed the mildest, gentlest creature I ever saw. He has a most surprising memory, and is

offer, except
the children
—how just
other family,
which they h
all-important
not, nor cares
looks indifer
remark, and
renes.

Alas, madan
years? What
our joys grad
night of mser
out the stars
night, and les
in the howling

I am (interru
shall soon hear

TO

Dun

I shall be in A
and if at all p
much-esteemed
visiting at Dunl

Alas, madam!
world, that we h
selves on accessi
passed half the o
life, and yet I se
of a newspaper,

"The valiant, in *himself*, what can he suffer—
Or what need he regard his *single* woes?" &c.

As I am got in the way of quotations, I shall give you another from the same piece, peculiarly, alas, too peculiarly apposite, my dear madam, to your present frame of mind:

"Who so unworthy but may proudly deck him
With his fair-weather virtue, that exults
Glad o'er the summer main? the tempest course,
The rough winds rage aloud; when from the helm
This virtue shrinks and in a corner lies,
Lamenting—Heavens! if privileged from trial,
How cheap a thing were virtue?"

I do not remember to have heard you mention Thomson's dramas. I pick up favourite quotations, and store them in my mind as ready armour, offensive or defensive, amid the struggle of this turbulent existence. Of these is one, a very favourite one, from his *Alfred*,

"Attach thee firmly to the virtuous deeds
And offices of life; to life itself,
With all its vain and transient joys, sit loose."

Probably I have quoted some of these to you formerly, as indeed when I write from the heart, I am apt to be guilty of such repetitions. The compass of the heart, in the musical style of expression, is much more bounded than that of the imagination; so the notes of the former are extremely apt to run into one another; but in return for the paucity of its compass, its few notes are much more sweet. I must still give yet another quotation, which I am almost sure I have given you before, but I cannot resist the temptation. The subject is religion—speaking of its importance to mankind, the author says,

"To this, my friend, that streaks our morning bright," &c. as in p. 133.

I see you are in for double postage, so I shall o'en scribble out t'other sheet. We in this country here have many alarms of the reforming, or rather the republican spirit, of your part of the kingdom. Indeed we are a good deal in commotion ourselves. For me, I am a placeman, you know; a very humble one indeed, Heaven knows, but still so much so as to gag me. What my private sentiments are, you will find out without an interpreter.

I have taken up the subject in another view; and the other day, for a pretty actress's benefit-night, I wrote an address, which I will give you on the other page, called *The Rights of Woman*.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

An Occasional Address spoken by Miss Fontenelle *on her benefit-night.*

While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
The fate of empires and the fall of kings,
While Quacks of state must each produce his plan,
And even children lisp *the Rights of Man*;
Amid this mighty fuss just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First, in the sexes' intermix'd connection,
One sacred Right of Woman is *protection*.—
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
Helpless, must fall before the blast of fate,
Sunk to the earth, defaced its lovely form,
Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.

Our second Right—but needless here is caution;
To keep that right inviolate's the fashion.
Each man of sense has it so full before him,
He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis decorum.
There was, indeed, in *far less polish'd days*,
A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways:
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a row;
Nay, even thus invade a lady's quiet.
Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled:
Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred—
Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.*

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration
Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear *admirator!*
In that bless'd sphere alone we live and move;
There taste that life of life—immortal love—
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares—
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments and revolutions;
Let majesty your first attention summon,
Ah! ça ira! The Majesty of Woman!

I shall have the honour of receiving your criticisms in person at Dunlop.

No. CXXXVII.

TO MISS B——, OF YORK.

MADAM, 21*st March*, 1793.

Among many things for which I envy those hale, long-lived old fellows before the flood, is this in particular, that when they met with any body after their own heart, they had

* Ironical allusion to the saturnalia of the Caledonian Hunt.

[illegible] imagination or contempt a moment's repose. As I am a sturdy believer in the powers of darkness, I take those to be the doings of that old author of mischief, the devil. It is well known that he has some kind of short-hand way of taking down our thoughts, and I make no doubt that he is perfectly acquainted with my sentiments respecting Miss B——; how much I admired her abilities, and valued her worth; and how very fortunate I thought myself in her acquaintance. For this last reason, my dear madam, I must entertain no hopes of the very great pleasure of meeting with you again.

Miss H—— tells me that she is sending a packet to you; and I beg leave to send you the inclosed sonnet, though, to tell you the real truth, the sonnet is a mere pretence, that I may have an opportunity of declaring with how much respectful esteem I have the honour to be, &c.

No. CXXXVIII.

TO MISS C——

MADAM, *August*, 1793.

Some rather unlooked-for accidents have prevented my doing myself the honour of a second visit to Arbiegland, as I was so hospitably invited, and so positively meant to have done. — However, I still hope to have that pleasure before the busy months of harvest begin.

I inclose you two of my late pieces, as some kind return for the pleasure I have received in perusing a certain MS. volume of poems in the possession of Captain Riddel. To repay one [illegible]

ance this catal
poetry is like be
all ages been a
from the counsel
prudence, involv
ing them with
infamy, and plu
vortex of ruin ;)
own that all hap
the name—that e
prospect of parad
of a northern sun
compared with th
less raptures that
of the heart of Ma

No

TO JOHN

SIR,

It is said that we
with our greatest
very high complim
I am going to a
owed you money lo
any man.—Here i
are six guineas ; an
ling to man—or wo
—— dirty, dog'
done myself the hon
long ago. Indep
your hospitality ha
sciousness of your
man and gentlem
much as I could ev
to owe you money
[illegible]

No. CXL.

TO MRS R———,

WHO WAS TO BESPEAK A PLAY ONE EVENING AT THE DUMFRIES THEATRE.

I am thinking to send my *Address* to some periodical publication, but it has not got your sanction, so pray look over it.

As to the Tuesday's play, let me beg of you, my dear madam, let me beg of you to give us, *The Wonder, a Woman keeps a Secret;* to which please add, *The Spoiled Child*—you will highly oblige me by so doing.

Ah, what an enviable creature you are! There now, this cursed gloomy blue-devil day, you are going to a party of choice spirits—

"To play the shapes
Of frolic fancy, and incessant form,
These rapid pictures, that assembled train
Of fleet ideas never join'd before,
Where lively wit excites to gay surprise;
Or folly-painting humour, grave himself,
Calls laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve."

But as you rejoice with them that do rejoice, do also remember to weep with them that weep, and pity your melancholy friend.

No. CXLI.

TO A LADY,

IN FAVOUR OF A PLAYER'S BENEFIT.

MADAM,

You were so very good as to promise me to honour my friend with your presence on his benefit night. That night is fixed for Friday first; the play a most interesting one. *T'Ae way to keep Him.* I have the pleasure to know Mr G. well. His merit as an actor is generally acknowledged. He has genius and worth which would do honour to patronage: he is a poor and modest man; claims which, from their very *silence*, have the more forcible power on the generous heart. Alas, for pity! that from the indolence of those who have the good things of this life in their gift, too often does brazen-fronted importunity snatch that boon, the rightful due of retiring, humble worth! Of all the qualities we assign to the author and director of Nature, by far the most enviable is to be able "To wipe away all tears from all eyes." O what insignificant, sordid wretches are they, however chance may have loaded them with wealth, who go to their graves, to their magnificent *mausoleums*, with hardly the consciousness of having made one poor honest heart happy!

But I crave your pardon, madam; I came to beg, not to preach.

No. CXLII.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER

TO MR ———.

1794.

I am extremely obliged to you for your kind mention of my interests, in a letter which Dr B——— showed me. At present, my situation in life must be in a great measure stationary, at least for two or three years. The statement is this: I am on the supervisor's list; and as we come on there by precedency, in two or three years I shall be at the head of that list, and be appointed *of course*; then a friend might be of service to me in getting me into a place of the kingdom which I would like. A supervisor's income varies from about a hundred and twenty, to two hundred a-year; but the business is an incessant drudgery, and would be nearly a complete bar to every species of literary pursuit. The moment I an appointed supervisor in the common routine, I may be nominated on the collector's list; and this is always a business purely of political patronage. A collectorship varies much, from better than two hundred a-year to near a thousand. They also come forward by precedency on the list, and have, besides a handsome income, a life of complete leisure. A life of literary leisure, with a decent competence, is the summit of my wishes. It would be the proudish affectation of silly pride in me, to say that I do not need or would not be indebted to a political friend; at the same time, sir, I by no means lay my affairs before you thus, to hook my dependent situation on your benevolence. If, in my progress of life, an opening should occur where the good offices of a gentleman of your public character and political consequence might bring me forward, I will petition your goodness with the same frankness and sincerity as I now do myself the honour to subscribe myself, &c.

No. CXLIII.

TO MRS ———.

DEAR MADAM,

I meant to have called on you yesternight, but as I edged up to your box-door, the first object which greeted my view, was one of those lobster-coated puppies, sitting like another dragon, guarding the Hesperian fruit. On the conditions and capitulations you so obligingly offer, I shall certainly make my weather-beaten rustic phiz a part of your box furniture on Tuesday, when we may arrange the business of the visit.

Among the profusion of idle compliments which insidious craft, or unmeaning folly incessantly offer at your shrine—a shrine, how far exalted above such adoration!—permit me were it but for rarity's sake, to pay you the honest tribute of a warm heart, and an independent mind; and to assure you, that I think thou most amiable, and most accomplish

round, and round they go. Mundell's ox that drives his cotton mill, is their exact prototype —without an idea or a wish beyond their circle: fat, sleek, stupid, patient, quiet, and contented; while here I sit, altogether Novembrish, a d—— melange of fretfulness and melancholy; not enough of the one to rouse me to passion, nor of the other to repose me in torpor; my soul flouncing and fluttering round her tenement, like a wild finch, caught amid the horrors of winter, and newly thrust into a cage. Well, I am persuaded that it was of me the Hebrew sage prophesied, when he foretold—"And behold, on whatsoever this man doth set his heart, it shall not prosper!" If my resentment is awakened, it is sure to be where it dare not squeak; and if— . . .

Pray that wisdom and bliss be more frequent visitors of

R. B.

No. CXLV.

TO THE SAME.

I have this moment got the song from S——, and I am sorry to see that he has spoiled it a good deal. It shall be a lesson to me how I lend him any thing again.

I have sent you *Werter*, truly happy to have any the smallest opportunity of obliging you.

'Tis true, madam, I saw you once since I was at W——, and that once froze the very life-blood of my heart. Your reception of me was such, that a wretch meeting the eye of his judge, about to pronounce sentence of death on him, could only hope —

I return you
perused it wit
continued my
critic has forf
must lose thei
If it is true
the heart," i
admire, esteem
accomplished
— if these are
thing alive.
Is a face wh
placency of fe
cold neglect,
wrench that
however, some
that while de-h
an unoffending
tendency to rou
bosom, which,
wounds of his
blunt their poig
With the prof
ties; the most
regard for your
ness; and the m
for your welfare,
honour to be,
humble servant.

N

TO JOE

You know that a
you have the hono
of critical indicta
appeal. I incline

to what would be his feelings on seeing, in the scene I have drawn, the habitation of his Lucy. As I am a good deal pleased with my performance, I in my first fervour thought of sending it to Mrs O ——, but on second thoughts, perhaps what I offer as the honest incense of genuine respect, might, from the well-known character of poverty and poetry, be construed into some modification or other of that servility which my soul abhors. *

No. CXLIX.

TO MISS ——.

MADAM,

Nothing short of a kind of absolute necessity could have made me trouble you with this letter. Except my ardent and just esteem for your sense, taste, and worth, every sentiment arising in my breast, as I put pen to paper to you, is painful. The scenes I have past with the friend of my soul, and his amiable connexions! The wrench at my heart to think that he is gone, *for* ever gone from me, never more to meet in the wanderings of a weary world; and the cutting reflection of all, that I had most unfortunately, though most undeservedly, lost the confidence of that soul of worth, ere it took its flight!

These, madam, are sensations of no ordinary anguish. However, you, also, may be offended with some *imputed* improprieties of mine; sensibility you know I possess, and sincerity none will deny me.

To oppose those prejudices which have been raised against me, is not the business of this letter. Indeed it is a warfare I know not how to wage. The power of positive vice I can in some degree calculate, and against direct malevolence I can be on my guard; but who can estimate the futurity of giddy caprice, or ward off the unthinking mischief of precipitate folly?

I have a favour to request of you, madam, and of your sister Mrs ——, through your means. You know, that at the wish of my late friend, I made a collection of all my trifles in verse which I had ever written. They are many of them local, some of them puerile and silly, and all of them unfit for the public eye. As I have some little fame at stake, a fame that I trust may live, when the have of those who "watch for my halting," and the contemptuous sneer of those whom accident has made my *superiors*, will, with themselves, be gone to the regions of oblivion; I am uneasy now for the fate of those manuscripts. Will Mrs —— have the goodness to destroy them, or return them to me? As a pledge of friendship they were bestowed; and that circumstance, indeed, was all their merit. Most unhappily for me, that merit they no longer possess, and I hope that Mrs ——'s goodness, which I well know, and ever will revere, will not refuse this favour to a man whom she does hold in some degree of estimation.

With the sincerest esteem I have the honour to be, madam, &c.

No. CL.

TO MR CUNNINGHAM.

25th *February*, 1791.

Canst thou minister to a mind diseased? Canst thou speak peace and rest to a soul tossed on a sea of troubles, without one friendly star to guide her course, and dreading that the next surge may overwhelm her? Canst thou give to a frame tremblingly alive to the tortures of suspense, the stability and hardihood of the rock that braves the blast? If thou canst not do the least of these, why wouldst thou disturb me in my miseries, with thy inquiries after me?

For these two months I have not been able to lift a pen. My constitution and frame were, *ab origine*, tainted with a deep incurable taint of hypochondria, which poisons my existence. Of late a number of domestic vexations, and some pecuniary share in the ruin of these —— times; losses which, though trifling, were yet what I could ill bear, have so irritated me, that my feelings at times could only be envied by a reprobate spirit listening to the sentence that dooms it to perdition.

Are you deep in the language of consolation? I have exhausted in reflection every topic of comfort. *A heart at ease* would have been charmed with my sentiments and reasonings; but as to myself, I was like Judas Iscariot preaching the gospel: he might melt and mould the hearts of those around him, but his own kept its native incorrigibility.

Still there are two great pillars that bear us up, amid the wreck of misfortune and misery. The *one* is composed of the different modifications of a certain noble, stubborn something in man, known by the name of courage, fortitude, magnanimity. The *other* is made up of those feelings and sentiments, which, however the sceptic may deny them, or the enthusiast disfigure them, are yet, I am convinced, original and component parts of the human soul; those *of the mind*, of I may be allowed the expression, which connect us with, and link us to, those awful obscure realities—an all-powerful and equally beneficent God; and a world to come beyond death and the grave. The first gives the nerve of combat, while a ray of hope beams on the field;—the last pours the balm of comfort into the wounds which time can never cure.

I do not remember, my dear Cunningham, that you and I ever talked on the subject of religion at all. I know some who laugh at it, as the trick of the crafty *few*, to lead the undiscerning *many*; or at most as an unnecessary obscurity, which mankind can never know any thing of, and with which they are fools if they give themselves much to do. Not would I quarrel with a man for his irreligion, any more than I would for his want of a musical ear; I would regret that he was shut out from

* *The song inclosed was the one beginning with*

"*O wat ye wha's in yon town.*"

soul, by swift, delighting degrees, is wrapt above this sublunary sphere, until he can be silent no longer, and bursts out into the glorious enthusiasm of Thomson,

"These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee."

And so on, in all the spirit and ardour of that charming hymn.

These are no ideal pleasures; they are real delights, and I ask what of the delights among the sons of men are superior, not to say, equal to them? And they have this precious, vast addition, that conscious virtue stamps them for her own; and lays hold on them to bring herself into the presence of a witnessing, judging, and approving God.

No. CLI.

TO ———

SUPPOSES HIMSELF TO BE WRITING FROM THE DEAD TO THE LIVING.

MADAM,

I dare say this is the first epistle you ever received from this nether world. I write you from the regions of Hell, amid the horrors of the damned. The time and manner of my leaving your earth I do not exactly know; as I took my departure in the heat of a fever of intoxication, contracted at your too hospitable

present my humblest
and my petition for
all ye powers of deo
per to them that my
involuntary—that
vilest of beasts—tha
to be brutal to any
woman, when in
with me—but—

Regret! Remorse
hounds that ever dog
heels, spare me! sp
Forgive the offenc
of, madam, your hu

—

No

TO MR

MY DEAR FRIE

As I am in a comple
gloomy, sullen, stup
Dulness herself could
out a heavy letter wi
apologies, for my la
shall mention, becau
pathize in it: these f
girl, my youngest ch
every day, a week or
nate her existence.
many pleasures anne
band and father, for
many peculiar cases

"O that I had ne'er been married,
I would never had nae care;
Now I've gotten wife and bairns,
They cry, crowdie, evermair.

Crowdie! anee; crowdie! twice;
Crowdie! three times in a day:
An ye crowdie ony mair,
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away."

December 24th.

We have had a brilliant theatre here, this season; only, as all other business has, it experiences a stagnation of trade from the epidemical complaint of the country, *want of cash.* I mention our theatre merely to lug in an occasional *Address*, which I wrote for the benefit-night of one of the actresses, and which is as follows:—

ADDRESS.

Spoken by Miss Fontenelle *on her benefit-night, Dec. 4, 1795, at the Theatre, Dumfries.*

Still anxious to secure your partial favour,
And not less anxious, sure, this night, than ever,
A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
'I would vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better;
So, sought a Poet, roos'ed near the skies,
Told him, I came to treat my curious eyes,
Said, nothing like his works was ever printed;
And last, my prologue-business slily hinted.—
"Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my man of rhymes:
"I know your bent—these are no laughing times:
Can you—but Miss, I own I have my fears,
Dissolve in pause—and sentimental tears—
With laden sighs, and solemn rounded sentence,
Rouse from his sluggish slumbers fell Repentance;
Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand,
Waving on high the desolating brand,
Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land!"

I could no more—askance the creature eyeing,
D'ye think, said I, this face was made for crying?
I'll laugh, that's pos—nay, more, the world shall know it;
And so, your servant—gloomy Master Poet.

Firm as my creed, sirs, 'tis my fixed belief,
That Misery's another word for Grief:
I also think—so may I be a bride!
That so much laughter, so much life enjoyed.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
Still under bleak misfortune's blasting eye;
Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—
To make three guineas do the work of five:
Laugh *in Misfortune's face*—the leidsm *witch!*
Say, you'll be merry, though you can't be *rich.*

Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
Who long with jilting arts and arts have strove;
Who, as the boughs all temptingly protect,
Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck—
Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
Peerest to meditate the healing leap:
Wouldst thou be cured, thou silly, moping elf,
Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself:
Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
And love a kinder—that's your grand specific—

To sum up all, be merry, I advise;
And as we're merry, may we still be wise.

25th, Christmas Morning.

This, my much-loved friend, is a morning of wishes: accept mine—so Heaven hear me as they are sincere! that blessings may attend your steps, and affliction know you not! In the charming words of my favourite author *The Man of Feeling*, "May the great Spirit bear up the weight of thy gray hairs; and blunt the arrow that brings them rest!"

Now that I talk of authors, how do you like Cowper? is not the *Task* a glorious poem? The religion of the *Task*, batting a few scraps of Calvinistic divinity, is the religion of God and Nature: the religion that exalts, that ennobles a man. Were not you to send me your *Zeluco* in return for mine? Tell me how you like my marks and notes through the book. I would not give a farthing for a book, unless I were at liberty to blot it with my criticisms.

I have lately collected, for a friend's perusal, all my letters: I mean those which I first sketched, in a rough draught, and afterwards wrote out fair. On looking over some old musty papers, which from time to time I have parcelled by, as trash that were scarce worth preserving, and which yet, at the same time, I did not care to destroy, I discovered many of those rude sketches, and have written, and am writing them out, in a bound MS. for my friend's library. As I wrote always to you the rhapsody of the moment, I cannot find a single scroll to you, except one, about the commencement of our acquaintance. If there were any possible conveyance, I would send you a perusal of my book.

No. CLIII.

TO MRS DUNLOP, IN LONDON.

Dumfries, 20th December, 1795.

I have been prodigiously disappointed in this London journey of yours. In the first place, when your last to me reached Dumfries, I was in the country, and did not return until too late to answer your letter; in the next place, I thought you would certainly take this route, and now I know not what to become of you, or whether this may reach you at all. I grant that it may find you and yours in flowering health and good spirits. Do let hear from you the soonest possible.

what with that business being new to me, I could scarcely have commanded ten minutes to have spoken to you, had you been in town, much less to have written you an epistle. This appointment is only temporary, and during the illness of the present incumbent; but I look forward to an early period when I shall be appointed in full form; a consummation devoutly to be wished! My political sins seem to be forgiven me.

This is the season (New-year's day is now my date) of wishing! and mine are most fervently offered up for you! May life to you be a positive blessing while it lasts, for your own sake; and that it may yet be greatly prolonged, is my wish for my own sake, and for the sake of the rest of your friends! What a transient business is life! Very lately I was a boy; but t'other day I was a young man; and I already begin to feel the rigid fibre and stiffening joints of old age coming fast o'er my frame. With all my follies of youth, and, I fear, a few vices of manhood, still I congratulate myself on having had, in early days, religion strongly impressed on my mind. I have nothing to say to any one as to which sect he belongs to, or what creed he believes; but I look on the man who is firmly persuaded of infinite wisdom and goodness, superintending and directing every circumstance that can happen in his lot—I felicitate such a man as having a solid foundation for his mental enjoyment; a firm prop and sure stay, in the hour of difficulty, trouble, and distress; and a never-failing anchor of hope, when he looks beyond the grave.

January 12.

You will have seen our worthy and ingenious friend, the Doctor, long ere this. I hope he

[illegible] you wished me
ing's card, is, I think, flow
ever. I have not been able to
to-day, till about an hour ago.
ssily unlucky advertisements
wrong) to a friend, and I am ill
quest of him.

The muses have not quite
The following detached stanza
interweave in some disastrous t
herd. * * * * * * *

No. CLV.

TO MRS DUNLO

31*st Janu*

These many months you have b
ets in my debt—what sin of igno
committed against so highly valu
am utterly at a loss to guess. A
ill can I afford at this time, to b
any of the small remnant of my
have lately drunk deep of the cup
The autumn robbed me of my s
and darling child, and that at a
and so rapidly, as to put it out of
pay the last duties to her. I had
gun to recover from that shock, wh
myself the victim of a most sever
fever, and long the die spun doub
after many weeks of a sick bed
have turned up life, and I am h
crawl across my room, and once
been before my own door in the str

When pleasure fascinates the mo

cked as I am with rheumatisms, I meet
ry face with a greeting I be that of Balak to
nam—"Come, curse me Jacob; and come,
me Israel!" So say I, Come, curse me
east wind; and come, defy me the north!
uld you have me, in such circumstances, to
y you cut a love song?

may perhaps see you on Saturday, but I
not be at the ball. Why should I? "man
ghts not me, nor woman either!" Can you
ply me with the song, *Let us all be unhappy
ther*? Do, if you can, and oblige *to parcere
ubile*. R. B.

No. CLVII.

TO MR CUNNINGHAM.

ow, Sea-bathing Quarters, 7th July, 1796.

MY DEAR CUNNINGHAM,

ceived yours here this moment, and am
ed highly flattered with the approbation of
literary circle you mention; a literary cir-
inferior to none in the two kingdoms.
s! my friend, I fear the voice of the bard
l soon be heard among you no more! For
e eight or ten months I have been ailing,
metimes bedfast and sometimes not! but
e last three months I have been tortured
h an excruciating rheumatism, which has
ned me to nearly the last stage. You ac-
ally would not know me if you saw me.
le, emaciated, and so feeble as occasionally
need help from my chair—my spirits fled!
! I—but I can no more on the subject; only
medical folks tell me that my last and only
nce is bathing and country quarters, and
ing. The deuce of the matter is this; when
exciseman is off duty, his salary is reduced
L.25 instead of L.50. What way, in the
ne of thrift, shall I maintain myself and
p a horse in country quarters, with a wife
d five children at home, on L.25? I mean
this, because I had intended to beg your
most interest, and that of all the friends you
n muster, to move our Commissioners of
ise to grant me the full salary. I dare say
s know them all personally. If they do not
nt it me, I must lay my account with an
t truly *en poete*; if I die not of disease, I
st perish with hunger.
I have sent you one of the songs; the other
memory does not serve me with, and I have
copy here; but I shall be at home soon,
en I will send it you. Apropos to being at
me, Mrs Burns threatens in a week or two
add one more to my paternal charge, which,
of the right gender, I intend shall be in-
duced to the world by the respectable desig-
tion of *Alexander Cunningham Burns*:
r last was *James Glencairn*; so you can
have no objection to the company of nobility.
Farewell.

No. CLVIII.

TO MRS BURNS.

MY DEAREST LOVE, *Brow, Thursday.*

I delayed writing until I could tell you what effect sea-bathing was likely to produce. It would be injustice to deny that it has eased my pains, and I think has strengthened me; but my appetite is still extremely bad. No flesh nor fish can I swallow; porridge and milk are the only thing I can taste. I am very happy to hear by Miss Jess Lewars, that you are well. My very best and kindest compliments to her and to all the children. I will see you on Sunday. Your affectionate husband.

R. B.

No. CLIX.

TO MRS DUNLOP.

MADAM, *12th July*, 1796.

I have written you so often, without receiving any answer, that I would not trouble you again, but for the circumstances in which I am. An illness which has long hung about me, in all probability will speedily send me beyond that *bourne whence no traveller returns*. Your friendship, with which for many years you honoured me, was a friendship dearest to my soul. Your conversation, and especially your correspondence, were at once highly entertaining and instructive. With what pleasure did I use to break up the seal! The remembrance yet adds one pulse more to my poor palpitating heart. Farewell!!!

R. B.

The above is supposed to be the last production of Robert Burns, who died on the 21st of the month, nine days afterwards. He had, however, the pleasure of receiving a satisfactory explanation of his friend's silence, and an assurance of the continuance of her friendship to his widow and children: an assurance that has been amply fulfilled.

It is probable that the greater part of her letters to him were destroyed by our bard about the time that this last was written. He did not foresee that his own letters to her were to appear in print, not conceive the disappointment that will be felt, that a few of this excellent lady's have not served to enrich and adorn the collection.

THE POEMS

OF

ROBERT BURNS.

OF THE

CALEDONIAN I

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

A Scottish Bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service—where shall he so properly look for patronage as in the illustrious names of his native Land; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their Ancestors? The Poetic Genius of my Country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plough; and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native soil, in my native tongue; I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired—She whispered me to come to this ancient Metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my songs under your honoured protection: I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favours; that [illegible]

ancient her
that from y
spirit, she
Liberty. In
my warmest
Honour, th
your welfare

When you
in the ancie
your forefath
party; and n
When harass
jostlings of b
the honest e
attend your re
may Domestic
come, must yo
shrink at your
may tyranny in
in the People,
fine!

POEMS,

CHIEFLY SCOTTISH.

THE TWA DOGS:

A TALE.

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' *Auld King Coil*,
Upon a bonnie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd anes upon a time.

The first I'll name they ca'd him *Cæsar*,
Was keeper for his Honour's pleasure;
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Show'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs;
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar
Show'd him the gentleman and scholar:
But tho' he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride, na pride had he;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin',
Ev'n with a tinkler gipsey's messin'.
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
And stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland sang,*
Was made lang syne—Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
His honest, sonsie, bawsent face,
Aye gat him friends in ilka place.
His breast was white, his towzie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gaweie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swurl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
An' unco pack an' thick thegither;
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit;
Whyles mice and mondiewarts they howkit;
Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
An' worry'd ither in diversion;
Until wi' daffin weary grown,
Upon a knowe they sat them down,
And there began a lang digression,
About the *lords o' the creation*.

CÆSAR.

I've aften wonder'd, honest *Luath*,
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
An' when the gentry's life I saw,
What way poor bodies liv'd ava.

Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
His coals, his kain, and a' his stents:
He rises when he likes himsel';
His flunkies answer at the bell;
He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse;
He draws a bonnie silken purse,
As lang's my tail, whare, thro' the steeks,
The yellow letter'd Georgie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en its nought but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
An' tho' the gentry first are stechin',
Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan
Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sic like trashtrie,
That's little short o' downright wastrie.
Our Whipper-in, wee blasfit wonner,
Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
Better than ony tenant man
His Honour has in a' the lan';
An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own its past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fashit
eneugh;
A cotter howkin in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
Baring a quarry, and sic like,
Himsel', a wife, he thus sustains,
A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
An' nought but his han' darg, to keep
Them right and tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
Like loss o' health, or want o' mass[illegible],
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch longer,
An' they maun starve o' cauld an' hunger;

* *Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal.*

poor lerant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's sassh;
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble!

I see how folk live that hae riches;
But surely poor folk maun be wretches.

LUATH.

They're nae sae wretched's ane wad think;
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink:
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance an' fortune are sae guided,
They're aye in less or mair provided;
An' tho' fatigued wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans and faithfu' wives;
The prattlin things are just their pride
That sweetens a' their fire-side.

An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy
Can mak the bodies unco happy:
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs:
They'll talk o' patronage and priests,
Wi' kindling fury in their breasts,
Or tell what new taxation's comin',
And ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

As blenk-fac'd Hallowmas returns,
They get the jovial, rantin' kirns,
When *rural life*, o' every station,
Unite in common recreation:
Love blinks, Wit slaps, and [illegible]

To *Hague* or *Calais* tak
To mak a tour, and tak
To learn *bon ton* and see

There, at *Vienna*, or
He rives his father's at
Or by *Madrid* he takes t
To thrum guitars and fe
Or down Italian vista s
Wh--re-hunting among
Then bouses drumly Ge
To mak himsel' look fa
An' clear the consequen
Love gifts of Carnival S
For Britain's evil I – fo
Wi' dissipation, feud, a

LUA

Hech man! dear sirs!
They waste sae mony a
Are we sae foughten an'
For gear to gang that gr

O would they stay aba
An' plen-a themselves w
It wad for every ane be
The Laird, the Tenant,
For thae frank, rantin',
Fient hae o' them's ill
Except for breakin' o' th
Or speakin' lightly o' th
Or shootin' o' a hare or
The ae'er a bit they're i

But will ye tell me, M
Sure great folk's life's a
Nae cauld or hunger ere
The very thought o't ne

wheel,
s's unco weel;
adies warst,
y' wark are carvt.
, lank, an' lazy;
m, yet uneasy;
ill, an' tasteless;
hang, an' restless;
their balls, an' races,
ch public places.
s pomp, an' art,
ooch the heart.
arty matches,
ep debauches:
wi' drink an' whoring,
past enduring.
s in clusters,
a' as sisters;
thoughts o' ither,
n' jads thegither.
sit sup an plaitie,
ation pretty;
' crabbit looks
pictured books;
armer's stackyard,
mang'd blackguard.

lob, man an' woman;
So in common.

out o' sight:
rought the night:
d wi' lazy drone;
i' the loan:
shook their hage,
ours but days;
everal way,
ither day.

: DRINK.

---

ak, until he wink,
n despair;
fire his bluid,
grief an' care;

s, and deep carouse,
wing o'er,
loves or dole,
rief no more.
Proverbs, xxxi. 6, 7.

---

vaces,
, and drunken Bacchus,
steries wrack us,
rate our lug,
ar can mak us,
ase or jug.

uid auld *Scotch Drink*;
ig worms thou jink,
o'er the brink,
rious foem,
d wink,
thy name.

naughs adorn,
e horn,

An' Pease and Beans at e'en or morn,
Perfume the plain,
Leeze me on thee, *John Barleycorn*,
Thou king o' grain!

On thee aft Scotland chews her cood,
In auspie scenes, the wale o' food!
Or tumblin' in the boiling flood,
Wi' kail an' beef;
But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin';
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin',
When heavy dragg'd wi' pine and grievin';
But oil'd by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin',
Wi' rattlin' glee.

Thou cheers the head o' doited Lear;
Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care
Thou strings the nerves o' Labour sair
At's weary toil;
Thou even brightens dark Despair
Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft, clad in massy silver weed,
Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head;
Yet humbly kind in time o' need,
The poor man's wine,
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts:
But thee, what were our fairs and rants?
Ev'n godly meetings o' the saints,
By thee inspired,
When gaping they besiege the tents,
Are doubly fired.

That merry night we get the corn in,
O sweetly then thou reams the horn in!
Or reekin' on a New-year mornin'
In cog or bicker,
An' just a wee drap sp ritual burn in,
An' gusty sucker!

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
An' ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
O rare! to see the spr z an' freath
I' the hagget caup!
Then *Burnewin** comes on like death
At ev'ry chap.

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel;
The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel,
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammer,
Till block an' studdie ring and reel
Wi' dinsome clamour.

When chirlin weanies see the light,
Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,
How fumblin' cuffs their dearies slight,
Wae worth the name!
Nae howdie gets a social night,
Or plaek frae them.

When neebours anger at a plea,
An' just as wud as wud can be,

---

* Burnewin—Burn-the-wind—the smith—an appropriate title.

Was worth that *brandy*, burning trash,
Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash!
Twins monie a poor, doylt, drunken hash,
O' half his days;
An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
To her warst foes.

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well!
Ye, chief, to you my tale I tell,
Poor plackless devils like myself!
It sets you ill,
Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blather wrench,
An' gouts torment him inch by inch,
Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
O' sour disdain,
Out owre a glass o' *whisky punch*
Wi' honest men.

O *Whisky!* soul o' plays an pranks!
Accept a Bardie's humble thanks!
When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
Are my poor verses!
Thou comes—they rattle i' their ranks
At ither's a—s!

Thee, *Ferintosh!* O sadly lost!
Scotland, lament frae coast to coast!
Now colic grips, an barkin' hoast,
May kill us a';
For loyal Forbes' charter'd boast
Is ta'en awa'!

Dearest o
——H

Ye Irish
Wha rep
And douc

To you a

Alas!
Your hon
To see he

An' screi

Tell the
Scotland a
E'er sin'

An' rouse

Stand f
The hone
Tell him

The much

Does o
Speak ou
Let poste

her hand present her,
ggler right behint her,
ow, a chaffie Vintner,
Colleaguing join,
h as bare as winter
Of a' kind coin.

hears the name o' *Scot*,
rt's bluid rising hot,
auld Mither's pot
Thus dang in staves,
ner hindmost groat
By gallows knaves?

: a nameless wight,
s out o' sight!
Montgomerries fight,
Or gab like Rowes,
rk-neebs I wad draw tight,
An' tie some hose well.

r Honours, can ye see't,
cantie Carlin greet,
tly to your feet,
An' gar them hear it,
i' a patriot heat,
Ye wiana hear it!

dously ken the laws,
rbd an' pauses,
clauses on clauses
To mak harangues:
St Stephen's wa's
Auld Scotland's wrangs.

ne blue Scot I'se warran;
ting, chaste *Kilkerran*;*
bbet Highland Baroo,
The Laird o' *Graham*;†
that's damn'd auldfarran,
Dundas his name.

nakie Noeland billie;
Frederick an' *Hay*;
, the bauld *Sir Willie*;
An' mony ithers,
mostbonse or Tally
Might own for brithers.

oys! exert your mettle,
tland back her *kettle*;
rad my new plough-pettle,
Ye'll see't or lang,
o wi' a reekin' whittle,
Anither sang.

s been in cank'rous mood,
fired her bluid;
rver mair do guid,
Play'd her that pliskie!)
ike to rin red-wud
About her Whisky.

unce they pit her till't,
coat she'll kilt,
stol at her belt,
She'll tak the streets,
ittle to the hilt,
I' the first she meets!

For G—d sake, Sirs! then speak her fair,
An' strait her cannie wi' the hair,
An' to the muckle house repair,
Wi' instant speed,
An' strive wi' a' your wit an lear,
To get remead.

You ill-tongued tinkler, *Charlie Fox*,
May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks;
But gie him't hot, my hearty cocks!
E'en rowe the caddie!
An' send him to his dicing box
An' sportin' lady.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld *Bocconnock's*,
I'll be his debt twa mashlum bannocks,
An' drink his health in auld *Nonse Tinnock's*+
Nine times a-week,
If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
Wad kindly seek.

Could he some *commutation* broach,
I'll pledge my sith in guid brald Scotch,
He need na fear their foul reproach
Nor erudition,
Yon mixtie-maxtie queer hotch-potch,
The *Coalition*.

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue;
She's just a deevil wi' a rung;
An' *if* she promise auld or young
To tak their part,
Tho' by the neck she should be strung,
She'll no desert.

An' now, ye chosen *Five-and-Forty*,
May still your Mither's heart support ye:
Then, tho' a Minister grow dorty,
An' kick your place,
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
Before his face.

God bless your Honours a' your days,
Wi' soups o' kail and brats o' claise,
In spite o' a' the thievish kaes
That haunt *St Jamie's!*
Your humble poet sings an' prays
While *Rob* his name is.

POSTSCRIPT.

Let half-starved slaves, in warmer skies,
See future wines, rich clustering rise;
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
But blithe and frisky,
She eyes her freeborn martial boys,
Tak aff their Whisky.

What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms,
While fragrance blooms and beauty charms!
When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,
The scented groves,
Or hounded forth dishonour arms
In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burden on their shoulders;
They downa bide the stink o' pouders;

---

rguson.
uke of Montrose.—(1860.)

* A worthy old Hostess of the Author's Mauchline, where he sometimes stotted P over a glass of guid auld Scotch Drink.

An' when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin' lea'es him
I' faint huzzas.

Sages their solemn een may steek,
An' raise a philosophic reek,
An' physically causes seek,
In clime an' season;
But tell me *Whisky*'s name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld, respected Mither!
Tho' whiles ye moistify your leather,
Till whare you sit, on craps o' heather,
Ye tine your dam;
(*Freedom* and *Whisky* gang thegither!)
Tak aff your dram!

THE HOLY FAIR.*

A robe of seeming truth and trust
Hid crafty Observation;
And secret hung with poison'd crust,
The dirk of Defamation:
A mask that like the gorget show'd
Dye-varying on the pigeon;
And for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapt him in *Religion*.
Hypocrisy-a-la-mode.

I.

Upon a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face was fair,
I walked forth to view the corn,
An' snuff the caller air.
The rising sun owre *Galston* muirs,

But yet I canna maun
Quo' she, an' laughin' a
An' tak's me by the ha
"Ye, for my sake, ha'e
Of a' the ten comman
A scree

V.

"My name is *Fun*—you
The nearest friend ye h
An' this is *Superstition* h
An' that's *Hypocrisy*.
I'm gaun to ——— *H*
To spend an hour in d
Gin ye'll go there, you r
We will get famous la
At the

VI.

Quoth I, "With a' my
I'll get my Sunday's s
An' meet you on the hol
Faith, we'se hae fine
Then I gaed hame at cr
An' soon I made me r
For roads were clad, fro
Wi' monie a weary b
In dro

VI

Here farmers gash, in r
Gaed hoddin by their
There swankies young,
Are springin' o'er the
The lasses skelpin' bare
In silks an' scarlets g
Wi' *sweet-milk cheese* in
An' *farls* baked wi' b
Fu' cr

guardin' frae K———ck,
For fear this day.

X.

me are thinkin' on their sins,
some upo' their claes!
rees feet that fyled his shins,
her sighs an' prays;
a hand sits a chosen swatch,
' screw'd-up grace-proud faces;
ss a set o' chaps at watch,
rang winkin' on the lasses
To chairs that day.

XI.

appy is the man an' blest!
ies wonder that it pride him!
na's ain dear lass, that he likes best,
Comes clinkin' down beside him!
i' arm reposed on the chair-back,
He sweetly does compose him!
Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,
An's loof upon her bosom
Unkenn'd that day.

XII.

Now a' the congregation o'er
Is silent expectation;
For ——— speels the holy door
Wi' tidings o' damnation.
Should *Hornie*, as in ancient days,
'Mang sons o' God present him,
The vera sight o' ———'s face,
To's ain hat hame had sent him
Wi' fright that day.

XIII.

Hear how he clears the points o' faith
Wi' rattlin' an' wi' thumpin'!
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
He's stampin' an' he's jumpin'!
His lengthened chin, his turned-up snout,
His eldritch squeel and gestures,
Oh, how they fire the heart devout,
Like cantharidian plasters
On sic a day!

XIV.

But hark! the *text* his changed its voice;
There's peace and rest nae langer;
For a' the *rest judges* rise,
They canna sit for anger.
——— opens out his cauld harangues
On practice and on morals;
An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
To gie the jars an' barrels
A lift that day.

XV.

What signifies his barren shine
Of moral powers and reason?
His English style an' gesture fine,
Are a' clean out o' season.
Like *Socrates* or *Antonine*,
Or some auld pagan Heathen,
The moral man he does define,
But ne'er a word o' faith in
That's right that day.

XVI.

In guid time comes an antidote
Against sic poison'd nostrum;
——— *free the water-fit,*
——— *nostrum!*
See, up he's got the word o' God,
An' meek an' mim has viewed it,
While Common-Sense has taen the road,
An' aff, an' up the Cowgate,*
Fast, fast that day.

XVII.

Wee ——— neist the guard relieves,
An' orthodoxy raibles,
Tho' in his heart he weel believes
And thinks it auld wives' fables;
But, faith, the birkie wants a manse
So cannily he hems them;
Altho' his carnal wit and sense,
Like haffins ways o'ercomes him
At times that day.

XVIII.

Now but an' ben, the change-house fills,
Wi' yill-cup commentators;
Here's crying out for bakes and gills,
And there the pint stoup clatters;
While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
Wi' logic, an' wi' Scripture,
They raise a din, that in the end,
Is like to breed a rupture
O' wrath that day.

XIX.

Leese me on drink! it gi'es us mair
Than either School or College
It kindles wit, it waukens lair,
It pangs us fou o' knowledge.
Be't whisky gill, or penny wheep,
Or ony stronger potion,
It never fails on drinking deep,
To kittle up our notion
By night or day.

XX.

The lads an' lasses, blythely bent
To mind baith saul and body,
Sit round the table weel content,
An' steer about the toddy.
On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,
They're makin' observations;
While some are cozie i' the neuk,
An' forming assignations
To meet some day.

XXI.

But now the L——d's ain trumpet tours,
Till a' the hills are rairin',
An' echoes back return the shouts
Black ——— is na spairin':
His piercing words, like Highland swords
Divide the joints an' marrow;
His talk o' Hell, where devils dwell,
Our very saul does harrow
Wi' fright that day

XXII.

A vast, unbottom'd boundless pit,
Filled fou o' lowin' brunstane,
Wha's ragin' flame and scorchin' heat,
Wad melt the hardest whun-stane!
The half asleep start up wi' fear,
And think they hear it roarin',
When presently it does appear,

* A street so called, which in ——— Shakspeare's H.

In comes a gaucie, gash guidwife,
An' sits down by the fire,
Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife,
The lasses they are shyer.
The auld guidmen, about the grace,
Frae side to side they bother,
Till some ane by his bonnet lays
And gi'es them 't like a tether,
Fu' lang that day.

XXV.

Wae'sucks! for him that gets nae lass,
Or lasses that hae naething!
Sma' need has he to say a grace
Or melvie his braw claithing!
O wives be mindfu' ance yoursel'
How bonnie lads ye wanted,
An' dinna for a kebbuck heel,
Let lasses be affronted
On sic a day.

XXVI.

Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlin' tow,
Begins to jow an' croon;
Some swagger hame, the best they dow,
Some wait the afternoon.
At sieps the billies halt a blink,
Till lasses strip their shoon:
Wi' faith, an' hope, an' love, an' drink,
They 're a' in famous tune,
For crack that day.

XXVII.

How monie hearts this day converts
O' sinners and o' lasses!
Their hearts o' stane, gin night, are gane
As saft as ony flesh is.
There's some are fou o' love divine;
There's some are fou o' brandy;
An' mony jobs that day begin

But whether :

I was come ro
And todlin dow
Setting my ste

Tho' leewand

I there wi' sou
That put me i
An' awfu' scy

A three-taed l

Its stature seer
The queerest sl
For flent a wa

They were as t

'Guid e'en,'
mawin',
When ither fol
It seem'd to m

At length, says

It spak right ho
But be na fley',
Ye're maybe co

I red ye weel ta

I there wi' something did forgather

he, an' shook his head,
', lang time indeed
nick the thread,
An' choke the breath :
omething for their breed,
An' sae maun Death.

years are near hand fled,
e hatching bred,
rose in vain's been laid,
To stap or scar me ;
ok's* ta'en up the trade,
An' faith he'll wear me.

lornbook i' the Clachan,
ng's hood in a spleuchan !
weel acquaint wi' Bachan ;
An' ither chaps,
out their fingers laughin'
An' peuk my hips.

rythe, and there's a dart,
i mony a gallant heart :
hook, wi' his art
And cursed skill,
baith no worth a f—t.
Damn'd haet they'll kill.

reen, nae farther gane,
throw at ane ;
re, I've hundreds slain ;
But deil-ma-care,
rl on the bane,
But did nae mair.

by, wi' ready art,
ished the part,
ked to my dart,
It was nae blunt,
nd has pierced the heart
Of a kail runt.

he in sic a fury,
t wi' my hurry,
l Apothecary
Withstood the shock ;
hae tried a quarry
O' hard whin rock.

anna get attended,
he ne'er had kend it,
kail-blade, and send it,
As soon's he smells't,
ne, and what will mend it,
At ance he tells't.

tors' saws and whittles,
, shapes, an' mettles,
s, mugs, an' bottles,
He's sure to hae ;
es as fast he rattles
As A B C.

s, earths, and trees ;
n o' the seas ;

The Farina of beans and pease,
He has't in plenty ;
Aqua-fontis, what you please,
He can content ye.

'Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
Urinus spiritus of capons ;
Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings ;
Distilled per se ;
Sal-alkali o' midge-tail clippins,
An' mony mae.

'Wae me for Johnnie Ged's Hole ; now ;'
Quo' I, 'If that the news be true !
His brav calf-ward where gowans grew,
Sae white an' bonnie,
Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plough ;
They'll ruin Johnnie !'

The creature grained an eldritch laugh,
An' says, 'Ye needna yoke the plough,
Kirk-yards will soon be tilled enough,
Tak ye nae fear ;
They'll a' be trenched wi' mony a sheugh
In twa-three year.

'Where I killed ane a fair strae death,
By loss o' blood or want o' breath,
This night I'm free to tak my auth,
That Hornbook's skill
Has slad a score i' their last claith,
By drap an' pill.

'An honest Wabster to his trade,
Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel bred,
Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
When it was sair ;
The wife slade cannie to her bed,
But ne'er spak mair.

'A countra Laird had ta'en the batts,
Or some curmurring in his guts,
His only son for Hornbook sets,
An' pays him well ;
The lad, for twa guid gimmer pets,
Was laird himsel'.

'A bonnie lass, ye ken her name,
Some ill-brewn drink had hoved her wame ;
She trusts hersel', to hide the shame,
In Hornbook's care ;
Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
To hide it there.

'That's just a swatch o' Hornbook's way ;
Thus goes he on from day to day,
Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
An's weel paid for't ;
Yet stops me o' my lawful prey,
Wi' his damn'd dirt.

'But hark ! I'll tell you of a plot,
Though dinna ye be speaking o't ;
I'll nail the self-conceited sot,
As dead's a herrin' ;
Neist time we meet, I'll wad a grout,
He gets his fairin' !'

But just as he began to tell,
The auld kirk-hammer strik the bell,

---

man, Dr Hornbook, is, pro-
ner of the Sovereign Order of
y intuition and inspiration,
tecary, Surgeon, and Phy-
Domestic Medicine.

* The grave-digger.

Learning his tuneful trade from every bough;
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green
thorn bush:
The soaring lark, the perching red breast
shrill,
Or deep-toned plovers, grey, wild whistling
o'er the hill;
Shall he, nursed in the Peasant's lowly shed,
To hardy independence bravely bred,
By early Poverty to hardship steel'd,
And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's
field—
Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes?
Or labour hard the panegyric close,
With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose?
No! though his artless strains he rudely
sings,
And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the
strings,
He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward.
Still, if some Patron's generous care he trace,
Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace;
When B——— befriends his humble name,
And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
With heart-felt throbs his grateful bosom
swells,
The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

. . .

'Twas when the stacks gat on their winter
hap,
And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap;
Potatoe bings are snugged up frae skaith
Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath;
The bees rejoicing o'er their simmer toils,
[illegible] flowers' delicious spoils,

He wander'd out he kn
. why),
The drowsy Dungeon-clo
two,
And Wallace tower† had
true:
The tide-swoln Firth, w
roar,
Thro' the still night dast
shore:
All else wi hush'd in Na
The silent moon shone h
tree:
The chilly frost, beneath
Crept, gently-crusting,
stream.
When, lo! on either
hand,
The clanging sough of
heard;
'Twa dusky forms dart th
air,
Swift as the Gos ‡ dri
hare:
Ane on the Auld Brig hi
The ither flutters o'er th
Our warlike Rhymer ins
The Sprites that owre
side,
(That Bards are second-
An' ken the lingo of the
Faye, Spunkies, Kelpie
them,
And ev'n the vera deils
Auld Brig appear'd of a
The vera wrinkles Goth
He seem'd as he wi' Tir
Yet toughly doure, he b
New Brig was buskit in
That he, at Lon'on fra

But gin ye be a brig as auld as me,
Tho' faith that day I doubt ye'll never see;
There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle,
Some fewer whigmaleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
Just much about it wi' your scanty sense:
Will your poor narrow foot-path of a street,
Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet,
Your ruin'd formless bulk, o' stane an' lime,
Compare wi' bonnie Brigs o' modern time?
There's men o' taste would tak' the Dusal-stream,*
Tho' they should cast the very sark and swim,
Ere they would grate their feelings wi' the view
O' sic an ugly Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
This moonie a year I've stood the wind and tide;
An' tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,
I'll be a Brig when ye're a shapeless cairn!
As yet ye little ken about the matter,
But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
When heavy, dark, continued a'-day rains,
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
When from the hills where springs the brawling Coil,
Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil,
Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course,
Or haunted Garpal† draws his feeble source,
Aroused by blustering winds and spotted thowes,
In many a torrent down his sna-broo rowes;
While crashing ice, borne on the roaring spate,
Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;
And from Glenbuck‡ down to the Ratton-key,§
Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd tumbling sea;
Then down ye'll hurl, de'il nor ye never rise!
And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.
A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
That Architecture's noble art is lost!

NEW BRIG.

Fine Architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't!
The L—d be thankit that we're tint the gate o't!
Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
Hanging with threat'ning jut, like precipices;
O'er arching, mouldy, gloomy aspiring coves,
Supporting roofs, fantastic, stony groves;
Windows and doors, in numberless mingled dress,
With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;
Forms like some bedlam statuary's dream,
The crazed creations of misguided whim,
Forms might be worship'd on the hundred knee,
And still the second dread command be free,
Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.
Mansions that would disgrace the lunatic's taste
Of any mason, reptile, bird, or beast;
Fit only for a doited Monkish race,
Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace,
Or cuifs of latter times wha held the mother
That sullen gloom was sterling true devotion,
Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection,
And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection!

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd ancient yeirlings,
Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings!
Ye worthy Provosts an' mony a Bailie,
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil aye;
Ye dainty Deacons, an' ye douce Conveners,
To whom our moderns are but causey cleaners;
Ye godly Councils wha has blest this town?
Ye godly Brethren of the sacred gown,
Wha meekly gae your hurdies to the smiters;
And (what would now be strange) ye godly Writers!
A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
Were ye but here, what would ye say or do!
How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
To see each melancholy alteration;
And agonizing, curse the time and place
When ye begat the base, degenerate race!
Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,
In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain brame story!
Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,
Meet ower a pint, or in the Council House:
But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry,
The herryment and ruin of the country;
Men, three parts made by tailors and by barbers,
Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d——d new Brigs and Harbours!

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there! for faith ye've said enough,
And muckle mair than ye can make it through,
As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,
Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle:
But, unlee favour o' your larger reason,
Auld Magistrates might weel be spar'd
To liken them to your auld wonted season,
I must needs say comparisons are odd

* A noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.

† The banks of Garpal Water is one of the few places in the West of Scotland, where those fancy-scaring beings, known by the name of Ghosts, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.

‡ The source of the river Ayr.

§ A small landing place above the large key.

[illegible] sings manly in to and them.

* * * * * * * *

What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
What bloody wars, if sprites had blood to shed,
No man can tell; but all before their sight,
A fairy train appear'd in order bright;
Adown the glitt'ring stream they gaily danced:
Bright to the moon their various dresses glanced:
They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet.
While arts of minstrelsy among them rung,
And soul-soothing bards heroic ditties sung.
O had M'Lauchlan,* thairm-inspiring sage,
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
When thro' his dear Strathspeys they bore with Highland rage;
Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
The lover's raptured joys or bleeding cares;
How would his Highland lug been nobler fired,
And even his matchless hand with finer touch inspired!
No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
But all the soul of Music's self was heard;
Harmonious concert rung in every part,
While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

The Genius of the stream in front appears,
A venerable chief advanced in years;
His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring;
Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy

Kilmarnock wab
An' pour your
An' ye wha leath
Of a' denomina
Swith to the Laig
An' there tak u
Then aff to Begbi
An' pour divine

Cursed Common-
Cam in wi' Ma
But O——— a
An' R— a
This day, M'—
An' he's the bo
He'll clap a shang
An' set the bair

Mak haste an' tur
An' lilt wi' holy
O' double verse co
An' skirl up the
This day the kirk
Nae mair the ka
For heresy is in he
And gloriously a

Come let a proper
An' touch it aff
How graceless Har
Which made Ca

Especial, rams that cross the breed,
Gie them sufficient threshin',
Spare them nae day.

VI.

Now auld Kilmarnock, cock thy tail,
An' toss thy horns in' canty;
Nae mair thou'lt rowt out-owre the dale,
Because thy pasture's scanty;
For lapfu's large o' gospel kail
Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
An' runts o' grace, the pick and wale,
No gi'en by way o' dainty,
But lika day.

VII.

Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep,
To think upon our Zion;
An' hing our fiddles up to sleep,
Like baby-clouts a-dryin';
Come, screw the pegs with tuneful cheer,
An' owre the thairms be tryin';
Oh, rare! to see our elbucks wheep,
An' a' like lamb-tails flyin'
Fu' fast this day.

VIII.

Lang Patronage, wi' rod o' airn,
Has shored the kirk's undoin',
As lately Fenwick, sair forfairn,
Has proven to its ruin:
Our Patron, honest man! Glencairn,
He saw mischief was brewin';
An' like a godly elect bairn
He's waled us out a true ane,
An' sound this day.

IX.

Now R———— haranague nae mair,
But steek your gab for ever;
Or try the wicked town of Ayr,
For there they'll think you clever;
Or, nae reflection on your lear,
Ye may commence a shaver;
Or to the Netherton repair,
An' turn a carpet weaver
Aff hand this day

X.

M———— and you were just a match,
We never had sic twa drones;
Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch,
Just like a winkin' bendrons:
An' aye he catch'd the tither wretch,
To fry them in his caudrons:
But now his honour maun detach,
Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,
Fast, fast, this day.

XI.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes,
She's a swingin' through the city;
Hark how the nine-tail'd cat she plays!
I vow it's unco pretty:
There Learning, wi' his Greekish face,
Grunts out some Latin ditty:
An' Common-sense is gaun, she says,
To mak to Jamie Beattie
Her plaint this day.

XII.

But there's Morality himsel',
Embracing a' opinions;
Hear, how he gies the tither yell,
Between his twa companions;
See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
As ane were peelin' onions!
Now there—they're packed aff to hell,
An' banish'd our dominions,
Henceforth this day.

XIII.

O happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
Come bouse about the porter!
Morality's demure decoys
Shall here nae mair find quarter:
M'————, R————, are the boys,
That heresy can torture:
They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse,
An' cowe her measure shorter
By the head some day.

XIV.

Come bring the tither mutchkin in,
An' here's for a conclusion,
To every New Light* mother's son,
From this time forth Confusion:
If mair they deave us wi' their din,
Or Patronage intrusion,
We'll light a spunk, an' every skin,
We'll rin them aff in fusion
Like oil, some day.

THE CALF.

TO THE REV. MR ————.

On his Text, Malachi, ch. iv. ver 2. "And they shall go forth, and grow up, like *calves* of the stall."

Right, Sir! your text I'll prove it true,
Though Heretics may laugh;
For instance; there's yourself just now,
God knows, an unco Calf!

An' should some Patron be so kind,
As bless you wi' a kirk,
I doubt nae, Sir, but then we'll find,
Ye're still as great a Stirk.

But, if the Lover's raptured hour
Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, every heavenly Power,
You e'er should be a Stot!

Tho', when some kind, connubial Dear,
Your but-and-ben adorns,
The like has been that you may wear
A noble head of horns.

And, in your lug, most reverend James,
To hear you roar and rowte,
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
To rank among the nowte.

And when ye're numbered wi' the dead,
Below a grassy hillock,
Wi' justice they may mark your head—
'Here lies a famous Bullock!'

---

* New Light is a cant phrase in the We[illegible] Scotland, for those religious opinions [illegible] Dr Taylor of Norwich has defended so [illegible]ously.

I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
E'en to a de'il,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel!

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame;
Far kend and noted is thy name:
An' tho' you lowin' heugh's thy hame,
Thou travels far;
An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, ranging like a roarin' lion,
For prey, a' holes and corners tryin';
Whyles on the strong-winged tempest flyin',
Tiring the kirks;
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin',
Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my reverend Grannie say,
In lanely glens you like to stray;
Or where auld ruined castles gray,
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way,
Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my Grannie summon,
To say her prayers, douce honest woman!
Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin'!
Wi' eerie drone;
Or, rustlin', thro' the boortries comin',
Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' skiellin' light,
Wi' you, mysel', I gat a fright,
Ayont the lough;
Ye, like a rash-bush stood in sight,
Wi' waving sough.

An' aft your mos
Decoy the wight th
The bleezin', curs
Till in some miry

When Masons'
In storms an' tem
Some cock or cat

The youngest Bro

Lang syne, in E
When youthfu' lo
An' all the soul of

Sweet on the frag

Then you, ye a
Ye came to Parad
An' played on ma

An' gied the infa

D'ye mind that
Wi' reekit duds,
Ye did present y

An' skleated on t

An' how ye gat h
An' brak him out
While scabs and

But faith! he'll turn a corner, jinkin',
And cheat you yet.

But, fare ye weel, auld Nickie-ben!
O wad ye tak a thought and men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake—
I'm wae to think upon yon den,
Even for your sake!

THE

DEATH AND DYING WORDS

OF

POOR MAILIE,

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

AN UNCO MOURNFU' TALE.

As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither,
Were an day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
An' owre she warsled in the ditch;
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When Hughoe * he came doyin by.

Wi' glowrin' een, and lifted han's,
Poor Hughoe like a statue stan's:
He saw her days were near-hand ended,
But wae's my heart! he could na mend it!
He gaped wide, but naething spak!
At length poor Mailie silence brak:

'O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my warfu' case!
My dying words attentive hear,
An' bear them to my Master dear.

'Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
O, bid him never tie them mair
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair!
But cu' them out to park or hill,
An' let them wander at their will:
So may his flock increase and grow
To scores o' lambs, an' packs o' woo'!

'Tell him, he was a master kin',
An' aye was guid to me an' mine:
An' now my dying charge I gie him,
My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.

'O bid him save their harmless lives,
Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butchers' knives,
But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel';
An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
Wi' teats o' hay an' rips o' corn.

'An' may they never learn the gates
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' *pets!*
To slink through slaps, an' reave an' steal,
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
So may they, like their *great forbears,*
For mony a year come thro' the sheers:
So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
An' bairns greet for them when they are dead.

'My poor toop-lambs, my son an' heir,
O bid him breed him up wi' care!
An' if he live to be a beast,
To put some havins in his breast,
An' warn him, what I winna name,
To stay content wi yowes at hame;
An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
Like ither menseless, graceless brutes.

'An' neist my yowie, silly thing,
Guid keep thee frae a tether string!
O' may thou ne'er forgather up
Wi' ony blastit moorland toup;
But aye keep mind to moop an' mell
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel'!

'An' now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
I lea'e my blessin' wi' you baith:
An' when you think upo' your mither,
Mind to be kin' to ane anither.

'Now, honest Hughoe, dinna fail
To tell my master a' my tale;
An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
An' for thy pains, thou'se get my blether.

This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head,
And closed her een among the dead.

---

* *A newhor herd-callan.*

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

Lament in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose;
Our bardie's fate is at a close,
Past a' remeid;
The last sad cape-stane o' his woes;
Poor Mailie's dead!

It's no the loss o' warl's gear,
That could sae bitter draw the tear,
Or mak our bardie, dowie, wear
The mourning weed:
He's lost a friend and neebor dear,
In Mailie dead.

Thro' a' the town she trotted by him
A lang half mile she could descry him;
Wi' kindly bleat when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed;
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
Than Mailie dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
An' could behave hersel' wi' mense:
I'll say't, she never brak a fence,
Thro' thievish greed.
Our bardie, lanely, keeps the spence
Sin' Mailie's dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her living image in her yowe
Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,
For bits o' bread;
An' down the briny pearls rowe
For Mailie dead.

She was nae get o' moorland tups,
Wi' tanted ket, an' hairy hips;

Her broken limbs to [illegible]
Your sair taxation does her fleece,
Till she has scarce a tester;
For me, thank God, my life's a lease
Nae bargain wearing faster,
Or, faith! I fear, that wi' the geese,
I shortly boost to pasture
I' the craft some day.

VII.

I'm no mistrusting Willie Pit,
When taxes he enlarges,
(An' Will's a true guid fallow's get,
A name not envy spairges),
That he intends to pay your debt,
An' lessen a' your charges;
But God sake! let nae saving fit
Abridge your bonnie barges
An' boats this day.

VIII.

Adieu, my Liege! may freedom geck
Beneath your high protection;
An' may ye rax Corruption's neck,
An' gie her for dissection!
But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
In loyal true affection,
To pay your Queen, with due respect,
My fealty an' subjection
This great birth-day.

IX.

Hail, Majesty! Most Excellent!
While nobles strive to please ye
Will ye accept a compliment
A simple poet giew ye!
Thae bonnie bairntime, Heav'n has lent,
Still higher may they heeze ye
In bliss, till fate some day is sent,

Of [illegible] ye [illegible]

Young royal Tar
Ye've lately co
A glorious galley
Weel rigg'd fo
But first hang ou
Your hymenea
Then heave abos
An' large upo

Ye, lastly, bonn
Ye royal lasse
Heav'n make ye
An' gie you l
But aneer nae l
For kings are
An' German ge
They're bett

God bless you
Ye're unco
But, ere the c
It may be li
An' I hae seer
That yet ha
But or the da
The lagge

And whan the day had closed his e'e,
Far i' the west,
Ben i' the spence, right pensivelie,
I gaed to rest.

There, lonely, by the ingle-cheek,
I sat and e'ed the spewing reek,
That fill'd wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
The auld clay biggin';
An' heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin'.

All in this mottie, misty clime,
I backward mused on wasted time,
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
An' done nae-thing,
But stringin' blethers up in rhyme,
For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
I might by this, hae led a market,
Or strutted in a bank and clerkit
My cash account;
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit,
Is a' th' amount.

I started, mutt'ring, blockhead! coof!
And heaved on high my waukit loof,
To swear by a' yon starry roof,
Or some rash aith,
That I, henceforth, would be rhyme-proof
Till my last breath—

When click! the string the sneck did draw;
An' jee! the door gaed to the wa';
An' by my ingle-lowe I saw,
Now blazin' bright,
A tight outlandish Hizzie, braw,
Come full in sight.

Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht!
The infant aith half-form't was crush't;
I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht
In some wild glen;
When sweet like modest worth, she blush't,
And stepped ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad holly boughs,
Were twisted gracefu' round her brows;
I took her for some Scottish Muse,
By that same token;
An' come to stop those reckless vows,
Would soon been broken.

A 'hair-brain'd, sentimental trace'
Was strongly marked in her face;
A wildly-witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her;
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
Beam'd keen with honour.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,
Till half a leg was scrimply seen;
And such a leg! my bonnie Jean
Could only peer it;
Sae straught, sae taper, tight, and clean,
Nane else cam near it.

Her mantle large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew;
Deep lights and shades, bold mingling, threw
A lustre grand;
And seem'd to my astonish'd view,
A well-known land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost,
There, mountains to the skies were toss't:
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
With sturdy foam;
There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome.

Here Doon pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods;
There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds;
Auld hermit Ayr staw thro' his woods,
On to the shore,
And many a lesser torrent scours,
With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient borough rear'd her head;
Still, as in Scottish story read,
She boasts a race,
To every nobler virtue bred,
And polish'd grace.

By stately tower or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,
Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
I could discern;
Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
With feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
To see a race * heroic wheel,
And brandish round the deep-dyed steel
In sturdy blows;
While back-recolling seem'd to reel
Their southron foes.

His Country's saviour,† mark him well!
Bold Richardton's ‡ heroic swell;
The chief on Sark § who glorious fell,
In high command;
And he whom ruthless fates expel
His native land.

There, where a sceptred Pictish shade ‖
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
I mark'd a martial race portray'd
In colours strong;
Bold, soldier-featured, undismay'd
They strode along.

Thro' many a wild, romantic grove, ¶
Near many a hermit-fancied cove,

---

* The Wallaces. † William Wallace.
‡ Adam Wallace of Richardton, cousin to the immortal preserver of Scottish independence.
§ Wallace, Laird of Craigie, who was second in command, under Douglas, Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought, anno 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.
‖ Collin, king of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, is buried, as tradition says, near the family-seat of the Montgomeries of Coilsfield, where burial-place is still shown.
¶ Barskimming, the seat of the lord Justice-Clerk.

To hand him on,
Where many a patriot-name on high,
And hero shone.

DUAN SECOND.

With musing-deep, astonish'd stare,
I view'd the heav'nly-seeming fair,
A whispering throb did witness bear,
Of kindred sweet,
When with an elder sister's air
She did me greet.

'All hail! my own inspired bard!
In me thy native muse regard!
No longer mourn thy fate is hard,
Thus poorly low
I come to give thee such reward
As we bestow.

'Know, the great genius of this land
Has many a light, aerial band,
Who, all beneath his high command,
Harmoniously,
As arts or arms they understand,
Their labours ply.

'They Scotia's race among them share
Some fire the soldier on to dare;
Some rouse the patriot up to bare
Corruption's heart:
Some teach the bard, a darling care,
The tuneful art.

'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
They, ardent, kindling spirits pour;
Or, 'mid the venal senate's roar,
They, sightless, stand,
To mend the honest patriot-lore,

'Some hint the
Some grace the m
Some soothe the l

And make his cott

'Some, bounde
Explore at large
To mark the emb

And careful note

'Of these am I
And this district
Where once the

I mark'd thy emb

'With future
Fond on thy little
Thy rudely caroll

Fired at the simp

'I saw thee see
Delighted with th
Or when the nort

I saw grim Natur

'Or when the

s maddening play,
ssure's devious way,
setour ray,
Passion driven;
it led astray
'as light from heaven.

nners-painting strains,
of simple swains,
wide domains
ty fame extends;
of Coila's plains,
come thy friends.

ssern, nor can I show,
scen's landscape glow;
melting throe,
ith Shenstone's art;
, the moving flow
arm on the heart.

h' unrivall'd rose,
ntly blows:
's monarch throws
s army shade,
hawthorn grows,
own the glade.

sary nor repine;
sphere to shine;
Nature's mine,
r kings' regard,
matching thine,
nstic Bard.

eis all in one,
ll careful fan;
of Man,
th soul erect;
sal Plan
ll all protect.

is,"—she solemn said,
round my head;
and berries red,
rustling play;
nought, she fled
ight away.

THE UNCO GUID,

THE

RIGHTEOUS.

---

xims make a rule,
say thegither:
ows is a fool,
se anither:

that e'er was dight
pyles o' caff in;
-creature slight
o' daffin.—
-Eccles. ch. vii. ver. 16.

;
yourself,
y,

Ye're nought to do but mark and tell
Your neebour's faults and folly!
Whose life is like a weel gaun mill,
Supply'd wi' store o' water,
The heaped happer's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

II.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
For glaikit Folly's portals:
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propose defences,
Their doonie tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

III.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compared,
And shudder at the niffer,
But cast a moment's fair regard,
What makes the mighty differ?
Discount what scant occasion gave
That purity ye pride in,
And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hiding.

IV.

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop:
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It makes an anco lee-way.

V.

See social life and glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmogrified, they're grown
Debauchery and drinking:
O would they stay to calculate,
Th' eternal consequences!
Or your more dreaded hell to state,
Damnation of expenses!

VI.

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Tied up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases;
A dear loved lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination—
But let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

VII.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human;
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving why they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

VIII.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;

Kilmarnock lang may grunt an' grane,
An' sigh, an' sob, an' greet her lane,
An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, and wean,
In mourning weed;
To death, she's dearly paid the kane,
Tam Samson's dead!

The brethren of the mystic level,
May hing their head in woefu' bevel,
While by their nose the tears will revel,
Like ony bead!
Death's gien the lodge an unco devel,
Tam Samson's dead.

When winter muffles up his cloak,
And binds the mire like a rock;
When to the lochs the curlers flock,
Wi' gleesome speed;
Wha will they station at the cock?
Tam Samson's dead!

He was the king o' a' the core,
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
Or up the rink like Jehu roar,
In time o' need;
But now he lags on death's hog-score,
Tam Samson's dead!

Now safe the stately sawmont sail,
And trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
And eels wool kenn'd for souple tail,
And gleds for greed,
Since dark in death's dish-creel we wail
Tam Samson dead!

Rejoice, ye birring paitricks a':
Ye cootie moorcocks crousely craw;
Ye maukins, cock your fuds fu' braw,

Now he pre

When at
He reel'd h
But yet he c

* L – d, five

Ilk hoary
Ilk sportsm
You auld gr

Whare Bur

There low
Perhaps up
Some spitef

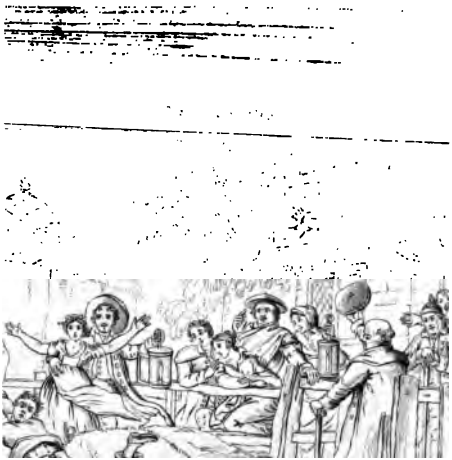
Alas! nae n

When An
And sportsm
Three volley

Till Echo a

Heaven re
Is the wish
He had twa

As social, h



ecial, honest billie,
To cease his grievin',
aith'd by death's gieg guillie,
Tam Samson's livin'.

HALLOWEEN. *

ing poem will, by many readers, ough understood; but for the sake be are unacquainted with the man- raditions of the country where the et, notes are added, to give some the principal charms and spells of , so big with prophecy to the pea- he West of Scotland. The pas- ing into futurity makes a striking e history of human nature in its in all ages and nations; and it ne entertainment to a philosophic ay such should honour the author rusal, to see the remains of it more unenlightened in our own.]

---

rich deride, the poor disdain,
leasures of the lowly train;
dear, congenial to my heart,
harm, than all the gloss of art.
Goldsmith.

I.

ght, when fairies light,
Downans † dance,
lays, in splendid blaze,
ly courvers prance;
the route is ta'en,
e moon's pale beams!
cove ‡ to stray an' rove
rocks and streams,
To sport that night,

II.

mple winding banks
n rins, wimplin', clear,
§ anes ruled the martial ranks,
his Carrick spear,
friendly, counta folks,
d convene,
nits, an' pou their stocks,
heir Halloween
Fu' blithe that night.

---

st to be a night when witches, her mischief-making beings, are their baneful midnight errands; hose aerial people, the Fairies, at night to hold a grand anni-

little, romantic, rocky, green eighbourhood of the ancient seat f Cassilis.
cavern near Colean-house called Colean; which, as Cassilis Dow- d in country story for being a t for fairies.
s family of that name, the an- ert, the great deliverer of his Earls of Carrick.

III.

The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
Blair braw than when their fine;
Their faces blithe, fu' sweetly kythe
Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin';
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
Weel knotted on their garters,
Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs,
Gar lasses' hearts gang startin'
Whyles fast at night.

IV.

Then first and foremost, thro' the kail,
Their stocks ‖ maun a' be sought ance;
They steek their een, an' graip an' wale,
For muckle anes and straught anes.
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
An' wander'd thro' the bow-kail,
An' pou't, for want o' better shift,
A runt was like a sow-tail,
Sae bow't that night.

V.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
They roar an' cry a' throu'ther;
The very wee things todlin', wa'
Wi' stocks out-owre their shoulther;
An' gif the custoc's sweet or sour,
Wi' joostelegs they taste them;
Syne coziely, aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care, they've placed them
To lie that night.

VI.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a'
To pou their stalks o corn; ¶
But Rab slips out, and jinks about,
Behint the muckle thorn:
He grippet Nelly hard an' fast;
Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;
But her top-pickle maist was lost,
When kittlin' in the fause-house ** Wi' him that night.

---

‡ The first ceremony of Halloween, is pulling each a stock, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with: Its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any yird or earth stick to the root, that is tocher, or fortune; and the taste of the custoc, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition.—Lastly, the stems, or to give them their ordinary appellation, the runts, are placed somewhere above the head of the door; and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the runts, the names in question.

¶ They go to the barn-yard, and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the top-pickle, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage bed any thing but a maid.

** When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green, or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, &c. makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening to the wind, which is fairest exposed to the wind; this he calls a fause-house.

[illegible] nipe in twa wi' teetie e'e ;
Wha 'twas, she wadna tell ;
But this is Jock, an' this is me,
She says in to hersel' :
He bleez'd owre her, and she owre him,
As they wad never mair part ;
Till fuff ! he started up the lum,
An' Jean had e'en a sair heart
To see't that night.

IX.

Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,
Was bruntwi' primsie Mallie ;
An' Mallie, nae doubt, took the drunt,
To be compared to Willie ;
Mall's nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling,
An' her aim fit it brunt it ;
While Willie lap, an' swoor by jing,
'Twas just the way he wanted
To be that night.

X.

Nell had the fause-house in her min',
She pits hersel' an' Rob in ;
In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
Till white in ase they're sobbin' :
Nell's heart was dancin' at the view,
She whisper'd Rob to look for't :
Rob, stowlins prie'd her bonny mou,
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
Unseen that night.

XI.

But Merran sat behint their backs,
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell ;
She lea'es them gashin' at their cracks,
And slips out by hersel' :
She thro' the yard the nearest taks,
An' to the kiln she goes then,
an' diddlin' [illegible]

Wee Jenny t
"Will ye
I'll eat the ap
I gat frae u
She fuff't her
In wrath sh
She noticed na
Her braw n

"Ye little shel
How daur ye
As seek the foal
For him to sp
Nae doubt but
Great cause y
For monie a ane
An' lived an'

"As hafrat afore
I mind't as we
I was a gilpey th
I was na past f
The simmer had l
An' stuff was u
An' aye a rantin l
An' just on Hal

"Our stibble rig
A clever, sturdy
He'e sin' gat Epp
That lived in A
He gat hemp-seed

day was by himsel',
 sairly frighted
 That vera night."

XVII.

fechtin' Jamie Fleek,
or by his conscience,
 saw hemp-seed a peck;
a' but nonsense!
 t-man raught down the pock,
 andfu' gied him;
 slip frae 'mang the folk,
 then nae ane see'd him,
 An' try't that night.

XVIII.

hro' amang the stacks,
 something sturtin,
for a harrow taks,
 at his curpin:
 an' then he says,
 ed I saw thee,
 is to be my lass,
 me, and draw thee,
 As fast this night."

XIX.

 p Lord Lennox' march,
 courage cheery;
 began to arch,
 fley'd an' eerie;
 he hears a squeak,
 grane an' gruntle;
 uilder gae a keek,
 d wi' a wintle,
 Out owre that night.

XX.

 orrid murder shout,
 desperation!
 auld cam rinnin' out,
 sad narration:
 as hilchin Jean M'Craw,
 Merran Humphrie,
 trotted thro' them a';
 as it but Grumphie
 Asteer that night!

XXI.

 to the barn hae gane,
 ee wechts o' naething;†
 et the deil her lane,
 little faith in:
 She gies the herd a pickle nits,
 An' twa red-cheekit apples,
 To watch, while for the barn she sets,
 In hopes to see Tam Kippies
 That vera night.

XXII.

 She turns the key wi' cannie thraw,
 An' owre the threshold ventures;
 But first on Nawnie gies a ca',
 Syne bauldly in she enters;
 A rattus rattled up the wa',
 An' she cried, L—d preserve her!
 An' ran thro' middenhole an' a'
 An' pray'd wi' neul an' fervour
 Fu' fast that night.

XXIII.

 They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice;
 Then hecht him some fine braw ane;
 It chanced the stack he faddom'd thrice ‡
 Was timmer-propt for thrawin';
 He taks a swirlie auld moss-oak,
 For some black, gruesome carlin;
 An' loot a wince, an' drew a stroke,
 Till skin in blypes cam haurlin
 Aff's nieves that night.

XXIV.

 A wanton widow Leezie was,
 As canty as a kittlen;
 But Och! that night amang the shaws,
 She got a fearfu' settlin'!
 She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
 An' owre the hill gaed scrievin',
 Where three lairds' lands met at a burn,‡
 To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
 Was bent that night.

XXV.

 Whyles ower a linn the burnie plays,
 As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
 Whyles round a rocky scaur it strays;
 Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
 Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
 Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
 Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
 Below the spreading hazel,
 Unseen that night.

XXVI.

 Amang the brackens, on the brae,
 Between her an' the moon,
 The deil, or else an outlier quey,
 Gat up an' gae a croon;

---

rm must likewise be performed
and alone. You go to the barn,
rs, taking them off the hinges, if
there is danger that the being
r, may shut the doors, and do
chief. Then take that instrument
owing the corn, which, in our
ect, we call a wecht, and go
he attitudes of letting down corn
ind. Repeat it three times; and
an apparition will pass through
the windy door, and out at the
both the figure in question, and
or retinue, marking the emo-
tion in life.

† Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a bear-stack, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time, you will catch in your arms the appearance of your conjugal yoke-fellow.

‡ You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south running spring or rivulet, where 'three lairds' lands meet,' and dip your left shirt sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake; and some time near midnight, an apparition having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve as if to dry the other side of it.

Sin Mar's-year did desire,
Because he gat the toom-dish thrice,
He heaved them on the fire,
In wrath that night.

XXVIII.

Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
I wat they didna weary;
An' unco taies, and funnie jokes,
Their sports were cheap an' cheery;
Till butter'd so'ns, wi' fragrant luut,
Set a' their gabs a-steerin';
Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
They parted aff careerin'
Fu' blythe that night.

THE

AULD FARMER'S

NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION TO HIS

AULD MARE MAGGIE,

ON GIVING HER THE ACCUSTOMED RIPP OF CORN TO HANSEL IN THE NEW YEAR.

A Guid New-year I wish thee, Maggie!
Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie:
Tho' thou's howe-backit now an' knaggie,
I've seen the day,
Thou could hae gaen like onie staggie
Out owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, and crazy,
An' thy auld hide's as white's a daisy,
I've seen thee dapplit, sleek, an' glaizie,

Ye then was trottin' w
Tho' ye was trickie, sli
Ye ne
But hamely, tawie, qui
An' u

That day, ye pranced
When ye bure hame m
An' sweet an' graceful
Wi' s
Kyle Stewart I could b
For s

Tho' now ye dow bu
An' wintle like a saum
That day ye was a jink
For h
An' ran them till they
Far,

When thou an' I we
An' stable-meals at fai
How thou wad prance
An' t
Town's bodies ran, an
An'

When thou was corr
We took the road aye
At brouses thou had n
For
But every tail thou pa
Wh

The sma', droop-ru
Might aiblins waur't t
But sax Scotch miles
An'
Nae whip nor spur, b
O' s

In cart or car thou never reestit:
The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it:
Thou never lap, and sten't, and breastit,
Then stood to blaw;
But, just thy step a wee thing hastit,
Thou snoov't awa.

My plough is now thy bairn-time a':
Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw;
Forbye sax mae, I've sell't awa,
That thou hast nurs:
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
The vera warst.

Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,
An' wi' the weary warl' fought!
An' monie an anxious day, I thought
We wad be beat!
Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
Wi' something yet.

And think na, my auld, trusty servan',
That now perhaps thou's less deservin',
An' thy auld days may end in starvin',
For my last fou,
A heapit stimpart, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither;
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither;
Wi' tentie care I'll fit thy tether,
To some hain'd rig,
Where ye may nobly rax your leather,
Wi' sma' fatigue.

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER, 1785.

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
O what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na' start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A *daimen icker* in a thrave
'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' nathing, now to big a new ane,
O' *foggage* green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turned out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld.

But Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft agley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But Och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects dear,
An' forward, though I cannot see,
I guess an' fear.

A WINTER NIGHT.

Poor naked wretches, wherever you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
How shall your houseless heads, and unfeeling sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?—*Shakspeare.*

When biting Boreas, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers through the leafless bow'r;
When Phœbus gi'es a short-lived glow'r
Far south the lift,
Dim-darkening through the flaky show'r
Or whirling drift:

Ae night the storm the steeples rocked,
Poor labour sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns wi' snawy wreaths up chocked
Wild-eddying swirl,
Or through the mining outlet bocked,
Down headlong hurl.

List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the outie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' winter war,
And through the drift, deep-lairing sprattle
Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
That in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Where wilt thou cow'r thy chilly flutt'ring wing,
An' close thy e'e?

Even you on murd'ring errands toiled,
Lone from your savage homes exiled,
The blood-stained roost, and sheep-cote spoiled,
My heart for pity,

[illegible] shows
More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
Vengeful malice unrepenting,
Than heaven-illumin'd man on brother man bestows!
See stern Oppression's iron grip,
Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
Wo, Want, and Murder o'er a land!
Even in the peaceful rural vale,
Truth weeping, tells the mournful tale,
How pampered Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side,
The parasite empoisoning her ear,
With all the servile wretches in the rear,
Looks o'er proud property, extended wide;
And eyes the simple rustic hind,
Whose toil upholds the glittering show,
A creature of another kind,
Some coarser substance, unrefined,
Placed for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below.
Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe,
With lordly Honour's lofty brow,
The powers ye proudly own?
Is there, beneath Love's noble name,
Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
To bless himself alone!
Mark maiden innocence a prey
To love-pretending snares,
This boasting Honour turns away,
Shunning soft Pity's rising sway,
Regardless of the tears, and unavailing pray'rs!
Perhaps, this hour, in Mis'ry's squalid nest,
She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast!
Oh ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
[illegible]

While w
And bar
And hi
I see me
And spin
In ham
While fr
Ben to
I grudge
That li
I tem
Th
But h
To

It's hardl
To keep a
To see h
How best
While coo
An' ken
But, Davi
Tho' we
We're fit
As lang'
'Mair
Auld
The la
Is on

To lie in kil
When bane
Is, doubtl
Yet then, c

, the hills and woods,
and foaming floods,
ll.
s deck the ground,
sistle clear,
hearts will bound,
year.
we please, then,
sowth a tune;
't, we'll time till 't,
hen we hae done.

V.

n rank;
e Lon'on bank,
s and rest;
uckle mair:
's no in fear,
dest!
her seat
breast,
rich, or great,
blest:
nor pleasures
happy lang,
the part sye,
is right or wrang.

VI.

s you and I,
ive through wet an' dry,
g toil;
ns blest than they,
ns in their way,
their while?
naughty mood,
hey oppress!
' that's guid,
ss.
and fearless
ven or hell
deeming
e tale!

VII.

' acquiesce;
y pleasures less,
state;
misfortunes come,
met wi' some,
them yet.
age to youth;
sel';
he naked truth,
d ill.
d crosses,
ght severe,
ere, ye'll get there,
ne other where.

VIII.

, ace o' hearts!
wad wrang the cartes,
test)
or you and I!
n ne'er could buy;
y best.
asures o' the heart,
e frien';
, your dearest part,
g *Jean!*
it charms me;
ut her name;
eats me,
ni flame!

IX.

O all ye Powers who rule above!
O Thou whose very self art love!
Thou knowest my words sincere!
The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
Or my more dear immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear!
When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief
And solace to my breast.
Thou Being, All-seeing,
O hear my fervent prayer;
Still take her, and make her
Thy most peculiar care!

X.

All hail, ye tender feelings dear!
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow;
Long since, this world's thorny ways
Had number'd out my weary days,
Had it not been for you!
Fate still has blest me with a friend,
In every care and ill;
And oft a more endearing band,
A tie more tender still.
It lightens, it brightens
The tenebrific scene,
To meet with, and greet with
My Davie or my Jean.

XI.

O, how that name inspires my style!
The words come skelpin' rank an' file,
Amaist before I ken!
The ready measure rins as fine,
As Phœbus and the famous Nine
Were glow'rin owre my pen.
My spaviet Pegasus will limp,
Till ance he's fairly het;
And then he'll hitch, and stilt, and jimp,
An rin an unco fit;
But lest then, the beast then,
Should rue his hasty ride,
I'll light now, and dight now
His sweaty wizen'd hide.

THE LAMENT,

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE OF A FRIEND'S AMOUR.

Alas! how oft does Goodness wound itself,
And sweet Affection prove the spring of woe
Home.

I.

O thou pale orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
Thou seest a wretch that inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep!
With woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan unwarming beam;
And mourn in lamentation deep,
How life and love are all a dream.

II.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
The faintly marked distant hills;

The pledges
The oft-attested Powers above,
The promised Father's tender name;
These were the pledges of my love!

IV.

Encircled in her clasping arms,
How have the raptured moments flown!
How have I wish'd for Fortune's charms,
For her dear sake and hers alone!
And must I think it? is she gone,
My secret heart's exulting boast!
And does she heedless hear my groan!
And is she ever, ever lost!

V.

Oh! can she bear so base a heart,
So lost to honour, lost to truth,
As from the fondest lover part,
The plighted husband of her youth!
Alas! life's path may be unsmooth!
Her way may lie thro' rough distress!
Then, who her pangs and pains will sooth!
Her sorrows share, and make them less?

VI.

Ye winged hours that o'er us past,
Enraptured more, the more enjoy'd,
Your dear remembrance in my breast,
My fondly-treasured thoughts employ'd.
That breast how dreary now, and void,
For her too scanty once of room!
Ev'n ev'ry ray of hope destroyed,
And not a wish to gild the gloom!

VII.

The morn that warns the approaching day,
Awakes me up to toil and woe:
I see the hours in long array,
That I must suffer, lingering, slow,
That I must [illegible] and many a throe,

DESPON

AS

Oppress'd with grief,
A burden more than
I sit me down and
O life! thou art a gi
Along a rough, a we
To wretches such
Dim backward as I
What sick'ning s
What sorrows yet m
Too justly I may
Still caring, de
Must be my l
My woes here,
But with the

Happy, ye sons of
Who, equal to the
No other view r
Ev'n when the wi
Yet while the bus
They bring the
Whilst I, a hope-
Unfitted with
Meet ev'ry sad re
And joyless m
You, bustlin
Forget ea
I, listless, I
Find ev'r

How blest the s
Who, all-forget

ns pleasures, loves, and joys,
ne keenly taste,
can despise,
, and yet be blast!
ds not, he heeds not,
uman love or hate,
t I here must cry here,
nrkdy ingrate!

V.

iable, early days,
ancing thoughtless pleasure's maze
re, to guilt unknown!
exchanged for riper times,
the follies, or the crimes,
hers or my own:
f elves that guiltless sport,
linnets in the bush,
ile know the ills ye court,
en manhood is your wish!
The losses, the crosses,
That active men engage!
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim declining age!

WINTER.

A DIRGE.

I.

The wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw!
Or, the stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snaw:
While tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae;
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.

II.

"The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,"*
The joyless winter day,
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May:
The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join,
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine!

III.

Thou Power Supreme, whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest, they must be best,
Because they are thy will!
Then all I want (O, do thou grant
This one request of mine!)
Since to enjoy thou dost deny,
Assist me to resign.

---

* Dr Young.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. AITKEN, ESQ.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short but simple annals of the poor.
Gray.

I.

My loved, my honour'd, much respected
friend,
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end:
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and
praise:
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd
scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless
ways;
What Aitken in a cottage would have
been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier
there, I ween.

II.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sough;
The short'ning winter day is near a
close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' crows to their
repose:
The toil-worn cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his
hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to
spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does
homeward bend.

III.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee things, toddlin, stache
thro'
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noi
an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wif
smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguil
And makes him quite forget his labours an
toil.

IV.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping
At service out amang the farmers roo
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, som
tin rin
A cannie errand to a neibor town
Their eldest boys, their [illegible]
grown,
In youthful bloom, love sp
e s,

[illegible] mins the unco's that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view;
The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
The youngkers a' are warned to obey;
And mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play;
'An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!'

VII.

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door,
Jenny, who kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebur lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
Wi' heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleas'd the mother hears it's nae wild worthless rake.

Is the
he
A w
tru
That ca
Betra
Curse
stac
Are h
Is there
Points
chil
Then paint
tract

But now
board
The hal
food:
The sowpe
That yo
cood:
The dame
mood,
To grace
back fe
An' aft he's
The frugn
How 'twas a
the bell.

The cheerfu'
They, rou
wide;
The sire turns

The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

XIV.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or, Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

XV.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head;
How his first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

XVI.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope * springs exulting on triumphant wing,
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

XVII.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
The Pow'r incensed the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well-pleased, the language of the soul:
And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest,
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And prefer up to Heav'n the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

XIX.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God!"
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp! a cumb'rous load
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

XX.

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil,
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile:
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

XXI.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide,
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart:
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

I.

When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning, as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spy'd a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

II.

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?
Began the rev'rend sage;
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage!
Or, haply, prest with care, and woes,
Too soon thou hast begun
To wander forth, with me to mourn
The miseries of man!

---

* Pope's Windsor Forest.

O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Misspending all thy precious hours;
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force give Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

V.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported in his right:
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, Oh! ill-match'd pair!
Show man was made to mourn.

VI.

A few seem favourites of fate,
In pleasure's lap carest;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, Oh! what crowds in every land,
Are wretched and forlorn;
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

VII.

Many and sharp the num'rous ills,
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn!

VIII.

[illegible]

The great, the wealthy, [illegible]
From pomp and pleasu[illegible]
But Oh! a blest relief to [illegible]
That weary-laden, mou[illegible]

A PRA[illegible]

IN THE PROSPEC[illegible]

I.

O thou unknown Almigh[illegible]
Of all my hope and fe[illegible]
In whose dread presence [illegible]
Perhaps I must appea[illegible]

II.

If I have wander'd in th[illegible]
Of life I ought to shu[illegible]
As something loudly, in[illegible]
Remonstrates I have [illegible]

III

Thou know'st that Thou[illegible]
With passions wild a[illegible]
And listening to their w[illegible]
Has often led me wro[illegible]

IV

Where human weaknes[illegible]
Or frailty stept aside,
Do thou All Good! for[illegible]
In shades of darkness[illegible]

V

Where with intention [illegible]
No other plea I have
But Thou art good; an[illegible]

i I say, 'Forgive my foul of-
'
se never more to disobey;
d my Author health again dis-

night desert fair virtue's way;
ily's path might go astray;
alt the brute and sink the man;
should I for heavenly mercy

: no counter heavenly mercy's

ft have mourned, yet to tempta-
n?

nat Governor of all below,
dare a lifted eye to Thee,
nan make the tempest cease to

he tumult of the raging sea;
controlling pow'r assist ev'n me,
radlong furious passions to con-
.
it I feel my pow'rs to be,
heir torrent in th' allowed line;
h thy help, Omnipotence Divine!

. REVEREND FRIEND'S HOUSE
IT, THE AUTHOR LEFT THE
GO

VERSES,

ROOM WHERE HE SLEPT.

I.

l Pow'r who reign'st above,
u wilt me hear,
his scene of peace and love,
prayer sincere.

II.

u—the mortal stroke
be pleased to spare,
ittle filial flock,
what good men are.

III.

lovely offspring eyes
r hopes and fears,
ith a mother's joys,
mother's tears!

IV.

heir stay, their darling youth,
d's dawning blush;
ou God of love and truth,
rent's wish!

V.

e, seraph sister-band,
nt tears I pray,
t the snares on ev'ry hand,
their steps alway!

VI.

r *late they reach* that coast,
ough ocean driv'n,
ce, no wand'rer lost,
ffaw'n!

THE FIRST PSALM.

The man, in life wherever placed,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore!

Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And like the rootless stubble, toss'd
Before the sweeping blast.

For why? that God the good adore
Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that w cked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

A PRAYER

UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

O Thou Great Being! what thou art
Surpasses me to know:
Yet sure am I, that known to thee
Are all thy works below.

Thy creature here before thee stands
All wretched and distrest;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey thy high behest.

Sure thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath!
O free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death!

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design;
Then man my soul with firm resolves,
To bear and not repine.

THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF

THE NINETIETH PSALM.

O Thou, the first, the greatest Friend
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling place!

Before the mountains heaved their heads
Beneath thy forming hand,
Before this pond'rous globe itself
Arose at thy command;

That Pow'r which raised, and still up'
This universal frame,

With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
In beauty's pride array'd;
But long ere night, cut down, it lies
All wither'd and decay'd.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN APRIL, 1786.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour:
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebour sweet,
The bonny Lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet
Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north,
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and walls

That fate is th
Stern Ruin's
Till crush'd be

All hail! inexo
At whose destr
The mighties
Thy cruel, woe
The ministers o
A sullen welc
With stern-reso
I see each sin
For one has cut
And quivers i
Then low'li
The storm
Tho' thick'
Round m

And thou grim p
While life a plea
Oh! hear a w
No more I shrin
I court, I beg th
To close this s
When shall my s
Resign life's jo
My weary heart i
Cold mould'rin
No fear more
To stain m
Enclosed a

guile and faithless love
perhaps, too true;
r maid, each lover prove
still to you!

: TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

MAY ——, 1786

I.

ought, my youthfu' friend,
g to have sent you,
f serve nae other end
kind moments;
subject theme may gang,
d chance determine;
ay turn out a sang,
rn out a sermon.

II.

world soon, my lad,
ver dear, believe me,
nkind an unco squad,
e they may grieve ye;
trouble not your thought,
your end's attained;
ews may come to nought,
ry nerve is strained.

III.

nen are villains a';
arden'd wicked,
check but human law,
e restricted:
kind are unco weak,
be trusted;
vering balance shake,
right adjusted.

IV.

fa' in fortune's strife,
ee should na censure,
mportant end of life
ly may answer.
ne an honest heart,
th hourly stare him;
ik a neebor's part,
e cash to spare him.

V.

nan' your story tell,
a bosom crony;
something to yoursel'
tell to ony.
sel' as weel's ye can
l dissection;
' every other man,
n'd aly inspection.

VI.

ove o' weel-placed love,
y indulge it;
ept th' illicit rove,
ing should divulge it:
antom o' the sin,
of concealing;
ardour a' within,
e the feeling!

VII.

Fortune's golden smile,
it upon her;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile,
That's justified by honour;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train-attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

VIII.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip,
To hand the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that aye be your border;
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Unearing consequences.

IX.

The great Creator to revere,
Must sure become the creature;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature:
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended;
An Atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended!

X.

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded!
Or, if she gie a random sting,
It may be little minded:
But when on life we're tempest driven,
A conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heaven,
Is sure a noble anchor.

XI.

Adieu, dear amiable youth!
Your heart can ne'er be wanting:
May prudence, fortitude, and truth,
Erect your brow undaunting!
In ploughman phrase, 'God send you speed,'
Still daily to grow wiser;
And may you better reck the rede,
Than ever did th' adviser!

ON A SCOTCH BARD

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' ye wha live by soups o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live and never think,
Come mourn wi' me!
Our billie's gi'en us a' a jink,
An' owre the sea.

Lament him, a' ye rantin' core,
Wha dearly like a random spore,
Nae mair he'll join the merry roar,
In social key;
For now he's ta'en anither shore,
An' owre the sea.

The bonnie lasses weel may miss him,
And in their dear petitions place him:
The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him,
Wi' tears in'e;
For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him,
That's owre the sea.

Auld, [illegible]
An' stain them wi' the [illegible]
I'will mak' her poor auld heart, I [illegible],
In flinders flee;
He was her laureate monie a year,
That's owre the sea.

He saw misfortune's cauld nore-wast
Lang mustering up a bitter blast;
A jillet brak' his heart at last,
Ill may she be!
So, took a birth afore the mast,
An' owre the sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
Wi' his proud independent stomach
Could ill agree;
So row't his hurdies in a hammock,
An' owre the sea.

He ne'er was gi'en to great misguiding,
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in;
Wi' him it ne'er was under biding;
He dealt it free:
The muse was a' that he took pride in,
That's owre the sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
An' hap him in a cosie biel;
Ye'll find him aye a dainty chiel,
And fu' o' glee:
He wadna wrang'd the vera deil,
That's owre the sea.

Farewel, my rhyme-composing billie!
Your native soil was right ill-willie;
But may ye flourish like a lilly,
Now bonnilie;
I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
Tho' owre the sea.

Looks down wi' [illegible]
On sic

Poor devil! see him o
As feckless as a wither'
His spindle-shank a gu
His n
Thro' bloody flood or f
O ho

But mark the rustic
The trembling earth
Clap in his walie nie
He
An' legs, an' arms,
Li

Ye Pow'rs wha
And dish them out
Auld Scotland war

But, if ye wish he

A

TO GAV

Expect na, Si
A fleechin, fle
To rouse you
An' sprung o
Because ye'r
Perhaps rela
Then when
Wi' mony
Set up a fa

his ain he winna tak it;
he says he winna break it;
an lend he'll no refuse't,
goodness is abused;
why les that do him wrang,
he does na mind it lang;
landlord, husband, father,
fail his part in either.

nae thanks to him for a' that;
ymptom ye can ca' that;
g but a milder feature,
, sinfu', corrupt nature
s best o' moral works,
Gentoos and pagan Turks,
wild on Ponotaxi
board of orthodoxy.
e poor man's friend in need,
an in word and deed,
terror of damnation;
rnal inclination.

thou deadly bane,
thousands thou hast slain!
ops, whose stay and trust is
rcy, truth, and justice!

h a point to catch a plack;
ser to his back;
winnock frae a whore,
rake that take the door:
r like onse whunstane,
ir noses to the grunstane;
o' legal thieving;
ick to sound believing.

e mile pray'rs, an' half-mile

ead looves, an' lang, wry face;
lemn, lengthen'd groan,
parties but your own;
hen, ye're nae deceiver,
dy, stanneh believer.

ave the springs of Calvin,
bs of your ain delvin!
ney and error,
r squeal in quaking terror!
nce draws the sword in wrath,
throws the sheath;
ith his sweeping besom,
lean'n commission gies him:
harp pale Misery moans,
ever-deep'ning tones,
leks, and heavier groans!

, Sir, for this digression,
ny dedication;
ity comes cross me,
are sure to lose me.

e 'twas nae daft vapour,
thought it proper,
orks I did review,
n, Sir, to you:
d na tak it ill)
something like yourse'.

e them wi' your favour,
ser shall ever—
l ever pray,
I I need na say:
little skill o't;
ver, an' wretched ill o't;

But I'se repeat each poor man's pray'r,
That kens or hears about you, Sir—

"May ne'er misfortune's gowling bark,
Howl thro' the dwelling o' the Clerk!
May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart
For that same gen'rous spirit smart!
May K———'s far honour'd name
Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
Till H———s at least a dozen,
Are frae her nuptial labours risen:
Five bonnie lasses round their table,
And seven braw fellows, stout an' able
To serve their king and country weel,
By word, or pen, or pointed steel!
May health and peace, with mutual rays,
Shine on the evening o' his days;
Till his wee curlie John's ier-oe,
When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
The last, sad, mournful rites bestow!"

I will not mind a lang conclusion,
Wi' complimentary effusion;
But whilst your wishes and endeavours
Are bless'd with Fortune's smiles and favours,
I am, dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted humble servant.

But if (which Pow'rs above prevent!)
That iron-hearted carl, Want,
Attended in his grim advances,
By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
Make you as poor a dog as I am,
Your humble servant then no more;
For who would humbly serve the poor!
But by a poor man's hopes in Heaven!
While recollection's power is given,
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim sad of fortune's strife,
I, thro' the tender gushing tear,
Should recognize my master dear,
If friendless low we meet together,
Then, Sir, your hand—my friend and brother!

TO A LOUSE,

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET AT CHURCH.

Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin' ferlie?
Your impudence protects you sairly:
I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
Owre gauze and lace;
Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin', blastit wonner,
Detested, shunn'd by saunt an' sinner,
How dare you set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a lady!
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,
On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle;
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and spattle
Wi' ither kindred, jumpin' cattle,
In shoals and nations;
Whare horn nor bane ne'er dare unsettle
Your thick plantations.

[illegible] surprised to spy
You on an auld wife's flannen toy;
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On's wylecoat;
But Miss's fine Lenardie! fie,
How dare ye do't!

O Jenny, dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abroad!
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin',
Thae winks and finger ends, I dread,
Are notice takin'!

O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion:
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n Devotion!

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

I.

Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and towers,
Where once, beneath a monarch's feet,
Sat legislation's sovereign powers!
From marking wildly scatter'd flowers,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

II.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy trade his labours plies;
There architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendour rise;
Here matiro [illegible]

And oft r[illegible]

With awe-s[illegible]
I view tha[illegible]
Where Scoti[illegible]
Fanned her[illegible]
Alas! how c[illegible]
Their roya[illegible]
Their hapless [illegible]
Tho' rigid [illegible]

Wild beats m[illegible]
Whose anc[illegible]
Thro' hostile [illegible]
Old Scotia's [illegible]
E'en I who si[illegible]
Haply my si[illegible]
And faced grim[illegible]
Bold followi[illegible]

Edina! Scotia'[illegible]
All hail thy p[illegible]
Where once, be[illegible]
Sat legislation[illegible]
From marking [illegible]
As on the banl[illegible]
And singing, lon[illegible]
I shelter'd in t[illegible]

EPISTLE

AN OLD SCOTTIS[illegible]

heard ought described sae weel,
ne, manly bosoms feel;
Can this be Pope, or Steele,
Or Beattie's wark?'
e 'twas an odd kind chiel
About Muirkirk.

dgin-fain to hear't,
t him there I spiert,
ton't him, round declared
He had ingine,
sell'd it, few cam near't,
It was sae fine.

m to a pint of ale,
nce or merry tale,
t' sangs he d made himsel',
Or witty catches,
'mong hem Teviotdale,
He had few matches.

gat, an' swoor an aith,
I pawn my plough an' graith,
er pownie's death,
At some dyke back,
ll I'd gie them baith
To hear your crack.

n' foremost, I should tell,
n as I could spell,
be-jingle fell,
Tho' rude an' rough,
to a body's sel'
Does weel enough.

oet, in a sense,
mer, like, by chance,
arning nae pretence,
Yet, what the matter?
r muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

folk may cock their nose,
ow can you o'er propose,
hardly verse frae prose,
'To mak a sang?'
leaven, my learned foes,
Ye're maybe wrang.

your jargon o' your schools,
ames for horses an' stools?
are made you fools,
What sairs your grammars?
nen up spades and shools,
Or knappin-hammers.

ll conceited hashes,
brains in college classes!
stirks, and come out asses,
Plain truth to speak;
y think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek!

spark o' Nature's fire!
learning I desire;
drudge thro' dub an' mire
At plough or cart,
ough hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

nk o' Allan's glee,
, the bauld and slee,
raik's, my friend to be,
If I can hit it!

That wad be lear enough for me!
If I could get it.

Now, Sir, if ye hae friends enow,
Tho' real friends, I b'lieve, are few,
Yet, if your catalogue be fou,
I'se no insist,
But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel;
As ill I like my faults to tell;
But friends, and folk that wish me well,
They sometimes roose me,
Tho' I maun own, as monie still
As far abuse me.

There's ae wee faut they whyles lay to me,
I like the lasses—Gaid forgie me!
For monie a plack they wheedle frae me
At dance or fair;
May be some ither thing they gie me
They weel can spare.

But Mauchline race, or Mauchline fair,
I should be proud to meet you there;
We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,
If we forgather,
An' hae a swap o' rhyming ware
Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
An' kirsen him wi' reekin' water;
Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
To cheer our heart;
An, faith, we'se be acquainted better
Before we part.

Awa, ye selfish warly race,
Wha think that havins, sense, an' grace,
Ev'n love and friendship should give place
To catch the plack!
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your being on the terms,
'Each aid the others,
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers!'

But, to conclude my lang epistle,
As my auld pen's worn to the grissle:
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle,
Who am most fervent,
While I can either sing, or whissle,
Your friend and servant.

TO THE SAME.

APRIL 21, 1785.

While new ca'd kye rout at the stake,
An' pownies reek in plough or brake,
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
To own I'm debtor
To honest-hearted auld Lapraik,
For his kind letter.

Quo' sae, 'This mouth an' mae,
That trouth my head is grown quite dizzie,
An' something sair.'

Her dowff excuses pat me mad;
'Conscience,' says I, 'ye thowless jad!
I'll write, an' that a hearty blud,
This vera night;
So dinna ye affront your trade,
But rhyme it right.

'Shall bauld Lapraik, the king o' hearts,
Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,
Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
In terms sae friendly,
Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts,
An' thank him kindly!'

Sae I got paper in a blink,
An' down gaed stumpie in the ink:
Quoth I, 'Before I sleep a wink,
I vow I'll close it;
An' if ye winna mak' it clink,
By Jove, I'll prose it!'

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether
In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,
Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither,
Let time mak proof!
But I shall scribble down some blether
Just clean aff loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Tho' fortune use you hard an' sharp;
Come, kittle up your moorland harp
Wi' gleesome touch!
Ne'er mind how Fortune waft and warp;
She's but a bitch.

Were this the chart
'On pain o' hell be ri
Damnation then woul
Bey
But, thanks to Heave
We

For thus the royal
When first the huma
'The social, friendly
W
'Tis he fulfils great
An

O mandate glorio
The followers o' the
Poor glorious devils
In
While sordid sons
A

Tho' here they
growl,
Their worthless na
May in some futur
T
Or in some day-de
I

Then may Lapr
To reach their na
And sing their pl

Still closer knit in

TO

ruson, the writer chiel,
A deathless name.

ergusson! thy glorious parts
ed law's dry musty arts,
ze upon your whunstane hearts,
Ye E'nbrugh Gentry!
the o' what ye waste at cartes,
Wad stow'd his pantry!)

when a tale comes i' my head,
ness gie my heart a scrred,
ayles they're I ke to be my dead,
(O sad disease!)
ile up my rustic reed;
It gies me ease.

ld Coila now may fidge fu' fain,
's gotten poets o' her sin,
ils wha their chanters winna hain,
But tune their lays,
echoes all resound again
Her weel-sung praise.

e poet thought her worth his while,
set her name in measured style;
e lay like some unkenned of isle
Beside New-Holland,
r where wild-meeting oceans boil
Beouth Magellan.

Ramsay an' famous Fergusson
ied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon;
arrow an' Tweed to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings,
While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, an' Doon,
Nae body sings.

Th' Illissus, Tiber, Thames, an' Seine,
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line!
But, Willie, set your fit to mine,
An' cock your crest,
We'll gar our streams and burnies shine
Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks an' braes, her dens an dells,
Where glorious Wallace
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae southern billies.

At Wallace' name what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side,
Still pressing onward, red wat-shod,
Or glorious died.

O sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods,
When lintwhites chant among the buds,
An' jinking hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,
While thro' the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry!

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me
When *winds rave thro' the* naked tree,
Or frost on hills of Ochiltree
Are hoary grey;
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
Dark'ning the day!

O Nature! a' thy shows an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts has charms!
Whether the summer kindly warms
Wi' life an' light,
Or winter howls in gusty storms,
The lang, dark night!

The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander
An' no think lang,
O sweet, to stray, an' pensive ponder
A heartfelt sang!

The warly race may drudge and drive,
Hog shoulder, jundie, stretch, an' strive,
Let me fair Nature's face descrive,
And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
Bum o'er their treasure.

Farewel, 'my rhyme-composing brither!'
We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither,
Now let us lay our heads theither,
In love fraternal;
May Envy wallop in a tether,
Black fiend infernal!

While highlandmen hate tolls and taxes;
While moorlan' herds like guid fat braxies;
While terra firma on her axis
Diurnal turns,
Count on a friend, in faith and practice,
In Robert Burns.

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory's no worth a preen;
I had amsair forgotten clean,
Ye bade me write you what they mean
By this new-light,*
'Bout which our herds nae aft hae been
Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
At grammar, logic, an' sic talents,
They took nae pains their speech to balance,
Or rules to gie,
But spak their thoughts in plain braid lallans,
Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the moon,
Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon,
Wore by degrees, till her last roon,
Gaed past their viewing,
An' shortly after she was done,
They gat a new ane.

This past for certain, undisputed;
It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it,
An' ca'd it wrang;
An' muckle din there was about it,
Baith loud and lang.

Some herds, weel learn'd upo' the buik,
Wad threap auld folk the thing mistauk;
For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a neuk,
An' out o' sight,

* See Note p. 17.

[illegible] a hallow gat his licks,
Wi' hearty grunt;
An' some to learn them for their tricks,
Were hang'd an' brunt.

This game was play'd in monie lands,
An' auld-light caddies bure sic hands,
That faith the youngsters took the sands
Wi' nimble shanks,
Till lairds forbade, by strict commands,
Sic bluidy pranks.

But new-light herds gat sic a cowe,
Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an'-stowe,
Till now amaist on every knowe,
Ye'll find ane plac'd;
An' some, their new-light fair avow,
Just quite barefac'd.

Nae doubt the auld-light flocks are bleatin';
Their zealous herds are vex'd an 'sweatin';
Mysel', I've even seen them greetin'
Wi' girnin' spite,
To hear the moon see sadly lie'd on
By word an' write.

But shortly they will cowe the louns!
Some auld-light herds in neebor towns
Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons,
To tak' a flight,
An' stay a month amang the moons
An' see them right.

Guid observation they will gi'e them;
An' when the auld moon's gaun to lea'e them,
The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
Just i' their pouch,
An' when the new-light billies see them,
I think they'll crouch!

Hypocr
That holy
Spare't fo

But your c

Think, n
It's just th
O' saints;

Frae ony un

I've sent y
A' that I bar
Sae, when y

Yon sang,† y

Tho' faith,
My muse dow
I've play'd an

I'd better gaan

'Twas ae nig
I gaed a roving
An' brought a

An', as the twil

The poor wee
I stralkit it a we
Ne'er thinkin' th

herd the buckskin kye
For 't in Virginia.

y had mickle for to blame!
broken wing nor limb,
drops about the wame,
Scarce thro the feathers;
illow George to claim,
An' thole their blethers!

ye as mad's a hare;
e nor write nae mair;
the again is fair,
When time's expedient:
ism, respected Sir,
Your most obedient.

N BARLEYCORN,*

A BALLAD.

I.

three kings into the east,
ge both great and high,
e sworn a solemn oath
leycorn should die.

II.

plough and plough'd him down,
upon his head,
e sworn a solemn oath
leycorn was dead.

III.

erfu' spring came kindly on,
'rs began to fall;
eorn got up again,
surprised them all.

IV.

uns of summer came,
ew thick and strong,
el arm'd wi' pointed spears,
ne should him wrong.

V.

stumn enter'd mild,
grew wan and pale;
joints and drooping head
e began to fail.

VI.

leken'd more and more,
into age;
enemies began
heir deadly rage.

VII.

m a weapon long and sharp,
im by the knee;
m fast upon a cart,
ue for forgeria.

VIII.

m down upon his back,
d'd him full sore;
him up before the storm,
him o'er and o'er.

IX.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim;
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

X.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,
And still as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

XI.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

XII.

And they has ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drunk it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

XIII.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

XIV.

'Twill make a man forget his woe;
'T will heighten all his joy:
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

XV.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

A FRAGMENT.

Tune.—"Gillierankie."

I.

When Guildford good our pilot stood,
And did our helm thraw, man,
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within America, man:
Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
And in the sea did jaw, man;
An' did nae less, in full congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man.

II.

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes,
I wat he was na slaw, man:
Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn,
And Carleton did ca', man;
But yet, what-reck, he, at Quebec,
Montgomery-like did fa', man;
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
Among his enemies a', man.

III.

Poor Tommy Gage, within a cage,
Was kept at Boston ba', man;
Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe
For Philadelphia, man:

---

tly composed on the plan of an by the same name.

ARY.

noon's unclouded light,
to Annie:
by wi' tentless heed,
he late and early,
ussion she agreed,
hro' the barley.

II.

blue, the wind was still,
ras shining clearly;
, wi' right good will,
rigs o' barley.
rt was a' my aim;
most sincerely;
wre and owre again
rigs o' barley.

III.

n my fond embrace!
vas beaming rarely;
on that happy place,
rigs o' barley!
oon and stars so bright,
that hour so clearly!
bless that happy night,
rigs o' barley.

IV.

the wi' comrades dear;
merry drinkin';
ful' gath'rin gear;
happy thinkin':
asures e'er I saw,
times doubled fairly,
ight was worth them a',
rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.

[redacted]

II.
ieasure find,
ender ;
engeas combine ;
r ;
sel sway,
inion :
ie mard'ring cry,
pinion !

f,
'ning's clear,
ting swallow ;
de in view,
yellow :
ladsome way,
of nature :
uited thorn,
ture.

sweetly talk,
hine clearly ;
d, fondly prest,
n dearly :
adding flow'rs,
mer,
o me,
rmer !

—

G.

Iannie, O."

tinchar flows,
e many, O,
as closed,
, O.

loud an' shill ;
and rainy, O ;
out I'll steal,
annie, O.

sweet, an' young :
ye, O ;
' tongue
annie, O.

is true,
ie, O :
vi' dew,
ie, O.

,
n me, O ;
hey be,
nie, O.

se,
ie, O ;
lew me,
innie, O.

VII.
Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O ;
But I'm as blithe that hauds his plough,
An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

VIII.
Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
I'll take what Heaven will sen' me, O ;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nannie, O.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A FRAGMENT.

CHORUS.

Green grow the rashes, O !
Green grow the rashes, O !
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O !

I.
There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O ;
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

II.
The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O ;
An' though at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

III.
But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O ;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.
Green grow, &c.

IV.
For you so douse, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O ;
The wisest man the warld e'er saw,
He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O ;
Green grow, &c.

V.
Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O ;
Her prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

SONG.

Tune—"Jockie's Grey Breeks."

I.
Again rejoicing Nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

The mavis and the [illegible]
And mean I still, &c.

III.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks;
But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of one that never wauks.
And mean I still, &c.

IV.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Among the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And every thing is blest but I.
And mean I still, &c.

V.

The shepherd stonks his faulding slap,
And owre the moorlands whistles shill,
Wi' wild, unequal wandering step
I meet him on the dewy hill.
And mean I still, &c.

VI.

And when the lark, 'twixt light and dark,
Blithe wauksns by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on flutt'ring wings,
A wae-worn ghaist I hameward glide.
And mean I still, &c.

VII.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When nature all is sad like me!

CHORUS.

Along the beauty [illegible]

II.

The Autumn mourns her ripening c
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the approaching tempest fly;
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

III.

'Tis not the roaring billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore;
Tho' death in every shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear
But round my heart the ties are bo
That heart transpierc'd with many
These bleed afresh, those dun I fear
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

IV.

Farewell, old Coila's hills an' dal
Her healthy moors and winding w
The scenes where wretched fancy
Pursuing past unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends, farewell, m
My peace with these, my love wi
The bursting tears my heart declar
Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr

SONG.

Tune—"Gilderoy."

I.

[illegible]

THE FAREWELL,

TO THE BRETHREN OF ST JAMES'S LODGE, TARBOLTON.

Tune—"Good night and joy be wi' you a'!"

I.

Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu,
Dear brethren of the mystic tie!
Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
Companions of my social joy!
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

II.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful festive night;
Oft honour'd with supreme command,
Pre-ided o'er the sons of light;
And by that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftsmen ever saw!
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa'.

III.

May freedom, harmony, and love,
Unite you in the grand design,
Beneath th' omniscient eye above,
The glorious architect divine!
That you may keep th' unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
Till order bright completely shine,
Shall be my pray'r when far awa.*

IV.

And you, farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly that highest badge to wear!
Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble name,
To masonry and Scotia dear!
A last request, permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round, I ask it with a tear,
To him, the bard that's far awa'!

SONG.

Tune—"Prepare, my dear Brethren, to the Tavern let's fly."

I.

No churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
No sly man of business contriving a snare,
For a big-bellied bottle's the whole of my care.

II.

The poor I don't envy, I give him his bow;
I scorn not the peasant, tho' ever so low;
But a club of good fellows like those that are here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

III.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse;
There comes per centum, the cit with his purse;
But see you the crown, how it waves in the air,
There, a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.

IV.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

V.

I once was persuaded a venture to make;
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;
But the purse of old landlord just waddi'd the stairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

VI.

"Life's cares they are comforts"*—a maxim laid down
By the bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown;
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair
For a big-belly'd bottle's a heaven of care.

[A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge.]

Then fill up a bumper, and make it o'erflow,
And honours masonic prepare for to throw;
May every true brother of the compass and square,
Have a big-belly'd bottle when harass'd with care.

WRITTEN IN

FRIAR'S CARSE HERMITAGE,

ON NITH-SIDE.

Thou whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deck'd in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lower.

As youth and love with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure with her siren air
May delude the thoughtless pair;
Let prudence bless enjoyment's cup,
Then rapture sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait:
Dangers, eagle-pinion'd bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,
While cheerful peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dale among.

---

* Young's Night Thoughts.

hou ....
Art thou high or low ;
y fortune ebb or flow ?
any talents gild thy span ?
eal nature grudge thee one ?
ium, and press it on their mind,
u thyself must shortly find,
mile or frown of awful Heaven,
tue or to vice is given.
to be just, and kind, and wise,
e solid self-enjoyment lies ;
foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
t to the wretched, vile, and base.

hus resign'd and quiet, creep
he bed of t sting s eep ;
p, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
ht where dawn shall never break,
f future life, future no more,
light and joy the good restore,
light and joy unknown before.
ranger, go ! Heaven be thy gu de !
od the bendsman of Nith-side.

ODE,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS ——.

Dweller in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of crea ion ! mark
Who in widow-weeds a pears,
Laden with unhonour'd years,
Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Baited with many a deadly curse !

STROPHE.

View the wither'd beldam's face,
Can thy keen inspection trace
....'s sweet melting grace ?

CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON,

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR HIS HONOURS IMMEDIATELY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD !

But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright ;
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless heavenly light !

O Death ! thou tyrant fell and bloody ;
The meikle devil wi' a woodie
Hauri thee hame to his black smiddie,
O'er hurcheon hides,
And like stock-fish come o'er his st.ddie,
Wi' thy auld sides !

He's gane, he's gane ! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born !
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where haply, Pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exiled.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns !
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns,
Where echo slumbers !
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers !

Mourn like grove the cushat kens !
Ye hnz'lly shaws and briery dens !
Ye burnies wimplin down your glens,
Wi' toddlin din,
Or foaming, strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae lin to lin.

s, and speckled teals,
tching eels;
wi' airy wheels
reling the lake;
quagmire reels,
ar for his sake.

ersiks at close o' day,
'ring clover gay;
our annual way
ne our cauld shore,
wha lies in clay,
ham we deplore.

ur ivy bow'r,
r eldritch tow'r,
n, wi' silent glow'r,
ts up her horn,
y midnight hour
ll waukrife morn!

hills, and plains!
y canty strains!
for me remains
it tales of woe;
drapping rains
ian ever flow.

ou darling of the year!
ll kep a tear:
e each array spear
oots up its head,
w'ry tresses shear,
r him that's dead!

i' thy yellow hair,
mantle tear!
ng thro' the air
e roaring blast,
l world declare
e worth we've lost!

sun, great source of light!
he silent night!
ng sternies bright,
y Matthew mourn!
be he's ta'en his flight,
e'er to return.

e man, the brother!
and gone for ever!
'd that unknown river,
fe's dreary bound!
all I find another,
e world around!

ared tombs, ye great,
s o' state!
irf I'll wait,
ou man of worth!
t fellow's fate
'er lay in earth.

EPITAPH.

y story's brief;
relate, man:
le o' grief,
a great man.

erit hast,
time's door, man;
A look of pity hither cast,
For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble sodger art,
That passest by this grave, man;
There moulders here a gallant heart,
For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, man;
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise,
For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at friendship's sacred ca',
Wad life itself resign, man;
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa',
For Matthew was a kind man.

If thou art staunch without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man,
This was a kinsman o' thy ain,
For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
And ne'er guid wine did fear, man,
This was thy billie, dam, and sire,
For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish whingin sot,
To blame poor Matthew dare, man;
May dool and sorrow be his lot,
For Matthew was a rare man.

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea:
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And gilds the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis mild wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall oppress'd.

Now blooms the lilly by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae:
The meanest hind in fair Scotland,
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I has been;
Fu' lightly raise I in the morn,
As blithe lay down at e'en:
And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there;

Was never ...
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds o' ...
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine!
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee;
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
' Remember him for me!

O! soon, to me, may summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave;
And the next flow'rs that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave.

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, Esq.

OF FINTRA.

Late crippled of an arm, and now a leg,
About to beg a pass for leave to beg;
Dull, listless, teas'd, dejected, and depress'd,
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest;)
Will generous Graham list to his poet's wail?
It soothes poor misery, hearkening to her tale,)
And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade!

—— Nature, partial Nature, I arraign;
... plain.

Critics—appall'd,
Those cut-throat ban
Bloody dissectors, w
He hacks to teach, t

His heart by
wrung,
By blockheads' darin
His well-won bays,
By miscreants torn,
wear;
Foil'd, bleeding, t
strife.
The hapless poet flo
Till fled each hope
And fled each mu
spired,
Low sunk in squali
Dead even resentme
He heeds or feels n
rage!

So, by some he
ceased,
For half-starv'd s
By toil and famin
Lies senseless of

O dulness! po
Calm shelter'd b
Thy sons ne'er
Of fortune's pol
If mantling hig
With sober self
Conscious the
serve,
They only won
The grave sage

Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown,
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
May bliss domestic smooth his private path:
Give energy to *life*; and soothe his latest breath,
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

The wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods
That waved o'er Lugar's winding stream:
Beneath a craigy steep, a bard,
Laden with years and wauhie pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years;
His locks were blanched white wi' time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears!
And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
To echo bore the notes along.

"Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
The relics of the vernal quire!
Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
The honours of the aged year!
A few short months, and glad, and gay,
Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e;
But nocht in all revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me.

"I am a bending aged tree,
That long has stood the wind and rain;
But now has come a cruel blast,
And my last hald of earth is gane:
Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom:
But I maun lie before the storm,
And ithers plant them in my room.

"I've seen sae many change-fu' years,
On earth I am a stranger grown;
I wander in the ways of men,
Alike unknowing and unknown:
Unheard, or pitied, unrelieved,
I bear alane my lade o' care,
For silent, low on beds of dust,
Lie a' that would my sorrow share.

"And last, (the sum of a' my griefs!)
My noble master lies in clay;
The flower amang our barons bold,
His country's pride, his country's stay;
In weary being now I pine,
For a' the lifts of life is dead,
And hope has left my aged ken,
On forward wing for ever fled.

"*Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!*
The voice of woe and wild despair;
Awake, resound thy latest lay,
And sleep in silence evermair!

And thou, my sear, dest, only friend,
That fillest an untimely tomb,
Accept this tribute from the bard
Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom.

"In poverty's low barren vale;
Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round;
Tho' oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
Nae ray of fame was to be found:
Thou found'st me like the morning sun
That melts the fogs in limpid air,
The friendless bard and rustic song
Became alike thy fostering care.

"O! Why has worth so short a date?
While villains ripen grey with time!
Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, great,
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime!
Why did I live to see that day!
A day to me so full of woe!
O! had I met the mortal shaft
Which laid my benefactor low!

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour hath been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me."

LINES,

SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFORD OF WHITEFORD, BART, WITH THE FOREGOING POEM.

Thou, whe thy honour as thy God rever'st,
Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st,
To thee this votive off'ring I impart,
"The tearful tribute of a broken heart."
The friend thou valued'st, I the patron lov'd;
His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd.
We'll mourn till we too go as he is gone,
And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown.

TAM O' SHANTER:

A TALE.

Of Brownyle and of Bogilis full is this Buke.
Gawin Douglas.

When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou an' unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, an' stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,

That ilka meiger, wi' the mitten,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesy'd, that late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: As market night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely:
And at his elbow, souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
And aye the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious;
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy;
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

Whare in the snaw the cha
And past the birks and mei
Whare drucken Charlie br
And thro' the whins, and b
Whare hunters fand the m
And near the thorn, aboon
Whare Mungo's mither ha
Before him Doon pours all
The doubling storm roars t
The lightnings flash from
Near and more near the th
When glimmering thro' th
Kirk Alloway seem'd in a
Thro' ilka bore the beams
And loud resounded mirth

Inspiring bold John Bar
What dangers thou canst
Wi' tippeny, we fear nae
Wi' usquebae we'll face t
The swats sae ream'd in
Fair play, he cared na de
But Maggie stood right sa
Till, by the heel and hand
She ventured forward on t
And, vow! Tam saw an
Warlocks and witches in
Nae cotillon brent new fra
But hornpipes, jigs, strat
Put life and mettle in thei
A winnock-bunker in the
There sat auld Nick in sh
A towzie tyke, black, gri
To gie them music was hi
He screw'd his pipes and
Till roof and rafters a' di
Coffins stood round like o
That shaw'd the dead in
And by some devilish cant
Each in its cauld hand he

d, they set, they cross'd, they
:nt,
rlin swat and reekit,
ier duddies to the wark,
at it in her sark!

n, O Tam! had they been queens,
n' strapping, in their teens;
, instead o' crceshie flannen,
·white seventeen hunder linen!
o' mine, my only pair,
nere plush o' guid blue hair,
ti'en them aff my hurdies!
k o' the bonnie burdies!

er'd baldame auld and droll,
hags wad spean a foal,-
d flinging on a crammock,
idna turn thy stomach.

kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
ne winsome wench and walie,
enlisted in the core,
· kenn'd on Carrick shore!
a beast to dead she shot,
'd mounie a bonnie boat,
beith meikle corn an bear,
ie country side in fear,)
ark o' Paisley harn,
a lassie she had worn,
e though sorely scanty,
best, and she was vauntie,—
kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
he soft for her wee Nannie,
and Scots, ('twas a' her riches,)
rased a dance o' witches!

my muse her wing maun cour:
are far beyond her power:
e Nannie lap and flang,
nde she was an' strang)
aun stood like ane bewitch'd,
it his very een enrich'd:
i glower'd and fidg'd fu' fain,
d and blew wi' might and main:
caper, syne anither,
is reason a' thegither,
ouit, "Weel done Cutty sark!"
nstant all was dark;
y had he Maggie rallied,
the hellish legion sallied.

ixz out wi' angry fyke,
d'ring herds assail their byke;
ste's mortal foes,
: she starts before their nose;
ns the market crowd,
atch the thief!" resounds aloud;
runs, the witches follow,
an eldritch screech and hollow.

! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin,
'll roast thee like a herrin!
Kate awaits thy comin!
ell be a waefu' woman!
y speedy utmost, Meg,
e key-stane o' the brig;*

There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they darena cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie press'd,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought aff her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carlin caught her by the rump,
An left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty sarks run in your mind,
Think ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME,

WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT.

Inhuman man! curse on thy barbarous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye:
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains:
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains,
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
The shelt'ring rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom press'd.

Oft as by winding Nith, I musing wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll mus thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,

ON CROWNING HIS BUST AT EDNAM, ROXBURGHSHIRE, WITH BAYS.

While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between:

While Summer, with a matron grace,
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade:

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,

---

*well known fact, that witches, or ...ts, have no power to follow a ...ny farther than the middle of the ... stream.—It may be proper like... ...ion to the benighted travveller, that when he falls in with boggles, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there much more hazard in turning back.

EPITAPHS.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

Here souter John in death does sleep:
To hell, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
He'll hand it weel thegither.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes:
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a blath'rin bitch
Into thy dark dominion!

ON WEE JOHNNY.

Hic jacet wee Johnny.

Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know,
That death has murder'd Johnny,
An' here his body lies fu' low—
For saul, he ne'er had ony.

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend!
Here lie the loving h[illegible]

A

Is there a w
Owre fast for
Owre blate to

And owre this

Is there a be
Who, noteless
That weekly t

But, with a fr

Is there a ma
Can others teac
Yet runs, hims

Here pause—an

The poor inha
Was quick to lo
And keenly felt

But thoughtless

Reader, attend
Soars fancy's fli
Or darkly grubs

Know, prudent,

s an unco sleight
O' cauk and keel.

houlet-haunted biggin,*
by its riggin
'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part,
ay, L—d safe's! colleagui'
At some black art.

haunts auld ha' or chamer,
ist deal in glamor,
d in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches;
e conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight bitches.

ns a sodger bred,
her fa'n than fled;
st the sportie blade,
And dog-skin wallet,
antiquarian trade,
I think they call it.

o' auld nick-nackets;
nd jinglin' jackets.†
othians three in tackets,
A towmout guid;
s, and auld saut-backets,
Before the flood.

lre he has a cinder;
's fire-shovel and fender;
nguished the gender
O' Balaam's ass;
the witch of Endor,
West shod wi' brass.

ape you aff, fa' gieg,
's philibeg;
nket Abel's craig,
He'll prove you fully,
jocteleg,
Or lang-kail gullie.—

him in his glee,
nd fun has he,
rn, and twa or three
Guid fellows wi' him;
! shine thou a wee,
And then ye'll see him!

wers o' verse and prose!
chiel, O Grose!
shall ill suppose,
They sair misca' thee;
l by the nose,
Wad say, Shame fa' thee!

---

quities of Scotland.
ise on Ancient Armour and

TO MISS CRUIKSHANKS.

A VERY YOUNG LADY, WRITTEN ON TH
BLANK LEAF OF A BOOK, PRESENTE
TO HER BY THE AUTHOR.

Beauteous rose-bud, young and gay,
Blooming on thy early May,
Never may'st thou, lovely flow'r,
Chilly shrink in sleety show'r!
Never Boreas' hoary path,
Never Eurus' pois'nous breath,
Never baleful stellar lights,
Taint thee with untimely blights!
Never, never reptile thief
Riot on thy virgin leaf!
Nor ever Sol too fiercely view
Thy bosom blushing still with dew!

May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem,
Richly deck thy native stem;
Till some ev'ning, sober, calm,
Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
While all around the woodland rings,
And ev'ry bird thy requiem sings;
Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
Shed thy dying honours round,
And resign to parent earth
The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

SONG.

Anna, thy charms my bosom fire,
And waste my soul with care;
But, ah! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair!

Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair,
To hope may be forgiven;
For sure 'twere impious to despair,
So much in sight of Heaven.

ON READING, IN A NEWSPAPER,

THE DEATH OF JOHN M'LEOD, ESQ

BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY, A PARTICU
LAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

Sad thy tale, thou idle page,
And rueful thy alarms:
Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deck'd with pearly dew
The morning rose may blow;
But cold successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smiled;
But long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguiled.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That nature finest strung:
So Isabella's heart was form'd,
And so that heart was wrung.

TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

My Lord, I know your noble ear
  Woe ne'er assails in vain;
Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
  Your humble slave complain,
How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
  In flaming summer-pride,
Dry-wither-ing, waste my foaming streams,
  And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly jumping glowrin trouts,
  That thro' my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
  They near the margin stray;
If, hapless chance! they linger lang,
  I'm scorching up so shallow,
They're left the whit'ting stanes amang,
  In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat, wi' spite and teen,
  As poet Burns came by,
That, to a bard I should be seen,
  Wi' half my channel dry;
A panegyr-ic rhyme, I ween,
  Even as I was he shored me:
But had I in my glory been,
  He, kneeling, wad adored me.

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
  In twisting strength I rin:
There, high my boiling to rent smokes,
  Wild-roaring o'er a linn:
Enjoying large each spring and well
  As nature gave them me,
I am, although I say't mysel,
  Worth gaun a mile to see.

Would then my noble master [illegible]

Shall meet
Despising we
As empty i
The flowers a
The hour o
And birks ext
To screen t

Here, haply t
Some musir
And eye the as
And misty s
Or, by the rea
Mild cheque
Rave to my da
Hoarse-swell

Let lofty firs, a
My lowly bas
And view, deep
Their shadow
Let fragrant bir
My craggy cl
And for the littl
The close eml

So may old Sco
Your little an
Spring, like the
Their honour'
So may, thro' A
To social flow
The grace be—'
And Athole's l

ON SCARING

ON

Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below.
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels.
But man, to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying heav'n,
Glorious in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wand'ring swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays:
Far from human haunts and ways;
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might,
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his pow'rs you scorn;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL

OVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE PARLOUR OF THE INN AT KENMORE, TAYMOUTH.

Admiring Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
Till famed Breadalbane opens to my view.—
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wild-scatter'd, clothe their ample sides,
An outstretching lake, embosom'd 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
The Tay meand'ring sweet in infant pride,
The palace rising on his verdant side,
The lawns wood-fringed in Nature's native taste:
The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste!
The arches striding o'er the new-born stream;
The village, glittering in the noontide beam—

Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell:
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—

Here Poesy might wake her heav'n-taught lyre,
And look through nature with creative fire:
Here, to the wrongs of fate half reconciled,
Misfortune's lightsen'd steps might wander wild;
And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds:
Here heart-struck Grief might heaven-ward stretch her scan,
And injured Worth forget and pardon man.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,

STANDING BY THE FALL OF FYERS, NEAR LOCH-NESS.

Among the heathy hills and ragged woods
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods;
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.

As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
And viewless echo's ear, astonish'd, rends.
Dim-seen, through rising mists, and ceaseless showers,
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, lowers.
Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
And still below, the horrid cauldron boils.

ON THE BIRTH OF

A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,

BORN IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF FAMILY DISTRESS.

Sweet Flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love,
And ward o' mony a prayer,
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair!

November hirples o'er the lea,
Chill on thy lovely form;
And gane, alas! the shelt'ring tree,
Should shield thee frae the storm.

May He who gives the rain to pour,
And wings the blast to blaw,
Protect thee frae the driving shower,
The bitter frost and snaw!

May He, the friend of woe and want,
Who heals life's various stounds,
Protect and guard the mother plant,
And heal her cruel wounds!

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
Fair on the summer morn:
Now feebly bends she in the blast,
Unsheltar'd and forlorn.

Bless'd be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
Unscathed by ruffian hand!
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land!

[illegible] Whistle which at the commencement of the orgies he laid on the table, and whoever was last able to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany, and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority. After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton, ancestor to the present worthy baronet of that name; who, after three days and three nights' hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table,

And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to Walter Riddel, of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's.—On Friday the 16th of October, 1790, at Friars Carse, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton; Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq. of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert; which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field.

[illegible] of a Whistle—a Whistle of [illegible]

Till three noble ch
blood,
The jovial contest sq

Three joyous good
of law;
Craigdarroch, so fa
law;
And trusty Glenridd
And gallant Sir R
wines.

Craigdarroch begs
as oil,
Desiring Glenriddel
Or else he would
clan,
And once more, in
man.

"By the gods of t
replies,
"Before I surrender
I'll conjure the gi
More.†
And bumper his hor
o'er."

Sir Robert, a sold
tend,
But he ne'er turn'd
friend.
Said, Toss down the
field,
And knee-deep in
yield.

To the board of
pair,

asure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er;
ambus ne'er witness'd so joyous a
'
l that to leave them he was quite
orn,
da hinted he'd see them next morn.

les a-piece had well worn out the
ht,
inst Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
r in one bumper a bottle of red,
'twas the way that their ancestors

orthy Glenriddel, so cautious and
,
the warfare ungodly would wage;
ing Elder to wallow in wine!
foul business to folks less divine.

ant Sir Robert fought hard to the
;
n with fate and quart bumpers con-
r
de said—a hero should perish in
t;
bright Phœbus and down fell the
ht.

rose our bard, like a prophet in
k;—
rock, thou'lt soar when creation
sink;
would flourish immortal in rhyme,
bottle more—and have at the sub-
:

ne, that have struggled for Freedom
Bruce,
s and patriots ever produce;
the laurel, and mine be the bay;
on hast won, by you bright god of
"

ND EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.*

ERBOR,

nes doubly o'er your debtor,
ld-farrent, frien'ly letter:
n say't, I doubt ye flatter,
Ye speak so fair:
, silly, rhymin' clatter,
Some less maun sair.

r heart, hale be your fiddle;
our elbuck jink and diddle,
u through the weary widdle
O' warly cares,
bairns kindly cuddle
Your auld grey hairs.

But Davie, lad, I'm red ye'er glaikit;
I'm tauld the Muse ye hae neglected;
An' gif it's sae, ye sud be licket
Until ye fyke;
Sic hans as you sud ne'er be faikit,
Be hain't wha like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
Rivin' the words tae gar them clink; [drink,
Whyles dazz't wi' love, whyles dazz't wi'
Wi' jads or masons;
An' whyles, but aye owre late, I think,
Braw sober lessons.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
Commen' me to the bardie clan;
Except it be some idle plan
O' rhymin' clink,
The devil-haet, that I suld ban,
They ever think.

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme of livin';
Nae cares to gie us joy or grievin':
But just the pouchie put the nieve in,
An' while ought's there,
Then, hillie, skillie, we gae scrievin',
An' fash nae mair.

Leeze me on rhyme! its aye a treasure,
My chief, amais. my only pleasure,
At hame, a-field, at wark or leisure,
The Muse, poor hizzie!
Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure,
She's seldom lazy.

Haud tae the Muse, my dainty Davie;
The warl' may play you mony a shavie;
But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
Tho' e'er sae poor,
Na, even tho' limpin' wi' the spavie
Frae door to door.

ON MY EARLY DAYS.

I.

I mind it weel, in early date,
When I was beardless, young, and blate,
An' first could thresh the barn;
Or hand a yokin o' the pleugh;
An' tho' forfoughten sair enough,
Yet nnea proud to learn;
When first amang the yellow corn
A man I reckon'd was,
And wi' the lave ilk merry morn
Could rank my rig and lass,
Still sheaving, and clearing
The tither stooked raw,
Wi' claivers, an' haivers,
Wearing the day awa.

II.

E'en then a wish, I mind its pow'r,
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some useful plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least.
The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,

---

*prefixed to the poems of David
hed at Kilmarnock, 1789, and
appeared in our author's printed

I see her yet, the sonsie queen,
That lighted up her jingle,
Her witching smile, her pauky een
That gart my heart-strings tingle:
I fired, inspired,
At every kindling keek,
But bashing, and dashing,
I feared aye to speak*.

SONG.

Tune—"Bonnie Dundee."

In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,
The pride of the place and its neighbourhood a',
Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a'.
Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw:
There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,
But Armour's† the jewel for me o' them a'.

ON THE DEATH OF

SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR.

The lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare,
Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western

Wild to my heart the filial
"Twas Caledonia's troph
Her form majestic droop'd
The lightning of her eye

Reversed that spear, redou
Reclin'd that banner,
furl'd,
That like a deathful meteo
And braved the might
world.—

"My patriot son fills an
With accents wild and
"Low lies the hand tha
save,
Low lies the heart that
pride!

"A weeping country join
The helpless poor m
cry;
The drooping arts around
And grateful science
sigh.

"I saw my sons resume
I saw fair Freedom's
But, ah! how hope is b
Relentless fate has lai

"My patriot falls, but
While empty greatn
name!
No; every Muse shall j
And future ages hear

"And I will join a mot
Thro' future times to

THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,
Friendship! 'tis all cold duty now allows.—

And when you read the simple artless rhymes,
One friendly sigh for him, he asks no more,
Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes,
Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS:

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVO.

When lyart leaves bestrow the yird,
Or wavering like the bauckie-bird,*
Bedim cauld Boreas' blast;
When hailstanes drive wi' bitter skyte,
And infant froets begin to bite,
In hoary cranreuch drest;
Ae night at een a merry core,
O' randie, gangrel bodies,
In Poosie-Nansie's held the spore,
To drink their orra duddies:
Wi' quaffing and laughing,
They ranted and they sang;
Wi' jumping and thumping,
The very girdle rang.

First, neist the fire, in auld red rags,
Ane sat, weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,
And knapsack a' in order;
His doxy lay within his arm,
Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm—
She blinket on her sodger:
An' aye he gies the tousie drab
The tither skelpin' kiss,
While she held up her greedy gab
Just like an a'mous dish.
Ilk smack still did crack still,
Just like a cadger's whip,
Then staggering and swaggering
He roar'd this ditty up—

AIR.

TUNE—"Soldier's Joy."

I.

I am a son of Mars who have been in many wars,
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come;
This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

II.

My 'prenticeship I pass'd where my leader breath'd his last,
When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram;
I served out my trade when the gallant game was play'd,
And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

III.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batteries,
And there I left for witness an arm and a limb;
Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head me,
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

IV.

And now though I must beg with a wooden arm and leg,
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,
I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle and my callet,
As when I used in scarlet to follow the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

V.

What tho' with hoary locks, I must stand the winter shocks,
Beneath the woods and rocks often times for a home,
When the tother bag I sell, and the tother bottle tell,
I could meet a troop of hell, at the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

RECITATIVO.

He ended; and the kebars sheuk,
Aboon the chorus roar;
While frighted rattans backward leuk,
And seek the beunnst bore;
A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,
He skirl'd out encore!
But up arose the martial chuck,
And laid the loud uproar.

AIR.

TUNE—"Soldier Laddie."

I.

I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
And still my delight is in proper young men;
Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lai, &c.

II.

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade;
His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,
Transported was I with my sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lai, &c.

III.

But the godly old chaplain left him in lurch,
So the sword I forsook for the sake of the church,

---

* The old Scotch name for the bat.

His rage regimental they flutter'd so gaudy,
My heart it rejoiced at my sodger laddie,
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

VI.

And now I have liv'd—I know not how long,
And still I can join in a cup or a song;
But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,
Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Then niest outspak a raucle carlin,
Wha kent sae weel to cleek the sterling,
For monie a pursie she had hooked,
And bed in mony a well been ducked.
Her dove had been a Highland laddie,
But weary fa' the waefu' woodie!
Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began
To wail her braw John Highlandman.

AIR.

Tune—"O an' ye were dead Gudeman."

I.

A Highland lad my love was born,
The Lalland laws he held in scorn;
But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

CHORUS.

Sing, hey my braw John Highlandman!
Sing, ho my braw John Highlandman!
There's not a lad in a' the lan'
[illegible] Highlandman

[illegible]
Sing

RECITA

A pigmy scraper, wi' h
Wha used at trysts and
Her strappan limb and
He re
Had hol'd his heartie li
An' b

Wi' hand on haunch,
He crouo'd his gamut,
Then in an Arioso key,
The
Set off wi' Allegretto g
His g

AI

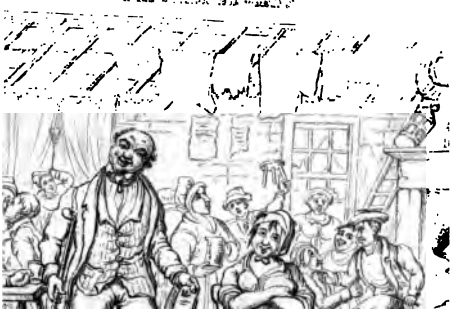
Tune—"Whistle

I
Let me ryke up to digh
An' go wi' me and be
An' then your every ca
May whistle owre th

CHO

I am a fiddler to n
An' a' the tunes
The sweetest still
Was whistle ov

At kirns and weddings



:CITATIVO.

ruck a sturdy Caird,
Gutscraper;
by the beard,
ty rapier—
s swearing worth,
e a pliver,
ous that time forth,
ng ever.

oor tweedle dee
s bended,
ce wi' rueful' face,
rel ended.
le heart did grieve,
tinkler prest her,
le in his sleeve,
aird address'd her.

AIR.

Clout the Cauldron."

work in brass,
tation;
d all Christian ground
nation,
, I've been enroll'd
squadron:
th'd, when off I march'd
the cauldron.
've ta'en the gold, &c.

II.

p, that withes'd imp,
an' caprin',
i' those that bear
he apron.
my faith and houp,
Keilbagie,*
meet wi' scant,
e my craigie.
an' by that stowp, &c.

:CITATIVO.

l—the unblushing fair
sunk,
rooms sae sair,
ras drunk.
an air
nan of spunk,
ween the pair,
ttle clunk
'e their health that night.

l shot a shaft
ame a shavie,
ner fore and aft,
en cavie.
o' Homer's † craft,
ith the spavie,
l lap like daft,
Daintie Davie
) boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade
As ever Bacchus listed,
Though Fortune sair upon him laid,
His heart she ever miss'd it.
He had no wish but—to be glad,
Nor want but—when he thirsted;
He hated nought but—to be sad,
And thus the Muse suggested,
His sang that night.

AIR.

Tune—"For a' that, an' a' that."

I.

I am a bard of no regard,
Wi' gentle folks, an' a' that:
But Homer-like, the glowran byke,
Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, an' a' that;
An' twice as meikle's a' that;
I've lost but ane, I've twa behin'
I've wife enough for a' that.

II.

I never drank the Muse's stank,
Castalia's burn, an' a' that;
But there it streams, and richly reams,
My Helicon I ca' that.
For a' that, &c.

III.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
Their humble slave, an' a' that;
But lordly will, I hold it still
A mortal sin to thraw that.
For a' that, &c.

IV.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love an' a' that;
But for how lang the flie may stang,
Let inclination law that.
For a' that, &c.

V.

Their tricks and craft have put me daft,
They've ta'en me in an' a' that:
But clear your decks, and here's—the sex!
I like the jads for a' that.

"For a' that, an' a' that,
An' twice as meikle's a' that:
My dearest bluid, to do them guid,
They're welcome till't for a' that.

RECITATIVO.

So sung the bard—and Nansie's wa'
Shook with a thunder of applause,
Re echo'd from each mouth;
They toom'd their pocks, an' pawn'd their duds,
They scarcely left to co'er their fuds,
To quench their lowan drouth.

Then owre again, the jovial thrang,
The poet did request,
To lowse his pack an' wale a sang,
A ballad o' the best:

* *rt of whisky so called, a Poosie-Nansie's clubs.*
ed to be the oldest ballad-

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

II.

What is title? what is treasure?
What is reputation's care?
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter how or where!
A fig, &c.

III.

With the ready trick and fable,
Round we wander all the day;
And at night in barn or stable,
Hug our doxies on the hay.
A fig, &c.

IV.

Does the train-attended carriage
Through the country lighter rove?
Does the sober bed of marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love?
A fig, &c.

V.

Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose.
A fig, &c,

VI.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets!
Here's to all the wand'ring train!
Here's our ragged brats and callets!
One and all cry out, Amen!

D'rymple mild,§ D'rymple n
heart's like a child,
And your life like the new dr
Yet that winna save ye, auld t
ye,
For preaching that three's a

Rumble John,‖ Rumble Jol
steps wi' a groan,
Cry the book is wi' heresy c
Then lug out the ladie, deal
adie,
And roar ev'ry note of the d

Simper James,¶ Simper Jam
Killie dames,
There's a holier chace in yo
I'll lay on your head, that the
lead,
For puppies like you there'

Singet Sawney,** Singet
herding the penny,
Unconscious what evils aw
Wi' a jump, yell, and ho
soul,
For the foul thief is just at

Daddy Auld,†† Daddy Auld,
the fauld,
A tod meikle waur than th
Tho' ye can do little scaith,
death,
And if ye canna bite ye ma

Davie Bluster,‡‡ Davie Blu
ye do muster,
The corps is no nice of rec

Poet Willie,* Poet Willie, gie the Doctor a volley,
Wi' your liberty's chain and your wit;
O'er Pegasus' side you ne'er laid a stride,
Ye but smelt, man, the place where he sh-t.

Andro Gouk,† Andro Gouk, ye may slander the book,
And the book not the waur let me tell ye;
Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig,
And ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value.

Barr Steenie,‡ Barr Steenie, what mean ye? what mean ye?
If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
Ye may ha'e some pretence to havins and sense,
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.

Irvine side,§ Irvine side, wi' your turkey-cock pride,
Of manhood but sma' is your share;
Ye've the figure, 'tis true, even your face will allow,
And your friends they dare grant you nae mair.

Muirland Jock,‖ Muirland Jock, when the L——d makes a rock
To crush Common Sense for her sins,
If ill manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit
To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

Holy Will,¶ Holy Will, there was wit I' your skull,
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor;
The timmer is scant, when ye're ta'en for a saint,
Wha should swing in a rope for an hour.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your sp'ritual guns,
Ammunition ye never can need;
Your hearts are the stuff, will be powther enough,
And your skulls are storehouses o' lead.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping turns,
Why desert ye your auld native shire;
Your muse is a gipsie, e'en tho' she were tipsie,
She could ca' us nae waur than we are.

THE TWA HERDS.**

O a' ye pious godly flocks,
Weel fed on pastures orthodox,
Wha now will keep you frae the fox,
Or worrying tykes,
Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks,
About the dykes?

The twa best herds in a' the wast,
That e'er gat gospel horn a blast.
These five and twenty simmers past,
O f dool to tell,
Ha'e had a bitter black out-cast
Atween themsel.

O, M——y, man, and worthy R——ll,
How could you raise so vile a bustle,
Ye'll see how new-light herds will whistle,
And think it fine!
The Lord's cause ne'er got sic a twistle,
Sin' I ha'e min'.

O, Sirs! whae'er wad ha'e expeckit,
Your duty ye wad sae negleckit,
Ye wha were ne'er by laird respeckit,
To wear the plaid,
But by the brutes themsels elekit,
To be their guide.

What flock wi' M——y's flock could rank,
Sae hale and hearty every shank,
Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank,
He let them taste,
Frae Calvin's well, aye clear, they drank,
O sic a feast!

The Thummart, wil'-cat, brock, and tod,
Weel kend his voice thro' a' the wood,
He smelt their ilka hole and road,
Baith out and in,
And weel he lik'd to ahed their bluid,
And sell their skin.

What herd like R——ll tell'd his tale,
His voice was heard thro' muir and dale,
He kend the Lord's sheep, ilka tail
O'er a' the height,
And saw gin they were sick or hale,
At the first sight.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,
Or nobly fling the gospel club,
And new-light herds could nicely drub,
Or pay their skin,
Could shake them o'er the burning dub;
Or heave them in.

Sic twa—O! do I live to see't,
Sic famous twa should disagreet,
An' names, like villain, hypocrite,
Ilk ither glein,
While new-light herds wi' laughin spite,
Say neither's lein'!

A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld,
There's D——n, deep, and P——s, shaul
But chiefly thou, apostle A——d,
We trust in thee,
That thou wilt work them, het and cauld,
Till they agree.

Consider, Sirs, how we're beset,
There's scarce a new herd that we get,
But comes frae 'mang that cursed set
I wiana name,
I hope frae heav'n to see them yet
In fiery flame.

---

* Mr P——s, Ayr. † Dr A. M——ll.
‡ Mr S——Y——, Barr.
§ Mr S——h, Galston. ‖ Mr S——d,
¶ *An Elder in Mauchline.*

** *This piece was among the first of our Author's productions which he submitted to the public; and was occasioned by a dispute*

[illegible] who's [illegible] tuff [illegible]
I mekie dread him.

[illegible] mosie a ane that I could tell,
[illegible] wood openly rebel,
[illegible] turn-coats amang ourself,
There S—h for ane,
[illegible] he's but a grey-nick quiff,
And that ye'll ha'.

[illegible] ye flocks o'er a' the hills,
[illegible] meers, and fells,
[illegible] your manse and your stalls,
To co the lairds,
[illegible] brutes to power themselfs,
To choose their heroes.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
And learning in a woody dance,
And that fell cur ca'd Common Sense,
That bites sae sair,
He bounds o'er the sea to France;
Let him bark there.

Then Shaw's and Dalrymple's eloquence,
[illegible]'s elbow nervous excellence,
[illegible]—g's pathetic manly sense,
And gold M—n—h,
Wi' S—h, who through the heart sae glance,
May a' pack aff.

THE HENPECK'D HUSBAND.

Curs'd be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife,
Who has no will but by her high permission;
Who has no mind but in her possession;
Who has not sixpence but in her possession;
Who has lost his dear friend's secret to her;
[illegible] than hell.

[illegible]
For some o' you hae tint a tenth;
In Eighty-eight, ye ken, was ta'en
What ye'll ne'er hae to gi'e again.

Observe the very nowt an' sheep,
How dowff an' owsie now they creep;
Nay, even the yirth itsel' does cry,
For Embro' wells are grutten dry.

O Eighty-nine thou's but a bairn,
An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn!
Thou beardless boy, I pray tak' care,
Thou now has got thy daddy's chair,
Nae hand-cuff'd, mizzl'd, half-shackl'd
gent,
But, like himsel', a full free agent,
Be sure ye follow out the plan
Nae wauir than he did, honest man!
As mekle better as you can.

January 1, 1789.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE CARRON.

We cam na here to view your warks
In hopes to be mair wise,
But only, lest we gang to hell,
It may be nae surprise:
But when we tirl'd at your door,
Your porter dought na hear us;
Sae may, should we to hell's yetts co
Your billy Satan sair us!

[illegible] BY BU

I say, nay, by heav'n! that
it shall last while the world
l.
nsion, 'll give you the King,
betray him, on high may he
round fabric, free Constitu-
use of the great Revolution;
Politics not to be cramm'd,
'd, and be Tyranny damn'd;
to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
a hangman, and be his first

S OF ABERFELDY.

ye go, will ye go, will ye go,
ye go, to the Birks of Aber-

blinks on flowery braes,
crystal streamlet plays,
spend the lightsome days
s of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

heir heads the hazels hing,
dies blythely sing,
t on wanton wing
s of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

rend like lofty wa's,
stream deep-roaring fa's,
fragrant spreading shaws,
of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

ffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
ne linns the burnie pours,
vests wi' misty showers
of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

gifts at random flee,
nall draw a wish frae me,
ed wi' love and thee
of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.*

CHARMER, CAN YOU
LEAVE ME?

illie dubh cine dhubh."

, can you leave me?
eceive me!
w much you grieve me!
can you go?
can you go?

---

on in the same measure as
eldy, an old Scottish song,
ng is borrowed but the

By my love so ill-requited;
By the faith you fondly plighted;
By the pangs of lovers slighted;
Do not, do not leave me so!
Do not, do not leave me so!

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

Thickest night o'erhangs my dwelling!
Howling tempests o'er me rave!
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
Still surround my lonely cave!

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes, softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
Wrongs injurious to redress,
Honour's war we strongly waged,
But the heavens denyd success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend,
The wide world is all before us—
But a world without a friend!†

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

Tune—"Morag."

Loud blaw the frosty breezes,
The snaws the mountains cover;
Like winter on me seizes,
Since my young Highland rover
Far wanders nations over.
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
May heaven be his warden:
Return him safe to fair Strathspey
And bonnie Castle-Gordon!

The trees now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
The birdies dowie moaning,
Shall a' be blythely singing,
And every flower be springing.
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
When by his mighty warden,
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle Gordon.‡

---

† Strathallan, it is presumed, was one of the followers of the young Chevalier, and is supposed to be lying concealed in some cave of the Highlands, after the battle of Culloden. This song was written before the year 1788.

‡ The young Highland rover is supposed to be the young Chevalier, Prince Charles Edward.

"Farewell, hours that late [illegible]
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure;
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,
Cheerless night that knows no morrow.

"O'er the past too fondly wandering,
On the hopeless future pondering;
Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell despair my fancy seizes.
Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Load to misery most distressing,
O how gladly I'd resign thee,
And to dark oblivion join thee!"*

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

Tune—"Druimion dubh."

Musing on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me;
Wearying heaven in warm devotion,
For him weal where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to nature's law,
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me:
Downy sleep the curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa!

But Phœbe was [illegible]
That ever trode the dewy
Blythe, &c.

A ROSE-BUD BY
WALK.

A Rose-bud by my early wa
Adown a corn-inclosed baw
See gently bent its thorny s
All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' da
In a' its crimson glory spr
And drooping rich the dew
It scents the early morn

Within the bush, her cove
A little linnet fondly prest
The dew sat chilly on her
See early in the mornin

She soon shall see her ter
The pride, the pleasure o
Amang the fresh green le
Awake the early morn

So thou, dear bird, your
On trembling string or v
Shall sweetly pay the te
That tents thy early m

So thou, sweet rose-bud
Shall beauteous blaze u
And bless the parent's e
That watched thy ea

Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
When first I felt their power!
The tyrant Death, with grim control,
May seize my fleeting breath;
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.

TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

Tune—"Inverauld's Reel."

O Tibbie, I hae seen the day
Ye would na been sae shy;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But troth I care na by.

Yestreen I met you on the moor,
Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure;
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
But fient a hair care I.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

I doubt na lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy queen
That looks sae proud and high.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fa' dry.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear,
Be better than the kye.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

ut, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,
our daddie's gear maks you sae nice:
e deil a ane wad spier your price,
Were ye as poor as I.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

ere lives a lass in yonder park,
ould na gie her under sark,
thee wi' a thy thousand mark;
e need na look sae high.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

CLARINDA.

ida, mistress of my soul,
measur'd time is run!
etch beneath the dreary pole,
arks his latest sun.

dark cave of frozen night
oor Sylvander hie;

Deprive'd of thee, his life and light,
The sun of all his joy.

We part,—but by these precious drops,
That fill thy lovely eyes!
No other light shall guide my steps,
Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my glorious day:
And shall a glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray!

THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

Tune—"Seventh of November."

The day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet,
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet;
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heaven gave me more, it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature ought of pleasure give!
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live!
When that grim foe of life below,
Comes in between to make us part;
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

THE LAZY MIST.

The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill;
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, ap pear,
As autumn to winter resigns the pale year.
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of summer is flown:
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
How quick time is flying, how keen fate pursues;
How long I have liv'd—but how much liv'd in vain!
How little of life's scanty span may remain:
What aspects old Time, in his progress, has worn;
What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn.
How foolish, or worse, 'till our summit is gain'd!
And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd!
This life's not worth having with all it can give,
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

[illegible]
How much, how dear, I love thee,
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish e'en—
By heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day, afield, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
And aye I muse and sing thy name:
I only live to love thee.
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last, weary sand was run;
Till then—and then I love thee.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

Tune—"Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey."

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And monie a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair:
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

O Willie bre
And Rob a
Three blyther
Ye wad na

"We are n
But just a
The cock m
And aye

Here are we n
Three merry
And mony a n
And mony n
We a

It is the moon,
That's blink
She shines sae
But by my t
We a

first shall
cuckold, c
Wha first besid
He is the kin
We ar

THE BI

I gaed a waefu'
A gate, I fear
I gat my death

But spare to speak, and spare to speed ;
She'll aiblins listen to my vow :
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa e'en sae bonny blue. *

THE BANKS OF NITH.

Tune—"Robie Donna Gorach."

The Thames flows proudly to the sea,
Where royal cities stand ;
But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
Where Cummins ance had high command ;
When shall I see that honour'd land,
That winding stream I love so dear !
Must wayward fortune's adverse hand
For ever, ever keep me here.

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom ;
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales
Where lambkins wanton thro' the broom !
Tho' wandering, now, must be my doom,
Far from thy bonnie banks and braes,
Yet there my latest hours consume,
Amang the friends of early days !

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent ;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snaw ;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John anderson, my jo, John,
We've climb the hill thegither ;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither.
Now maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go :
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John anderson my jo. †

* Heroine of this song was Miss J. of
[illegible]. This lady, now Mrs R. after
[illegible] time in Liverpool, is settled
husband in New York, North Amer-

† First volume of a collection entitled,
original and Selected, printed by
Reid of Glasgow, this song is given

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO, IMPROVED.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

John, my jo, John, I wonder what
you,
Early in the morning, and sit up so
long,
We sleep your e'en, John, and why
you do so,
Your bed at e'en, John Anderson,

My heart is a-b
Some counsel

John Anderson,
first began
To try her cann
work was n
And you amang t
tap to toe,
She proved to be n
Anderson, my j

John Anderson, my
conceit,
And ye na think it
ye trim and n
Tho' some folk say j
think ye so,
But I think ye're ay
Anderson, my j

John Anderson, my jo
bairns' bairns,
And yet my dear John
in your arms,
And sae are ye in mine,
ne'er say no,
Tho' the days are gan
John Anderson, m

John Anderson, my jo,
does it gie
To see sae mony sprout
'twen you and m
And ilka lad and lass, Joh
to go,
Makes perfect heaven here
Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, Joh
first acquent,
Your locks were like the ra
brow was brent,
But now your head's turned
locks are like the snaw,
Yet blessings on your frosty
Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, f
we've past,
And soon that year maun co
bring us to our last ;
But let nae that affright us, Jo
were na'er our foe,
While in innocent delight we liv
Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, w
hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John, we
ane anither ;
Now we maun totter down, John
in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at th
Anderson, my jo.

The stanza with which thi
by Messrs Brash and Reid
chorus of the old song und
though perfectly suitable

[illegible] me beware o' [illegible] me,
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me geese hunder marks ten:
But, if it's ordain'd I mauna tak him,
O wha will I get like Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,
My heart to my mou gied a sten;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written Tam Glen.

The last Hallowe'en I was wauking
My drouthy sark-sleeve, as ye ken
His likeness cam up the house staukin,
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
Gin ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

O meikle thinks my luve o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin;
But little thinks my luve I ken brawlie,
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
It's a' for the hinney he'll cherish the bee,

---

witty ballad, it has no accordance with the strain of delicate and tender sentiment of this improved song. In regard to the five other additional stanzas [illegible]

THE BONNIE WEE THING.

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, was thou mine;
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wistfully I look and languish,
In that bonnie face of thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
Bonnie wee, &c.

O, FOR ANE AND TWENTY TAM.

Tune—"The Moudiwort."

An' O, for ane and twenty, Tam!
An' hey, sweet ane and twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang,
An' I saw ane and twenty, Tam.

They snool me sair, and hand me down,
And gar me look like bluntie, Tam;
But three short years will soon wheel roun',
And then comes ane and twenty, Tam.
An' O, for ane, &c.

A gleib o' lan', a slant o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I need na spier,
An' I saw ane and twenty, Tam.
An' O, for ane, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I myself hae plenty, Tam;
But hear'st thou laddie, there's my loof,
I'm thine at ane and twenty, Tam!
An' O for ane, &c.

BESS AND HER SPINNING WHEEL.

O Leeze me on my spinning wheel,
O leeze me on my rock and reel;
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
And hape me fiel and warm at e'en!
I'll set me down and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
O leeze me on my spinning wheel.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below thy theekit cot;
The scented birk and hawthorn white,
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes' caller rest;
The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
Where, blythe I turn my spinning wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And echo cons the doolfu' tale:
The linnet whites in the hazel brae,
Delighted, rival ither's lays:
The craik amang the claver hey,
The paitrick whirrin o'er the ley,
The swallow jinking round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinning wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
O wha wad leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great!
Amid their flairing, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel,
Of Bessy at her spinning wheel.

COUNTRY LASSIE.

In simmer when the hay was mawn,
And corn waved green in ilka field,
While clover blooms white o'er the lea,
And roses blaw in ilka bield;
Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel,
Says, I'll be wed come o't what will;
Out spake a dame in wrinkled eild,
O' gude advisement comes nae ill.

It's ye hae wooers mony a ane,
And, lassie, ye're but young, ye ken;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale,
A routhie butt, a routhie ben:
There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,
It's plenty beets the lover's fire.

For Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,
I dinna care a single flie;
He lo'es nae weel his crape and kye,
He has nae luve to spare for me:
But blythe's the blink o' Mobie's e'e,
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear:
Ae blink o' him I wad sae gie
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.

O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught,
The cannlest gate, the strife is sair;
But aye fu' han't is fechtin' best,
A hungry care's an unco care:
But some will spend, and some will spare,
And wilfu' folk maun hae their will,
Syne ae ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.

O gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
But the tender heart o' leesome luve,
The gowd and siller canna buy:
We may be poor, Robie and I,
Light is the burden luve lays on;
Content and love brings peace and joy,
What mair hae queens upon a throne?

FAIR ELIZA.

A GAELIC AIR.

Turn again, thou fair Eliza,
Ae kind blink before we part,
Rew on thy despairing lover!
Canst thou break his faithfu' heart

While the life beats ...
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe;
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
As sweet smile on me beelow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride o' sinny noon;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the simmer moon;
Not the poet in the moment
Fancy lightens on his e'e,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture
That thy presence gies to me.

THE POSIE.

O Luve will venture in, where it daur na well be seen,
O luve will venture in where wisdom ance has been;
But I will down yon river rove, amang the wood sae green,
And a' to pu' a posie to my sin dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer;
And a' to be a posie to my sin dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose when Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou;
... for constancy wi' its unchang-

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

Once mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Once mair I hail thee, wi' sorrow and care;
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, Oh! ne'er to meet mair.
Fond lovers parting is sweet painful pleasure,
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;
But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever,
Is anguish unmingled and agony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
'Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Since my last hope and last comfort is gone;
Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, Oh, ne'er to meet mair.

EVAN BANKS.

Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires,
The sun from India's shore retires:
To Evan banks, with temp'rate ray,
Home of my youth, it leads the day.
Oh! banks to me for ever dear!
Oh! stream whose murmurs still I hear!
All, all my hopes of bliss reside,
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.

And she, in simple beauty dress'd,
Whose image lives within my breast;
Who trembling heard my piercing sigh,
And long pursued me with her eye!
Does she, with heart unchanged as mine,
Oft in the vocal bowers recline?
Or where you grot o'erhangs the tide,
Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde.

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound!
Ye lavish woods that wave around,
And o'er the stream your shadows throw,
Which sweetly winds so far below;
What secret charm to mem'ry brings,
All that on Evan's border springs?
Sweet banks! ye bloom by Mary's side;
Bless'd stream, she views thee lassie to Clyde.

Can all the wealth of India's coast
Atone for years in absence lost!
Return, ye moments of delight,
With richer treasures bless my sight!
Swift from this desert let me part,
And fly to meet a kindred heart:
Nor more may aught my steps divide
From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE.

Wilt thou be my dearie;
When *sorrow wrings thy* gentle heart,
O wilt thou let me cheer thee;
By the treasure of my soul,
And that's the love I bear thee:
Shalt ever be my dearie.
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me:
Or, if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou'lt refuse me:
If it winna, canna be,
Thou, for thine, may choose me:
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me,
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

She's fair and fause that causes my smart,
I lo'ed her meikle and lang;
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
And I may e'en gae hang.
A coof cam in with routh o' gear,
And I lur tint my dearest dear,
But woman is but warld's gear,
Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be ever blind,
Nae feelin 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
A woman has't by kind:
O woman, lovely woman, fair!
An angel form's faun to thy share,
'Twad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair,
I mean an angel mind.

AFTON WATER.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far marked with courses of clear winding rills;
There daily I wander as [illegible] rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet [illegible] in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valley below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow
There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how [illegible]
glides, [illegible] where my Mary

BONNIE BELL.

[illegible] in rejoicing,
[illegible] dies:
[illegible] roaring waters;
[illegible] sky sazies;
[illegible] mountains breaks forth the
[illegible]
[illegible] ds the ocean's swell;
[illegible] the sun's returning,
[illegible] in my Bonnie Bell.

[illegible] flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,
[illegible] yellow Autumn presses near,
[illegible] in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
[illegible] smiling Spring again appear.
[illegible] seasons dancing, life advancing,
[illegible] Time and Nature their changes tell,
[illegible] never ranging, still unchanging
[illegible] adore my bonnie Bell.

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

Where Cart rins rowin to the sea,
By mony a flow'r and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant weaver.

Oh I had wooers aught or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was fear'd my heart would tine,
And I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band
To give the lad that has the land,
But I will add my hand,
I could range the world aroun[illegible],
For the sake of somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my-somebody.
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?
For the sake of somebody!

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS

The lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, alas!
And aye the saut tear blins her e'e:
Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
A wasfu' day it was to me;
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear and brethren three.

Their winding sheet the bloody clay,
Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever bless'd a woman's e'e!
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bloody man I trow thou be;
For monie a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR T[illegible] OR HER SON.

O MAY, THY MORN.

O May, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet,
As the mirk night o' December;
For sparkling was the rosy wine,
And private was the chamber:
And dear was she I darena name,
But I will aye remember,
And dear, &c.

And here's to them, that like oursel,
Can push about the jorum;
And here's to them that wish us weel,
May a' that's gude watch o'er them;
And here's to them, we darena tell,
The dearest o' the quorum,
And here's to, &c.

O WHAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

O what ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'ening sun upon,
The fairest dame's in yon town,
That e'ening sun is shining on.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree;
How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw,
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e.

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year,
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear.

The sun blinks blythe on yon town,
And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest bliss is Lucy fair.

Without my love, not a' the charms
O' paradise could yield me joy;
But gie me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town,
Yon sinkin sun's gane down upon;
A fairer than's in yon town,
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

If angry fate has sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doom'd to bear;
I careless quit aught else below,
But spare me, spare me, Lucy dear.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
And she—as fairest is her form,
She has the truest kindest heart. *

A RED, RED ROSE.

O my love's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June,
O my love's like the melody
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonny lass,
So deep in love am I;
And I will love thee still my dear,
'Till a' the seas gang dry.

'Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only love,
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again my love,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

A VISION.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy
And tells the midnight moon her

The winds were laid, the air was st
The stars they shot along the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant echoing glens repl

The stream adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, †
Whase distant roaring swells and

The cauld blue north was streaming
Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din;
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eye
And by the moon-beam, shook, to
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His darin look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
The sacred posie—Liberty!

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumb'ring dead to

---

* The heroine of this song, Mrs O. (formerly Miss L. J.) died lately in Lisbon. This most accomplished and most lovely woman, was worthy of this beautiful strain of sensibility, which will convey some impressio attractions to other generations. The written in the character of her husband, reader will have observed by our bard', to Mr Syme inclosing this song.

† Variation. 'To join you rive Strath.

‡ Variation.
Now looking over firth and fau
Her horn the pale-faced Cy
When, lo, in form of mins
A stern and stalwart ghaist

MR WILLIAM TYTLER,

WITH THE PRESENT OF THE BARD'S PICTURE.

Revered defender of beauteous Stuart,
Of Stuart a name once respected,
A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart,
But now 'tis despised and neglected:

The' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
Let no one misdeem me disloyal;
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
Still more, if that wand'rer were royal.

My fathers that name have rever'd on a throne;
My fathers have fallen to right it;
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should he scoffingly slight it.

Still in prayers for King George I most heartily join,
The Queen and the rest of the gentry,
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine;
Their title's avow'd by the country.

But why of that epocha make such a fuss,
. . . . . .

---

* This poem, an imperfect copy of which was printed in Johnson's Mu[illegible]

Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry.
They'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside:
She took to her hills and her arrows let fly,
The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the north,
The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore; *
The wild Scandinavian boar issued forth
To wanton in carnage, and wallow in gore;†
O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,
No arts could appease them, nor arms could repel;
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,
As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell. ‡

The Cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose,
With tumult, disquiet, rebellion and strife;
Provoked beyond bearing, at last she arose,
And rob'd him at once of his hopes and his life: §
The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood;
But taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
He learned to fear in his own native wood.

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd and free,
Her bright course of glory for ever shall run:
For brave Caledonia immortal must be;
I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun:
Rectangled triangle, the figure we'll choose,
The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base;
But brave Caledonia's the hypothenuse;
Then ergo she'll match them, and match them always. ‖

THE FOLLOWING POEM

WAS WRITTEN TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD SENT HIM A NEWSPAPER, AND OFFERED TO CONTINUE IT FREE OF EXPENCE.

Kind sir, I've read your paper through,
And faith, to me, 'twas really new!
How guess'd ye, sir, what maist I wanted!
This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted,
To ken what French mischief was brewin';
Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin';
That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
If Venus yet had got his nose off;
Or how the collieshangie works
Atween the Russian and the Turks;
Or if the Swede, before he halt,
Would play anither Charles the Twalt!
If Denmark,ony body spak o't;
Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't;
How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin';
How libbet Italy was singin;
If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,
Were sayin or takin ought amiss:
Or how our merry lads at hame,
In Britain's court kept up the game:
How royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him!
Was managing St Stephen's quorum;
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin,
Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in;
How daddie Burke the plea was cookin,
If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin;
How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd,
Or if bare a—s yet were tax'd;
The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera-girls;
If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales,
Was threshin still at hizzies' tails,
Or if he was growin oughtlins douser,
And no a perfect kintra cooser.—
A' this and mair I sever heard of;
And, but for you, I might despair'd of.
So grateful, back your news I send you,
And pray, a' guid things may attend you!

Ellisland, Monday Morning, 1790.

POEM

ON PASTORAL POETRY.

Hail Poesie! thou nymph reserved!
In chase o' thee, what crowds hae swerved
Frae common sense, or sunk enerved
'Mang heaps o' clavers;
And och! o'er aft thy joys has starved,
'Mid a' thy favours!

Say, Lassie, why thy train amang,
While loud the trump's heroic clang,
And sonk or buskin skelp alang
To death or marriage;
Scarce ane has tried the Shepherd-sang
But wi' miscarriage!

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
Eschylus' pen Will Shakspeare drives;
Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him rives
Horatian fame;
In thy sweet sang, Barbauld survives
Even Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches?
They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches;
Spare Pope but busks his skinlin patches
O' heathen tatters:
I pass by hundreds, nameless wretches,
That ape their betters.

In this brawsage o' wit and leer,
Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair
Blaw sweetly in its native air
And rural grace;

---

* The Saxons. † The Danes.
‡ Two famous battles, in which the Danes or Norwegians were defeated.
§ The Highlanders of the Isles.
‖ This singular figure of poetry, taken from the *mathematics*, *refers to* the famous proposition of *Pythagoras*, *the 47th of* Euclid. In a *right-angled triangle*, the square of the hypothenuse is always equal to the squares of the two other sides.

[illegible]

[illegible] Carrick's [illegible];
[illegible] stream thro' [illegible] rose twines,
Where Pr[illegible] comel,
[illegible] gaily breezes sweep the vines,
Her groves will tell!

[illegible] gleens by burn's strays,
[illegible] each shear claes;
[illegible] or braes,
Wi' hawthorns gray,
[illegible] in the shepherd's lays
At close o' day.

[illegible] are nature's sel;
[illegible] o' nonsense swell;
[illegible] that sweet spell
O' witchin' love,
[illegible] can the strongest quell,
The sternest move.

ON

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR,

BETWEEN THE DUKE OF ARGYLE AND

THE EARL OF MAR.

"O cam ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man!
Or were ye at the Sherra-muir,
And did the battle see, man?"
"I saw the battle sair and teugh,
And reekitherd ran monie a sheugh,
My heart for fear gae sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Wi' kingdoms three, man.

"My [illegible]
Wi' crowdie unto me, man:
She swore she saw some rebels run,
Frae Perth unto Dundee, man;
Their left-hand general had nae skill,
The Angus lads had nae good will
That day their neebor's blood to spill;
For fear by foes, that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose; all crying woes,
And so it goes, you see, man."

"They've lost some gallant gentlemen,
Among the Highland clans, man;
I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
Or fallen in whiggish hands, man;
Now wad ye sing this double fight,
Some fell for wrong, and some for right
But mony bade the world gude-night;
Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,
By red claymores, and muskets' knell,
Wi' dying yell, the tories fell,
And whigs to hell did flee, man."

SKETCH,

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

TO MRS DUNLOP.

This day, Time winds the exhausted c
To run the twelvemonths' length agai
I see the old bald-pated fellow,
With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,
Adjust the unimpair'd machine,
To wheel the equal, dull routine.

Rest us—for what? What do we here?
Or why regard the passing year?
Will time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
Add to our date one minute more?
A few days may—a few years must—
Repose us in the silent dust.
Then, is it wise to damp our bliss?
Yes, all such reasonings are amiss!
The voice of nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies:
That on this frail, uncertain state,
Hang matters of eternal weight:
That future-life in worlds unknown
Must take its hue from this alone:
Whether as heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as misery's woful night—
Since then, my honour'd first of friends,
On this our being all depends:
Let us th' important now employ,
And live as those who never die.
Tho' you, with days and honours crown'd,
Witness that filial circle round,
(A sight life's sorrows to repulse,
A sight pale envy to convulse)
Others now claim your chief regard,
But yourself, you wait your bright reward.

EXTEMPORE,

ON THE LATE MR WILLIAM SMELLIE,*

AUTHOR OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF NATURAL HISTORY, AND MEMBER OF THE ANTIQUARIAN AND ROYAL SOCIETIES OF EDINBURGH.

To Crochallan came
The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same;
Battling beard just rising in its might,
Four long nights and days to shaving right,
Unkomb'd grizzly locks wild-staring, unstatch'd;
For thought profound and clear, unmatch'd;
Tho' his caustic wit was biting rude,
His soul was warm, benevolent, and good.

ETICAL INSCRIPTION,

FOR

TAR TO INDEPENDENCE,

AUCHTRY, THE SEAT OF MR WRITTEN IN SUMMER 1795.

independent mind,
solved, with soul resigned;

Prepared power's proudest frown to brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have a slave:
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear,
Approach this shrine and worship here.

SONNET,

ON

THE DEATH OF MR RIDDEL.

No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more,
Nor pour your descant grating on my ear;
Thou young-eyed Spring, thy charms I care not bear;
More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar.

How can ye please, ye flowers, with all your dies?
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend!
How can I to the tuneful strain attend?
That strain pours round th' untimely tomb where Riddel lies.†

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe,
And soothe the Virtues weeping on this bier;
The Man of Worth, and has not left his peer,
Is in his 'narrow house' for ever darkly low.

Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet;
Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet.

MONODY

ON

A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE

How cold is that bosom which folly once fired,
How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glisten'd!
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired,
How dull is that ear which to flattery so listen'd.

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
From friendship and dearest affection removed;
How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate,
Thou diedst unwept, as thou livedst unloved.

Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you:
So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear:
But come, all ye offspring of folly so true,
And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold bier.

---

* ...ns, and our poet, were both members of ...s Edinburgh, under the name of ...ucibles.

† Robert Riddel, Esq. of Friar's Carse, a very worthy character, and one to whom the bard thought himself under many obligations.

[illegible] keen indignation shall dart on [illegible]
Which spurning contempt shall redeem from [illegible]
[illegible] here.

EPITAPH.

[illegible]re lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly gay in life's [illegible]
[illegible] not only of wisdom denied her respect,
[illegible]Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

ANSWER TO A MANDATE

[illegible]T BY THE SURVEYOR OF THE WIN-
[illegible]DOWS, CARRIAGES, &c. TO EACH FAR-
[illegible]MER, ORDERING HIM TO SEND A SIGNED
[illegible] LIST OF HIS HORSES, SERVANTS,
[illegible]WHEEL CARRIAGES, &c. AND WHE-
[illegible]THER HE WAS A MARRIED MAN OR A
BACHELOR, AND WHAT CHILDREN HE
HAD.

Sir, as your mandate did request,
I send you here a faithfu' list,
My horses, servants, carts and graith,
To which I'm free to tak my aith.
Imprimis, then, for carriage cattle,
I hae four brutes o' gallant mettle,
As ever drew before a pettle.
My hand-afore,* a guid auld hag been,
And wight and willu' a' his days seen;
[illegible] a guid brown filly,
'Till, faith, wee Davie [illegible]
(Tho' scarcely langer than my leg)
He'll screed you aff effectual calling,
As fast as ony in the dwalling.

I've nane in female servant station,
Lord keep me aye frae a' temptation!
I hae nae wife, and that my bliss is,
And ye hae laid nae tax on misses;
For weans I'm mair than weel contented,
Heaven sent me ane mair than I wanted:
My sonsie, smirking, dear bought Bess,
She stares the daddie in her face,
Enough of ought ye like but grace.
But her, my bony, sweet wee lady,
I've said enough for her already,
And if ye tax her or her mither,
By the L—d ye'se get them a' thegither

And now, remember, Mr Aiken,
Nae kind of licence out I'm takin',
Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,
Fre I sae dear pay for a saddle;
I've sturdy stumps, the Lord be thankit!
And a' my gates on foot I'll shank it.

This list wi' my ain hand I've wrote it,
The day and date as under notet;
Then know all ye whom it concerns,
Subscripsi hinc,

ROBERT BUR

SONG.

Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair;
Shall ever be my muse's care;

But while my crimson currents flow,
I'll love my Highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
My faithful Highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

For her I'll dare the billow's roar,
For her I'll trace a distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw,
Around my Highland lassie, O,
Within the glen, &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth and honour's band!
'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine my Highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

Farewell the glen sae bushy, O,
Farewell the plain sae rushy, O,
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my Highland lassie, O.*

IMPROMPTU,

ON MRS ——'S BIRTH DAY.

4th November, 1793.

Old Winter with his frosty beard,
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferr'd,
"What have I done of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe?
My cheerless suns no pleasure know;
Night's horrid ear drags, dreary, slow;
My dismal months no joys are crowning,
But spleeny English hanging, drowning

Now, Jove, for once be mighty civil;
To counterbalance all this evil;
Give me, and I've no more to say,
Give me Maria's natal day!
That brilliant gift will so enrich me,
Spring, Summer, Autumn cannot match me;"
"'Tis done!" says Jove; so ends my story,
And Winter once rejoiced in glory.

ADDRESS TO A LADY.

Oh wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.

Or were I monarch o' the globe,
With thee to reign, with thee to reign;
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

MISS JESSY L——, OF DUMFRIES;

With books which the bard presented her.

Thine be the volumes, Jessy fair,
And with them take the poet's prayer;
That fate may in her fairest page,
With every kindliest, best presage
Of future bliss, enrol thy name:
With native worth, and spotless fame,
And wakeful caution, still aware
Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare;
All blameless joys on earth we find,
And all the treasures of the mind—
These be thy guardian and reward;
So prays thy faithful friend, the bard.

SONNET.

Written on the 25th January, 1793, the birthday of the author, on hearing a thrush sing in a morning walk.

Sing on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain,
See aged Winter 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blythe carol clears his furrowed brow.

So in lone poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek content with light unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth could never give nor take away!

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care,
The mite high heaven bestowed, that mite with thee I'll share.

EXTEMPORE,

TO MR S—E,

On refusing to dine with him, after having been promised the first of company, and the first of cookery, 17th December, 1795.

No more of your guests, be they titled or wise,
And cookery the first in the nation:
Who is proof to thy personal conversation,
Is proof to all other temptations.

---

* This is an early production, and seems to have been written on Highland Mary.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS

Tune—"Push about the Jorum."

April, 1795.

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
  Then let the loons beware, sir,
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
  And volunteers on shore, sir.
The Nith shall run to Corsincon,*
  And Criffel sink in solway,†
Ere we permit a foreign foe
  On British ground to rally!
"Fall de rall, &c.

O let us not, like snarling tykes,
  In wrangling be divided;
'Till slap come in an unco loon
  And wi' a rung decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
  Among oursels united;
For never but by British hands
  Maun British wrangs be righted.
"Fal de rall, &c.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
  Perhaps a clout may fail in't;
But deil a foreign tinkler loon
  Shall ever ca' a nail in't;
Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought,
  And wha wad dare to spoil it;
By heaven the sacrilegious dog
  Shall feel he to boil it.
"Fall de rall, &c.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
  And the wretch, his true-born brother,
Who would set the mob aboon the throne,
  May they be damn'd together!

Wi' doubl

Domestic |

Ye've hea
And by fel
Grim loon

But, by g

But by th
And by th
My hale a

Then fare

SENT TO

The friend
  The fun
(Not moon
  Who be

Mine was
  Ah why
Scenes so
  'Tis thi

Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker
I'se found her still,
Aye wavering like the willow wicker,
'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagnole, auld Satan,
Watches like baudrons by a rattan,
Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on
Wi' felon ire;
Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on,
He's aff like fire.

Ah Nick! ah Nick, it is na fair,
First showing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,
To put us daft;
Syne weave unseen thy spider's snare
O hell's damn'd waft.

Poor man, the flie, aft bizzes by,
And aft as chance he comes thee nigh,
Thy auld damn'd elbow yeuks wi' joy,
And hellish pleasure;
Already in thy fancy's eye,
Thy sicker treasure.

Soon heels o'er gowdie! in he gangs,
And like a sheep-head on the tangs,
Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs
And murdering wrestle,
As dangling in the wind he hangs
A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,
To plague you with this draunting drivel,
Abjuring a' intentions evil,
I quit my pen;
The Lord preserve us frae the devil!
Amen! amen!

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTH-ACHE.

My curse upon your venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gums alang;
And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines!

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or colic squeezes;
Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us,
Wi' pitying moan;
But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,
Aye mocks our groan

Adown my beard the slavers trickle;
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle,
As round the fire the giglets keckle,
To see me loup;
While raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their doup.

O' a' the num'rous human dools,
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty stools,
Or worthy friends raked i' the mools,
Sad sight to see!
The tricks o' knaves or fash o' fools,
Thou bear'st the gree

Where'er that place be, priests ca' hell,
Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,
And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadfu' raw,
Thou, Tooth-ache, surely bear'st the bell,
Amang them a'!

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,
That gars the notes o' discord squeel,
'Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoe-thick;
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weel
A toothmond's Tooth-Ach.

SONG.

Tune—"Morag."

O wha is she that lo'es me,
And has my heart a-keeping?
O sweet is she that lo'es me,
As dews o' summer weeping,
In tears the rose-bud steeping.

CHORUS.

O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shall meet a lassie,
In grace and beauty charming,
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Ere while thy breast sae warming,
Had ne'er sic powers alarming.
O that's, &c.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
And thy attentions plighted,
That ilka body talking,
But her by thee is slighted:
And thou art all delighted.
O that's, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one;
When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other fair one,
But her thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken hearted—
O that's, &c.

SONG.

Jockie's ta'en the parting kiss,
O'er the mountain he is gane;
And with him is a' my bliss,
Nought but griefs with me remain.

Spare my luve, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleets and beating rain,
Spare my luve, thou feathery snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain.

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blythe his weakening hat

He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name,

[illegible] grace so void of art,
But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye;
Who but owns their magic sway,
Who but knows they all decay!
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look, that rage disarms,
These are all immortal charms.

WRITTEN IN A WRAPPER,

INCLOSING A LETTER TO CAPTAIN G[illegible]
TO BE LEFT WITH MR CARDON[illegible]
ANTIQUARIAN.

Tune—"Sir John Malcom."

Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose?
Igo, and ago,
Is he among his friends or foes?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he South, or is he North?
Igo, and ago,
Or drowned in the river Forth?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highland bodies?
Igo, and ago,
And eaten like a wether haggis?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abram's bosom gane?
Igo, and ago,
Or haudin' Nan[illegible]'s[illegible]

-lark charm the forest,
his little joys:
a prey the surest,
te of the skies.

the hidden treasure,
s can bestow:
brate sweetest pleasure,
epest notes of woe.

A VERSE,

COMPOSED AND REPEATED BY BURNS, TO THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE, ON TAKING LEAVE AT A PLACE IN THE HIGHLANDS WHERE HE HAD BEEN HOSPITABLY ENTERTAINED.

When death's dark stream I ferry o'er;
A time that surely shall come:
In heaven itself, I'll ask no more,
Than just a Highland welcome.

CORRESPONDENCE

WITH

MR GEORGE THOMSON.

CORRESPONDENCE, &c.

No. I.

HOMSON TO MR BURNS.

Edinburgh, September, 1792.

ears past, I have, with a friend or
yed many leisure hours in selecting
g the most favourite of our nation-
for publication. We have engaged
most agreeable composer living, to
animents to these, and also to com-
trumental prelude and conclusion
the better to fit them for concerts,
and private. To render this
t, we are desirous to save the
ved, wherever it seems unworthy
; and that it is so in many in-
llowed by every one conversant
ical collections. The editors of
general to have depended on the
an excuse for the verses; and
arming melodies are united to
and doggrel, while others are
with rhymes so loose and indeli-
be sung in decent company.
reproach, would be an easy
or of The Cotter's Saturday
the honour of Caledonia, I
he may be induced to take up
ve shall be enabled to present
a collection infinitely more
any that has yet appeared,
ll persons of taste, whether
rect melodies, delicate ac-
characteristic verses.—We
etical assistance a particu-
aying any reasonable price
demand for it. Profit is
nsideration with us, and
are neither paius nor ex-
ution. Tell me frankly
will devote your leisure
wenty-five songs, suited
dies, which I am pre-
few songs, exception-
eir verses, I will like-
nsideration: leaving it
these or make new
is superfluous to as-
intention to displace
ngs; those only will
quite silly; or absolutely indecent. Even these shall all
mined by Mr Burns, and if he is of
that any of them are deserving of the
such cases, no divorce shall take place.

Relying on the letter accompanying th
he forgiven for the liberty I have taken i
dressing you, I am with great esteem,
your most obedient humble servant,

G. THOMSO

No. II.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

SIR, *Dumfries, 16th September*, 1792.

I have just this moment got your letter. As the request you make to me will positively add to my enjoyments in complying with it, I shall enter into your undertaking with all the small portion of abilities I have, strained to their utmost exertion by the impulse of enthusiasm. Only, don't hurry me: "Deil tak the hindmost" is by no means the *cri de guerre* of my muse. Will you, as I am inferior to none of you in enthusiastic attachment to the poetry and music of old Caledonia, and since you request it, have cheerfully promised my mite of assistance—will you let me have the list of your airs, with the first line of the printed, verses you intend for them, that I may have an opportunity of suggesting any alteration that may occur to me. You know 'tis in the way of my trade; still leaving you, gentlemen, the undoubted right of publishers, to approve, or reject, at your pleasure, for your own publication. Apropos, if you are for English verses, there is, on my part, an end of the matter. Whether in the simplicity of the ballad, or the pathos of the song, I can only hope to please myself in being allowed at least a sprinkling of our native tongue. English verses, particularly the works of Scotsmen, that have merit, are certainly very eligible. 'Pastorals?' 'Alas, the poor shepherd's mournful tune?' 'Alas Chloris, could I now but sit?' &c. you cannot mend; but such insipid stuff as 'Ye lovers fair, could I impart,' &c. usually set to 'Bill Mill O,' is a disgrace to the collection which it has already appeared, and probably disgrace a collection that will

... a proof of each of the songs that ... compose or amend, I shall receive as a favou ... In the rustic phrase of the season, "Gu speed the wark!"

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

R. BURNS.

P. S. I have some particular reasons fo wishing my interference to be known as litti as possible.

No. III.

MR THOMSON TO MR BURNS.

DEAR SIR,

Edinburgh, 13*th October*, 1792.

I received, with much satisfaction, your pleasant and obliging letter, and I return my warmest acknowledgments for the enthusiasm with which you have entered into our undertaking. We have now no doubt of being able to produce a collection highly deserving of public attention, in all respects.

I agree with you in thinking English verses, that have merit, very eligible, wherever new verses are necessary; because the English becomes every year, more and more, the language of Scotland; but if you mean that no English verses, except those by Scottish authors, ought to be admitted, I am half inclined to differ from you. I should consider it unpardonable to sacrifice one good song in the Scottish dialect to make room for English verses; but if we can select a few excellent ones suited to the unprovided or ill-provided airs, would it not be the very bigotry of ...

I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

Your observation as to the aptitude of Dr Percy's ballad to the air 'Nannie O,' is just. It is, besides, perhaps the most beautiful ballad in the English language. But let me remark to you, that in the sentiment and style of our Scottish airs, there is a pastoral simplicity, a something that one may call the Doric style and dialect of vocal music, to which a dash of our native tongue and manners is particularly, nay, peculiarly, apposite. For this reason, and, upon my honour, for this reason alone, I am of opinion (but as I told you before, my opinion is yours, freely yours, to approve or reject, as you please) that my ballad of 'Nannie O' might perhaps do for one set of verses to the tune. Now don't let it enter into your head, that you are under any necessity of taking my verses. I have long ago made up my mind as to my own reputation in the business of authorship; and have nothing to be pleased or offended at, in your adoption or rejection of my verses. Though you should reject one half of what I give you, I shall be pleased with your adopting the other half, and shall continue to serve you with the same assiduity.

In the printed copy of my 'Nannie O,' the name of the river is horridly prosaic. I will alter it,

"Behind yon hill where Lugar flows."

Girvan is the name of the river that suits the idea of the stanza best, but Lugar is the most agreeable modulation of syllables.

I will soon give you a great many more remarks on this business; but I have just now an opportunity of conveying you this scrawl, free of postage, an expense that it is ill able to pay; so, with my best compliments to honest Allan, Good be wi' ye, &c.

Friday Night.

* * * * * * *

Saturday Morning.

As I find I have still an hour to spare this morning before my conveyance goes away, I will give you 'Nannie O' at length. (See p 209.)

Your remarks on the 'Ewe bughts, Marion,' are just; still it has obtained a place among our more classical Scottish songs; and what with many beauties in its composition, and more prejudices in its favour, you will not find it easy to supplant it.

In my very early years, when I was thinking of going to the West Indies, I took the following farewell of a dear girl. It is quite trifling, and has nothing of the merit of 'Ewe bughts;' but it will fill up this page. You must know, that all my earlier love-songs were the breathing of ardent passion, and though it might have been easy in after-times to have given them a polish, yet that polish, to me, whatever they were, and who perhaps alone cared for them, would have defaced the legend of a heart, which was so faithfully inscribed in them. Their uncouth simplicity was, as I say of wines, their race.

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?
Will ye go the Indies, my Mary,
Across th' Atlantic's roar?

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine:
But a' the charms o' the Indies,
Can never equal thine.

I have sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
I have sworn by the Heavens to be true,
And see may the Heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow.

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand:
O plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We has plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join,
And curst be the cause that shall part us!
The hour and the moment o' time!*

'Galla Water' and 'Auld Rob Morris,' think, will most probably be the next subjects of my musings. However, even on my verses speak out your criticisms with equal frankness. My wish is, not to stand aloof, the uncomplying bigot of *opiniâtreté*, but cordially to join issue with you in the furtherance of the work.

Burns had in his mind the verse of an old Scottish song, in which wet and weary are naturally enough conjoined.

"*When my ploughman comes hame at e'en*
He's often wet and weary;
Cast off the wet, put on the dry,
And gae to bed my dearie."

No. V.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

November 8th, 17[illegible]

If you mean, my dear sir, that all the songs in your collection shall be poetry of the first merit, I am afraid you will find more difficulty in the undertaking than you are aware of. There is a peculiar rhythmus in many of our airs, a necessity of adapting syllables to the emphasis, or what I would call the feature notes, the tune, that cramp the poet, and lay him under almost insuperable difficulties. For instance, in the air, 'My wife's a wanton wanton thing,' if a few lines, smooth and pretty, can be adapted to it, it is all you can expect. The following were made extempore to it; I can, though, on farther study, I might give you something more profound, yet it might not have the light-horse gallop of the air so well as this random clink.

---

* This song Mr Thomson has not in his collection. It deserves, however,

For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The warld's wrack we share o't,
The wrastle and the care o't;
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

I have just been looking over the Collier's bonny Dochter, and if the following rhapsody, which I composed the other day, on a charming Ayrshire girl, Miss ——, as she passed through this place to England, will suit your taste better than the Collier Lassie, fall on and welcome.

O saw ye bonnie Lesley,
As she gaed o'er the border?
She's gane like Alexander,
To spread her conquests further.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And never made anither.

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee:
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he could na scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into the bonnie face

Green be your woods, a
Your waters never dr
There simmer first unfo
And there the langrest
For there I took the last
O' my sweet Highlan

How sweetly bloom'd th
How rich the hawthor
As underneath the fragr
I clasp'd her to my b
The golden hours, on an
Flew o'er me and my
For dear to me as light a
Was my sweet Highla

Wi' mony a vow, and lo
Our parting was fu' te
And, pledging aft to mee
We tore ourselves mea
But Oh! fell death's sa
That nipt my flower so
Now green's the sod and
That wraps my Highla

O pale, pale now, those
I aft has kiss'd sae fon
And closed for aye, the s
That dwelt on me sae
And mouldering now in a
The heart that lo'ed m
But still within my bosom
Shall live my Highlan

MY DEAR SIR, 14

I agree with you, that t
Ogie,' is very poor stuff,
gether unworthy of so

No. VII.

MR THOMSON TO MR BURNS.

EAR SIR, *Edinburgh, Nov.* 1792.

I was just going to write to you, that on meeting with your Nannie,' I had fallen violently in ve with her. I thank you, therefore, for nding the charming rustic to me in the dress u wish her to appear in before the public. She es you great credit, and will soon be admitted to the best company.

I regret that your song for the 'Lea-Rig,' is short; the air is easy, sung soon, and very easing; so that if the singer stops at the end two stanzas, it is a pleasure lost ere it is ell possessed.

Although a dash of our native tongue and anners is doubtless peculiarly congenial and ppropriate to our melodies, yet I shall be able present a considerable number of the very lowers of English Songs, well adapted to ose melodies, which in England, at least, will the means of recommending them to still eater attention than they have procured there. st you will observe, my plan is, that every r shall, in the first place, have verses wholly Scottish poets; and that those of English riters shall follow as additional songs, for e choice of the singer.

What you say of the 'Ewe-bughts' is just; I mire it, and never meant to supplant it. I I requested was, that you would try your nd on some of the inferior stanzas, which are parently no part of the original song; but s I do not urge, because the song is of suffient length, though those inferior stanzas be itted, as they will be by the singer of taste, ou must not think I expect all the songs to be superlative merit; that were an unreasonable pectation. I am sensible that no poet can down doggedly to pen verses and succeed ll at all times.

I am highly pleased with your humorous and rorous rhapsody on 'Bonnie Leslie:' it is a usand times better than the 'Collier's Lassie.' "The deil he could na scaith thee," &c. an eccentric and happy thought. Do you t think, however, that the names of such old roes as Alexander, sound rather queer, unss in pompous or mere burlesque verse! Instead of the line, "And never made anither;" would humbly suggest, "And ne'er made anither;" and I would fain have you substitute some other line for "Return to Caledonie," in the last verse, because I think this alation in the orthography, and of the sound Caledonia, disfigures the word, and renders Hindibrastic.

Of the other song, 'My wife's a winsome e thing,' I think the first eight lines are very od; but I do not admire the other eight, beause four of them are bare repetitions of the st verses. I have been trying to spin a stanza, but could make nothing better than the lowing; do you mend it, or as Yorick did th the love-letter, whip it up in your own y.

O leeze me on my wee thing,
My bonnie blythesome wee thing;
Sae lang's I hae my wee thing
I'll think my lot divine.

Tho' warld's care we share o't,
And may see meikle mair o't,
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
And ne'er a word repine.

You perceive, my dear sir, I avail myself of the liberty which you condescend to allow me by speaking freely what I think. Be assured, it is not my disposition to pick out the faults of any poem or picture I see; my first and chief object is to discover and be delighted with the beauties of the piece. If I sit down to examine critically, and at leisure, what perhaps you have written in haste, I may happen to observe careless lines, the re-perusal of which might lead you to improve them. The wren will often see what has been overlooked by the eagle.

I remain yours, faithfully, &c.

P. S. Your verses upon 'Highland Mary' are just come to hand; they breathe the genuine spirit of poetry, and, like the music, will last for ever. Such verses united to such an air, with the delicate harmony of Pleyel superadded, might form a treat worthy of being presented to Apollo himself. I have heard the sad story of your Mary; you always seem inspired when you write of her.

No. VIII.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

Dumfries, 1st December, 1792.

Your alterations of my 'Nannie O' are perfectly right. So are those of 'My wife's a wanton wee thing.' Your alteration of the second stanza is a positive improvement. Now, my dear Sir, with the freedom which characterises our correspondence, I must not, cannot alter 'Bonnie Lesley.' You are right, the word 'Alexander' makes the line a little uncouth. But I think the thought is pretty. Of Alexander, beyond all other heroes, it may be said, in the sublime language of scripture, that "he went forth conquering and to conquer."

"For nature made her what she is,
And never made anither," (such a person as she is.)

This is in my opinion more poetical than "Ne'er made sic anither." However, it is immaterial: Make it either way.* "Caledonie," I agree with you, is not so good a word as could be wished, though it is sanctioned in three or four instances by Allan Ramsay: but I cannot help it. In short, that species of stanza is the most difficult that I have ever tried.

The 'Lea rig' is as follows. (Where the

* Mr Thomson has decided on 'Ne'er made sic anither.'

No. IX.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

AULD ROB MORRIS.*

There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' guid fellows and wabsters o' auld men;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has ousen and sons,
And a bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the evening among the new hay;
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But Oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird
And my daudie has nought but a cot-house and yard;
A wooer like me manna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me mane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,

* This is auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen.

th when I think on,
' the lave o't!
oward man,
he the slave o't.
O why, &c.

e blue betray,
my passion;
er o'erword eye,
k and fashion.
O why, &c.

ose think upon,
by him?
ose think upon,
as I am?
why, &c.

ehle cottar s fa-e?*
mple desire;
reath and state
e them eerie.

e sic pleasure have
ands untwining!
a flower se bonie,
ause's shining?

LLA WATER.

ow lads on Yarrow braes,
ess' the blooming heather;
t, our Ettrick shaws,
lads o' Galla water.

a secret ane,
I loe him better;
ed he'll be mine,
o' Galla Water.

was nae laird,
na mickle tocher;
ness, trusted love,
flocks by Galla Water.

lth, it ne'er was wealth,
ntment, peace or pleasure;
ies o' mutual love,
defest warld's treasure!

January, 1793.

of the season to you, my dear
on your publication? will
ing be of any service to you?
now what songs you print to
a the verses to which it is set.
I wish to give you my opinion
you publish. You know, it
a man in the way of his trade
ol hints, that escape men of
ers and endowments in other

th my dear, and much-valued
my name, with the compli-
ies.

Yours, &c.

and Indian's fate," in the

No. XI.

MR THOMSON TO MR BURNS.

Edinburgh, January, 29th, 1793.

You make me happy, my dear sir, and thousands will be happy to see the charming songs you have sent me. Many merry returns of the season to you, and may you long continue among the muse and daughters of Caledonia, to delight them, and to honour yourself.

The four last songs with which you favoured me, for 'Auld Rob Morris, Duncan Gray, Galla Water,' and 'Cauld Kail,' are admirable. Duncan is indeed a bit of grace, and his humour will endear him to every body.

The distracted lover in 'Auld Rob,' and the happy shepherdess in 'Galla Water,' exhibit an excellent contrast; they speak from genuine feeling, and powerfully touch the heart.

The number of songs which I had originally in view was limited, but I now resolve to include every Scotch air and song worth singing; leaving none behind but mere gleanings, to which the publishers of *omnigatherum* are welcome. I would rather be the editor of a collection from which nothing could be taken away, than of one to which nothing could be added. We intend presenting the subscribers with two beautiful strokes engravings; the one characteristic of the plaintive, and the other of the lively songs; and I have Dr Beattie's promise of an essay upon the subject of our national music, if his health will permit him to write it. As a number of our songs have doubtless been called forth by particular events, or by the charms of peerless damsels, there must be many curious anecdotes relating to them.

The late Mr Tytler of Woodhouselee, I believe, knew more of this than any body, for he joined to the pursuits of an antiquary, a taste for poetry, besides being a man of the world, and possessing an enthusiasm for music beyond most of his contemporaries. He was quite pleased with this plan of mine, for I may say, it has been solely managed by me, and we had several long conversations about it, when it was in embryo. If I could simply mention the name of the heroine of each song, and the incident which occasioned the verses, it would be gratifying. Pray, will you send me any information of this sort, as well with regard to your own songs, as the old ones?

To all the favourite songs of the plaintive or pastoral kind, will be joined the delicate accompaniments, &c. of Pleyel. To those of the comic or humorous class, I think accompaniments scarcely necessary; they are chiefly fitted for the conviviality of the festive board, and a tuneful voice, with a proper delivery of the words, renders them perfect. Nevertheless, to these I propose adding base accompaniments, because then they are fitted either for singing, or for instrumental performance, when there happens to be no singer. A man to simply our right trusty friend Mr Clarke to set the bass to them, which he assures me he will do, con amore, and with much greater attention than he ever bestowed on any thing of the kind. But for this last class of

r, are taken from
illed, 'The lass of Lochroyan,' which
of admire. I have set down the air therefore
a credible of yours. Many of the Jacobite
songs are replete with wit and humour; might
the best of these be included in our volume
comic songs?

POSTSCRIPT.

FROM THE HON. A. ERSKINE.

Mr Thomson has been so obliging as to give me a perusal of your songs. 'Highland Mary' is most melancholiugly pathetic, and 'Duncan Gray' possesses native genuine humour; "spak o' lowpin o'er a linn," is a line of itself that should make you immortal. I sometimes hear of you from our mutual friend C. who is a most excellent fellow, and possesses, above all men I know, the charm of a most obliging disposition. You kindly promised me, about a year ago, a collection of your unpublished productions, religious and numerous; I know from experience how irksome it is to copy. If you will get any trusty person in Dumfries to write them over fair, I will give Peter Hill whatever money he asks for his trouble; and I certainly shall not betray your confidence.

I am your hearty admirer,
ANDREW ERSKINE.

No. XII.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

[illegible]

sprightliness [illegible]
English verses whatever.

The very name of Peter Pindar, is an exquisition to your work. His 'Gregory' is beautiful. I have tried to give you a set of stanzas in Scots, on the same subject, which are at your service. Not that I intend to enter the lists with Peter; that would be presumption indeed. My song, though much inferior in poetic merit, has I think more of the language and simplicity in it.

LORD GREGORY.

O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempests roar;
A wueful wanderer seeks thy tower,
Lord Gregory ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the hour
By bonnie Irwine side,
Where first I own'd that virgin love
I lang, lang had denied.

How often didst thou pledge and vow
Thou wad for aye be mine;
And my fond heart itsel sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast;
Thou dart of Heaven, that flashest
O wilt thou give me rest!

[illegible]

My most respectful compliments to the honourable gentleman who favoured me with a postscript in your last. He shall hear from me and his MSS. soon.

No. XIII.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

20th March, 1793.

MARY MORISON.

Tune—"Bide ye yet."

O Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour;
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor;
How blythely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun;
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string,
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw;
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And you the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said, amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whose only fault is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

MY DEAR SIR,

The song prefixed is one of my juvenile works. I leave it in your hands. I do not think it very remarkable, either for its merits, or demerits. It is impossible (at least I feel it so in my stinted powers) to be always original, entertaining, and witty.

What is become of the list, &c. of your songs? I shall be out of all temper with you by and by. I have always looked on myself as the prince of indolent correspondents, and valued myself accordingly; and I will not, cannot bear rivalship from you, or any body else.

Think of the ring by yonder burn
Thou gav'st to love and me.

But should'st thou not poor Marian know,
I'll turn my feet and part;
And think the storms that round me blow,
Far kinder than thy heart.

It is but doing justice to Dr Walcott to mention, that his song *is the* original. Mr Burns *saw it, liked it*, and immediately wrote the *other on the same subject*, which is derived *from an old Scottish* ballad of uncertain origin.

No. XIV.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

March, 1793.

WANDERING WILLIE.

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Now tired with wandering, hand awa hame,
Come to my bosom my ae only dearie,
And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Loud blew the cauld Winter winds at our parting!
It was nae the blast brought the tear in my e'e!
Now welcome the simmer, and welcome my Willie,
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Ye hurricanes rest in the cave o' your slumbers,
O how your wild horrors a lover alarms:
Awaken ye breezes, row gently ye billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But if he's forgotten his faithfullest Nannie,
O still flow between us, thou wide roaring main;
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

I leave it to you, my dear sir, to determine whether the above, or the old "Through the lang Muir" be the best.

No. XV.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH!

WITH ALTERATIONS.

Oh open the door, some pity to show
Oh, open the door to me, Oh.*
Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
Oh, open the door to me Oh.

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But caulder thy love for me, Oh:
The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
Is nought to my pains frae thee, Oh.

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, Oh
False friends, false love, farewell! for ever mair,
I'll ne'er trouble them nor thee, Oh.

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* The second line was originally,
"It love it may na be, O

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

JESSIE.

Tune—"Bonnie Dundee."

True hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
And fair were the maids on the banks o' the Ayr,
But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,
Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair;
Though you, young Jessie, seek Scotland all over,
To find such young Jessie, you seek it in vain,
Grace, beauty, and elegance, letter her lover,
And modesty modesty fixes the chain.

O fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring;
Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law;
And all to her charms she alone is a stranger,
Her modest demeanor's the jewel of a'.

No. XVII.

MR THOMSON TO MR BURNS.

Edinburgh, 21 April, 1793.

I will not recognise the title you give yourself, "the prince of indolent correspondents;" but if the adjective were taken away, I think the title would then fit you exactly. It gives me [illegible] Gaelic anecdotes with

Here awa, there awa, wandering Wil
Here awa, there awa, haud awa h
Come to my bosom my ain only dear
Tell me thou bring'st me my W
same.

Winter-winds blew loud and cauld at
ing,
Fears for my Willie brought tea
e'e;
Welcome now simmer, and wele
Willie,
As simmer to nature, so Willie to
bers,
Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave o' y
Blow soft, ye breezes! roll swiftly y
and waft my dear laddie ance m
arms.

But oh, if he's faithless and min
Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou dar
main!
May I never see it, may I never tro
While, dying, I think that my W
ain.

Our poet, with his usual judgme
some of these alterations, and rejec
The last edition is as follows:—

Here awa, there awa, wandering
Here awa, there awa, haud awa h
Come to my bosom my ain only de
Tell me thou bring'st me my Will

Winter winds blew loud and cauld

The gentleman I have mentioned, whose fine taste you are no stranger to, is so well pleased both with the musical and poetical part of our work, that he has volunteered his assistance, and has already written four songs for it, which, by his own desire, I send for your perusal.

No. XVIII.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

WHEN WILD WAR'S DEADLY BLAST WAS BLAWN.

Air—"The Mill, Mill O."

When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' many a sweet babe fatherless,
And many a widow mourning,
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy:

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wi' joyfu' hope my mind I pled
To gain her, or else die,
But, lo! on meeting my dear maid,
My courage quite did fly.

Down by her mother's dwelling!
Gar'd me turn round to hide the flood
That in my ain e'e was swelling.

Whan I'd wi' her the auld man spoke
Sae wistfully she gazed on me,
And lovelier was than ever:
Quo' she, a sodger once I lo'ed;
Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't!

She gazed—she redden'd like a rose—
Syne pale like ony lily;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie?
By Him who made yon sun and sky—
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And danger fled o' fare,
And thee, dear maid, I'm come to claim,
To be my ain dear marrow.
Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
A mailin plenish'd fairly;
And mair, my faithful sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honour;
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.

MEG O' THE MILL.

Air—"O Bonnie Lass will you lie in a Barrack!"

O ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten,
O ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

The Miller was strappin', the Miller was ruddy;
A heart like a lord and a hue like a lady;
The laird was a widdiefu', blear-e'e'd knurl:
She's left the gud fellow and taen the churl.

The Miller he hoastet her a heart leal and loving;
The Laird did address her wi' matter moving:
A fine paving horse wi' a clear chained bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing;
And wae on the love that's fix'd on a mailin!
A tocher's nae sword in a true lover's parcle,
But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warld.

No. XIX.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

Thank ... 7th April 1790

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* presumed, for the sake of suiting the letter to the music. The Homeric or the sea, dark-heaving, surgeated shine, is in itself more beautiful, as tapes as more sublime than wide-which he has retained; but as it is able to a placid state of the sea, or the swell left on its surface after is over, it gives a picture of that so well adapted to the ideas of ver-ous, which the fair mourner is sup-presents. From the original song is Willie," Burns has borrowed the second line and part of the perior excellence of this beautiful is hoped, justify the different hich we have given.

o' the voice of Coila' [illegible]
and my be wi' you a'!' So much for my last [illegible]
notes; now for a few present remarks as they [illegible]
have occurred at random on looking over your [illegible]
list.

The first lines of 'The last time I came o'er the [illegible]
hour,' and several other lines in it, are beau[illegible]
tiful; but in my opinion—pardon me, revered [illegible]
shade of Ramsay!—the song is unworthy of [illegible]
the divine air. I shall try to make, or mend, [illegible]
'For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove,' is a [illegible]
charming song; but 'Logan burn and Logan [illegible]
braes,' are sweetly susceptible of rural imag[illegible]
ery; I'll try that likewise, and if I succeed, [illegible]
the other song may class among the English [illegible]
ones. I remember the two last lines of a [illegible]
verse in some of the old songs of 'Logan [illegible]
Water,' (for I know a good many different [illegible]
ones) which I think pretty:

"Now my dear lad maun face his foes,
For, far frae me and Logan braes."

'My Patie is a lover gay,' is unequal. 'His mind is never muddy,' is a muddy expression indeed.

"Then I'll resign and marry Pate,
And syne my cuckemony."

This is surely far unworthy of Ramsay, or your book. My song, 'Rigs of Barley,' to the same tune, does not altogether please me, but if I can mend it, and thresh a few loose sentiments out of it, I will submit it to your consideration. 'The Lass o' Patie's Mill' is one of Ramsay's best songs; but there is one loose sentiment in it, which my much-valued friend, Mr Erskine, will take into his critical consideration. In Sir J. Sinclair's Statistical [illegible]

sible; still I like the title, and [illegible] song would suit the notes be[illegible] chosen song, which is very p[illegible] an English set. 'The Bank[illegible] you know, literally Langole[illegible] The song is well enough, bu[illegible] imagery in it, for instance,

"And sweetly the nightingal[illegible]
tree."

In the first place, the nigh[illegible] low bush, but never from a [illegible] second place, there never w[illegible] seen or heard on the banks [illegible] the banks of any other ri[illegible] Exotic rural imagery is alw[illegible] flat. If I could hit on ano[illegible] to 'The small birds rejoice,' [illegible] honestly avow that I think i[illegible] 'John Anderson my jo'—th[illegible] in Johnston's Museum, is m[illegible] I think it not my worst: I[illegible] it and welcome. Your coll[illegible] tal and pathetic songs, is, i[illegible] complete; but not so your [illegible] are 'Tullochgorum, Lump[illegible] Fowler,' and several othe[illegible] humble judgment, are well [illegible] vation. There is also one [illegible] mins in the Museum, whic[illegible] out of the immediate neig[illegible] got it taken down from a co[illegible] It is called 'Craigieburn [illegible] opinion of Mr Clarke, is [illegible] Scottish songs. He is [illegible] about it; and I would tak[illegible] tish music against the tas[illegible] seurs.

You are quite right in i[illegible]

Mr Erskine's songs are all pretty, but his 'Lone vale' is divine.

Yours, &c.

Let me know just how you like these random hints.

No. XX.

MR THOMSON TO MR BURNS.

Edinburgh, April, 1793.

I rejoice to find, my dear sir, that ballad-making continues to be your hobby horse. Great pity 'twould be were it otherwise. I hope you will amble it away for many a year and "witch the world with your horsemanship."

I know there are a good many lively songs of merit that I have not put down in the list sent you; but I have them all in my eye. 'My Patie is a lover gay,' though a little unequal, is a natural and very pleasing song, and I humbly think we ought not to displace or alter it except the last stanza.*

No. XXI.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

April, 1793.

I have yours, my dear sir, this moment. I shall answer it and your former letter, in my desultory way of saying whatever comes uppermost.

The business of many of our tunes wanting at the beginning what fiddlers call a starting note, is often a rub to us poor rhymers.

"There's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
That wander thro' the blooming heather,"

You may alter to

"Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
Ye wander," &c.

My song, 'Here awa there awa,' as mended by Mr Erskine, I entirely approve of, and return you.†

"Yestreen I got a pint of wine,
A place where body saw na;
Yestreen lay on this breast of mine,
The gowden locks of Anna."

It is highly characteristic of our Bard, but the strain of sentiment does not correspond with the air, to which he proposes it should be allied.

* The original letter from Mr Thomson contains many observations on the Scottish songs, and on the *manner* of adapting the words to *the music, which at his desire*, are suppressed. *The subsequent letter of Mr* Burns refers to *several of these observations.*

† *The reader has already seen that* Burns did not finally adopt all of Mr Erskine's alterations.

Give me leave to criticise your taste in the only thing in which it is in my opinion reprehensible. You know I ought to know something of my own trade. Of pathos, sentiment, and point, you are a complete judge; but there is a quality more necessary than either in a song, and which is the very essence of a ballad, I mean simplicity; now, if I mistake not, this last feature you are a little apt to sacrifice to the foregoing.

Ramsay, as every other poet, has not been always equally happy in his pieces; still I cannot approve of taking such liberties with an author as Mr W. proposes doing with 'The last time I came o'er the Moor.' Let a poet, if he chooses, take up the idea of another, and work it into a piece of his own; but to mangle the works of the poor bard whose tuneful tongue is now mute for ever, in the dark and narrow house—by Heaven 'twould be sacrilege! I grant that Mr W's version is an improvement; but I know Mr W. well, and esteem him much; let him amend the song as the Highlander mended his gun;—he gave it a new stock, and a new lock, and a new barrel.

I do not, by this, object to leaving out improper stanzas, where that can be done without spoiling the whole. One stanza in 'The Lass o' Patie's Mill,' must be left out; the song will be nothing worse for it. I am not sure if we can take the same liberty with 'Corn Rigs are bonnie.' Perhaps it might want the last stanza and be the better for it. 'Could Bail in Aberdeen' you must leave with me yet a while. I have vowed to have a song to that air, on the lady whom I attempted to celebrate in the verses, 'Poortith cauld and restless Love.' At any rate, my other song, 'Green grow the rashes,' will never suit. That song is current in Scotland under the old title, and to the merry old tune of that name; which of course would mar the progress of your song to celebrity. Your book will be the standard of Scots songs for the future; let this idea ever keep your judgment on the alarm.

I send a song on a celebrated toast in this country to suit 'Bunnie Dundee,'‡ I send you also a ballad to the 'Mill, mill O.'

'The last time I came o'er the Moor,' I would fain attempt to make a Scots song for, and let Ramsays be the English set. You shall hear from me soon. When you go to London on this business, can you come by Dumfries? I have still several MS. Scots airs by me which I have picked up, mostly from the singing of country lasses. They please me vastly; but your learned *logs* would perhaps be displeased with the very feature for which I like them. I call them simple; you would pronounce them silly. Do you know a fine air called 'Jackie Hume's Lament?' I have a song of considerable merit to that air. I'll enclose you both the song and tune, as I had

‡ The song to the tune of 'Bonnie Dundee' is that in No. XVI. The ballad to the 'Mill mill O,' is that beginning,

"When wild wars deadly blast was blown

[illegible] Lord, [illegible]

[illegible] I can [illegible] more."

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] unknown,

[illegible]

[illegible] something great

[illegible]

[illegible] despair,

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] tongue I heard,

[illegible] saved me;

[illegible] I nothing heard,

[illegible] has saved me.

[illegible] this ghost,

[illegible] swings;

[illegible] yields at last

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] put my last letter into the post-[illegible] I took up the subject of 'The last [illegible] the Moor,' and ere I slept [illegible] of the foregoing. How far I [illegible] I leave on this, as on every [illegible] to you to decide. I own my [illegible] when you give my songs a [illegible] but to them. I am always both instructed a[illegible] tertained by your observations; and the [illegible] ness with which you speak out your m[illegible] to me highly agreeable. It is very po[illegible] may not have the true idea of simpli[illegible] composition. I confess there are several [illegible] of Allan Ramsay's for example, that I [illegible] illy enough, which another person mo[illegible] versant than I have been with country [illegible] would perhaps call simple and natural [illegible] the lowest scenes of simple nature w[illegible] please generally, if copied precisely [illegible] are. The poet, like the painter, mus[illegible] what will form an agreeable as well as [illegible] ral picture. On this subject it were [illegible] enlarge; but at present suffice it to say [illegible] consider simplicity, rightly understoo[illegible] most essential quality in composition, [illegible] ground-work of beauty in all the arts. [illegible] ginally appropriate your most intere[illegible] ballad 'When wild war's deadly bla[illegible] to the 'Mill, mill, O,' as well as t[illegible] two songs to their respective airs; [illegible] third and fourth lines of the first ver[illegible] undergo some little alteration in ord[illegible] the music. Pleyel does not alter a s[illegible] of the songs. That would be absurd [illegible] With the airs which he introduces [illegible] sonatas, I allow him to take such li[illegible] he pleases, but that has nothing to do [illegible] songs.

P. S.—I wish you would do as you [illegible] with your 'Figs o' Barley.' If [illegible] sentiments were thrashed out of it, I [illegible] an air for it; but as to this there is [illegible]

No. XXIV.

as a positive beauty: so you see how doctors differ. I shall now, with as much alacrity as I can muster, go on with your commands.

You know Fraser, the hautboy player in Edinburgh—he is here instructing a band of music for a fencible corps quartered in this country. Among many of the airs that please me, there is one well known as a reel by the name of 'The Quaker's wife;' and which I remember a grand aunt of mine used to sing by the name of 'Liggeram cosh, my bonnie wee lass.' Mr Fraser plays it slow, and with an expression that quite charms me. I became such an enthusiast about it, that I made a song for it, which I here subjoin; and enclose Fraser's set of the tune. If they hit your fancy they are at your service; if not, return me the tune, and I will put it in Johnson's Museum. I think the song is not in my worst manner.

Tune—"Liggeram cosh."

Blythe hae I been on yon hill,
As the lambs before me;
Careless ilka thought and free,
As the breeze flew o'er me:
Now nae langer sport and play,
Mirth or sang can please me,
Lesley is sae fair and coy,
Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task
Hopeless love declaring:
Trembling, I dow nocht but glowr,
Sighing, dumb, despairing!
If she winna ease the thraws,
In my bosom swelling;
Underneath the grass green sod,
Soon maun be my dwelling.

I should wish to hear how this pleases you.

No. XXV.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

January, 5, 1793.

Have you ever, my dear sir, felt your bosom ready to burst with indignation on reading of those mighty villains who divide kingdom against kingdom, desolate provinces, and lay nations waste out of the wantonness of ambition, or often from still more ignoble passions? In a mood of this kind to-day, I recollected the air of 'Logan water;' and it occurred to me that its querulous melody probably had its origin from the plaintive indignation of some swelling suffering heart, fired at the tyrannic strides of some public destroyer; and overwhelmed with private distress the consequence of a country's ruin. If I have done any thing at all like justice to my feelings, the following song, composed in three quarters of an hour's meditation in my elbow chair, ought to have some merit.

Tune—"Logan water."

O, Logan sweetly didst thou gl'de,
That day I was my Willie's bride;
And years s'nuyne hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now the flowery banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his foes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May,
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers:
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And evening's tears are tears of joy:
My soul delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush:
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile;
But I, wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O was upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye make many a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry;*
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes!

Do you know the following beautiful little fragment, in Witherspoon's Collection of Scots Songs.

Air—"Hughie Graham."

"O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I myself a drap o' dew,
Into her bonnie breast to fa'!

"Oh, there beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa by Phœbus' light."

This thought is inexpressibly beautiful; and quite, so far as I know, original. It is too short for a song, else I would forward it to

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As our poet had maintained a long silence, and the first number of Mr Thomson's Musical Work was in the press, this gentleman ventured, by Mr Erskine's advice, to substitute for them in that publication,

"And eyes again with pleasure beamed
That had been bleared with mourning."

Though better suited to the music, these lines *are inferior to the original.* This is the only alteration adopted by Mr Thomson, which

* Originally,
"Ye mind na' mid your cruel joys,
[illegible]

O were my [illegible]
We'll pile thy blossoms to the spring;
And I a bird to shelter there
When wearied on my little wing.

How I wad mourn, when it was torn
By autumn wild, and winter rude!
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

No. XXVI.

MR THOMSON TO MR BURNS.

Monday, 1st July, 1793.

I am extremely sorry, my good sir, that any thing should happen to unhinge you. The times are terribly out of tune, and when harmony will be restored, heaven knows.

The first book of songs, just published, will be despatched to you along with this. Let me be favoured with your opinion of it frankly and freely.

I shall certainly give a place to the song you have written for the 'Quakers Wife;' it is quite enchanting. Pray, will you return the list of songs, with such airs added [illegible] you think ought to be included. [illegible] is business now [illegible] rely on myself, the gentleman who originally agreed to join [illegible] the speculation having requested to be off. No [illegible] ter; a loser cannot we. The superior excellence of the work will create a general demand for it, as soon as it is properly known. And were the sale even slower than what it promises to be, I should be somewhat compensated for my labour, by the pleasure I should receive from [illegible] Iam

MY DEAR SIR,

I have just finished the following ba as I do think it is my best style, I se Mr Clarke, who wrote down the air Burns' wood-note wild, is very fond o has given it a celebrity by teaching young ladies of the first fashion here do not like the air enough to give it your collection, please return it. you may keep, as I remember it.

There was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen;
When a' the fairest maids were met
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean

And aye she wrought her mammie'
And aye she sang sae merrily;
The blythest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than sh

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little linty white's n
And frost will blight the fairest flo
And love will break the soundest

Young Robie the brawest lad
The flower and pride of a' the g
And he had swsen, sheep and kye,
And [illegible] ion naigies nine

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryst,
He danced wi' Jeanie on the de
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace

As in the bosom o' the stream,
The moon-beam dwells at dew
[illegible] was tender lo

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
O canst thou think to fancy me?
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me.

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee;
But stray among the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me.

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had na will to say him na:
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was aye between them twa.

I have some thoughts of inserting in your index, or in my notes, the names of the fair ones, the themes of my songs. I do not mean the name at full; but dashes or asterisms, so as ingenuity may find them out.

The heroine of the foregoing is Miss M., daughter to Mr M. of D., one of your subscribers. I have not painted her in the rank which she holds in life but in the dress and character of a cottager.

No. XXVIII.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

July, 1793.

I secure you, my dear sir, that you truly hurt me with your pecuniary parcel. It degrades me in my own eyes. However, to return it would savour of affectation; but as to any more traffic of that debtor and creditor kind, I swear by that Honour which crowns the upright statue of Robert Burns's Integrity—on the least motion of it, I will indignantly spurn the bypast transaction, and from that moment commence entire stranger to you! Burns's character for generosity of sentiment and independence of mind will, I trust, long outlive any of his wants, which the cold unfeeling ore can supply: at least I will take care that such a character he shall deserve.

Thank you for my copy of your publication. Never did my eyes behold, in any musical work, such elegance and correctness. Your preface, too, is admirably written; only, your partiality to me has made you say too much; however, it will bind me down to double every effort in the future progress of the work. The following are a few remarks on the songs in the list you sent me. I never copy what I write to you, so I may be often tautological, or perhaps contradictory.

'The Flowers of the Forest' is charming as a poem; and should be, and must be, set to the notes: but, though out of your rule, the three stanzas beginning,

"I hae seen the smiling o' fortune beguiling,"

are worthy of a place, were it but to immortalize the author of them, who is an old lady of my acquaintance, and at this moment living in get of what place; but from Roxburghshir. What a charming apostrophe is

"O fickle fortune, why this cruel sporting,
Why, why torment us—poor sons of a day!

The old ballad, 'I wish I were where Helen lies' is silly to contemptibility.* My alteratio of it in Johnson's is not much better. Mr Pinkerton, in his, what he calls, Ancient Ballad (many of them notorious, though beautifu enough forgeries) has the best set. It is full o his own interpolations—but no matter.

In my next, I will suggest to you consider ation a few songs which may have escape your hurried notice. In the meantime, allow me to congratulate you now, as a brother c the quill. You have committed your characte and fame; which will now be tried, for age to come, by the illustrious jury of the Sons an Daughters of Taste—all whom poesy can please, or music charm.

Being a lord of nature, I have some preten sions to second sight; and I am warranted b the spirit to foretell and affirm, that your grea grandchild will hold up your volume, and say with honest pride, "This so much admired se lection was the work of my ancestor."

No. XXIX.

MR THOMSON TO MR BURNS.

Edinburgh, August, 1793.

DEAR SIR,

I had the pleasure of receiving your last two letters, and am happy to find you are quite pleased with the appearance of the first book. When you come to hear the songs sung and accompanied, you will be charmed with them.

'The bonnie brucket Lassie,' certainly deserves better verses, and I hope you will match her. 'Canid hall in Aberdeen,' 'Let me in this ae night,' and several of the livelier airs, wait the muse's leisure: these are peculiarly worthy of her choicest gifts; besides, you'll notice, that in the airs of this sort, the singer can always do greater justice to the poet than in the slower airs of 'The bush aboon Traquair,' 'Lord Gregory,' and the like; for in the manner the latter are frequently sung, you must be contented with the sound without the sense. Indeed both the airs and words are disguised by the very slow, languid, psalm-singing style in which they are too often performed: they lose animation and expression altogether, and instead of speaking to the mind, or touching the heart, they cloy upon the ear, and set us a yawning!

Your ballad, 'There was a lass and she was fair,' is simple and beautiful, and shall undoubtedly grace my collection.

---

* There is a copy of this ballad given the account of the parish of Kirkpatrick-Fl ing, (which contains the tomb of Kat Jan Irving,) in the statistics of the Sadoch Vol. XIII. p. 275, to which this cha

[illegible]

[illegible] of the Road-an subjects, [illegible] be sure you shall have [illegible]

Good-bye to your bonny face,

N. CLARKE.

No. XXXI.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

August, 1792.

[illegible] my dear Sir, to the passage [illegible] "Lovely Willie," as I chiefly in one [illegible] difficult to mend it: if I [illegible] Tune, the chief merit I see you object to [illegible] the same light to me. [illegible] on 'Robin Adair,' and [illegible] simply clothed with little expressions [illegible] strange, out of the way [illegible] But I despair of doing any thing [illegible]

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

Tune—"Robin Adair."

While larks with little wing,
Fanned the pure air,
To greet the dewy morn
Each lovely fair;
Or the sun's golden eye,
Dazzled over the mountain high;
So thy morn, and I cry,
Phillis the fair.

MY GOOD SIR,

I consider it one of the most agreeable [illegible] attending this publication [illegible] that it has procured me so many of y[illegible] value of epistles. Pray make my acknowledgments to Sir Stephen for the tunes: [illegible] admit the justness of his complai[illegible] as a case, conveyed in his laconic p[illegible] your *fou d'esprit*; which I perused [illegible] once without discovering exactly wh[illegible] discussion w a music, astronomy, [illegible] though a sagacious friend, acquainted [illegible] convivial habits of the poet and the [illegible] offered me a bet of two to one, you [illegible] drowning care together; that an [illegible] was the only thing that would d[illegible] you, and the only matter you could [illegible] how to remedy!

I shall be glad to see you g[illegible] Adair' a Scottish dress. Peter i[illegible] him with an English suit for a [illegible] you are well matched together. [illegible] is excellent, though he certainly [illegible] the way measure as ever poor [illegible] wight was plagued with. I wi[illegible] invoke the muse for a single elegy [illegible] he substituted for the concluding [illegible] verses of 'Down the burn Davie' [illegible] most exquisite song may no long[illegible] from good company.

Mr Allan has made an inimi[illegible] from your 'John Anderson my [illegible] am to have engraved, as a fro[illegible] humorous class of songs; yo[illegible] charmed with it. I promise [illegible] couple are seated by the fireside [illegible] son in great good humour, is [illegible] while he smiles a[illegible]

one essay more. You, my
ember an unfortunate part of
C.'s story, which happened
ago. That struck my fancy,
to do the idea justice, as

SONG.

me wild, distant shore,
howl to the wave's dashing

I I weep my woes,
my last repose,
y eyes should close,
wake more.

ind, canst thou declare,
ed vows—fleeting as air!
lover lie,
thy perjury,
bosom try,
ze is there.

have met with a musical
nadalbane's fencibles, which
, who assures me that he
his mother singing Gaelic
obis Adair' and 'Gramas-
tainly have more of the
's taste in them.
from the vicinity of Inver-
not be any intercourse with
bring them; except, what
to be the case, the wander-
pers, and pipers, used to go
through the wilds both of
land, and so some favourite
mmon to both.—A case in
lately, in Ireland, published
y say, called "Caun du de-
, in a publication of Corri's,
you will find the same air,
one, with a Gaelic song set
there, I think, is "Oran
air it is. Do ask honest
Gaelic Parson, about these

No. XXXIV.

TO MR THOMSON.

August, 1793.

night,' I will reconsider. I
eased with my song, 'Had
liked it myself.
sterday evening, with a vo-
m in my hand; when turn-
ter,' "What numbers shall
&c. as the words appeared
rthy of so fine an air: and
is on your list, I sat and
adow of an old thorn, till I
it the measure. I may be
it not in my worst style.
at in Ramsay's Tea-Table,
ong first appeared, the au-
ue, Allan says, is 'Allan
Water,' or 'My love Annie's very bonnie.'
This last has certainly been a line of the original song; so I took up the idea, and, as you will see, have introduced the line in its place, which I presume it formerly occupied: though I likewise give you a "choosing line," should that not hit the cut of your fancy.

By Allan stream I chanced to rove,
While Phœbus sank beyond Benleddi; *
The winds were whispering through the grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready:
I listen'd to a lover's sang,
And thought on youthfu' pleasures mony:
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang—
O dearly do I lo'e thee Annie. †

O happy be the woodbine bower,
Nae nightly bogle mak it eerie;
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie.
Her hand upon my throbbing breast,
She, sinkin said, "I'm thine for ever!"
While mony a kiss the seal impr-ss'd,
The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' spring's the primrose brae,
The summer joys the flocks to follow:
How cheery through her shortening day,
Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow;
But can they melt the glowing heart,
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,
Or through each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure.

Bravo! say I; it is a good song. Should you think so too, (not else) you can set the music to it, and let the other follow as English verses.

Autumn is my propitious season. I make more verses in it than in all the year else.

God bless you!

No. XXXV.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

August, 1793.

Is 'Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,' one of your airs? I admire it much: and yesterday I set the following verses to it. Urbani, whom I met with here, begged them of me, as he admires the air much; but as I understand that he looks with rather an evil eye on your work, I did not choose to comply. However, if the song does not suit your taste, I may possibly send it to him. The set of the air which I had in my eye, is in Johnson's Museum.

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad, ‡
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;

---

* A mountain west of Strath-Allan, 3000 feet high.—R. B.

† Or, "O my love Annie's very bonnie."
R. B.

‡ In some of the MSS the first four lines run thus:

[illegible] ye meet me,
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were nae lookin' at me.
Yet look, &c.
O whistle, &c.

Ay vow and protest that ye care nae for me,
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court nae anither though joking ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
For fear, &c.
O whistle, &c.

Another favourite air of mine is 'The muckin o' Geordie's byre.' When sung slow, with expression, I have wished that it had had better poetry; that I have endeavoured to supply as follows:

Adown winding Nith I did wander,
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring:
Adown winding Nith I did wander,
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

Chorus.

Awa wi' your belles and your beauties,
They never wi' her can compare,
Whoever has met with my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daisy amused my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild;
Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
For she is Simplicity's child.
Awa, &c.

The rosebud's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest,
How fair and [illegible]

'The last time I came o'er the Moor,' I cannot meddle with, as to mending it: and the musical world have been so long accustomed to Ramsay's words, that a different song, though positively superior would not be so well received. I am not fond of choruses to songs, so I have not made one for the foregoing.

No. XXXVII.

MR THOMSON TO MR BURNS.

August 1793.

DAINTY DAVIE.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green spreading bowers;
And now comes in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.

Chorus.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A wandering wi' my Davie.
Meet me, &c.

When purple morning starts the hare
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dews I will repair,
To meet my faithfu' Davie.
Meet me, &c.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.

Chorus.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Bonnie Davie, dainty Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.*

So much for Davie. The chorus, you know, is to the low part of the tune. See Clarke's set of it in the Museum.

N. B. In the Museum they have drawled out the tune to twelve lines of poetry, which is ——— nonsense. Four lines of song, and four of chorus, is the way.

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* Dainty Davie is the title of an old Scottish song, from which Burns has taken nothing but the title and the measure.

No. XXXVIII.

MR THOMSON TO MR BURNS.

Edinburgh, 1st Sept. 1793.

MY DEAR SIR,

Since writing you last, I have received half a dozen songs, with which I am delighted beyond expression. The humour and fancy of 'Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,' will render it nearly as great a favourite as 'Duncan Gray.' 'Come let me take thee to my breast,' 'Adown winding Nith,' and 'By Allan stream,' &c. are full of imagination and feeling, and sweetly suit the airs for which they are intended. 'Had I a cave on some wild distant shore,' is a striking and affecting composition. Our friend, to whose story it refers, read it with a swelling heart, I assure you. The union we are now forming, I think, can never be broken; these songs of yours will descend with the music to the latest posterity, and will be fondly cherished so long as genius, taste, and sensibility exist in our island.

While the muse seems so propitious, I think it right to inclose a list of all the favours I have to ask of her, no fewer than twenty and three! I have burdened the pleasant Peter with as many as it is probable he will attend to: most of the remaining airs would puzzle the English poet not a little; they are of that peculiar measure and rhythm, that they must be familiar to him who writes for them.

No. XXXIX.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

Sept. 1793.

You may readily trust, my dear sir, that any exertion in my power is heartily at your service. But one thing I must hint to you; the very name of Peter Pindar is of great service to your publication, so get a verse from him now and then; though I have no objection, as well as I can, to bear the burden of the business.

You know that my pretensions to musical taste, are merely a few of nature's instincts, untaught and untutored by art. For this reason, many musical compositions, particularly where much of the merit lies in counterpoint; however they may transport and ravish the ears of you connoisseurs, affect my simple lug no otherwise than merely as melodious din. On the other hand, by way of amends, I am delighted with many little melodies, which the learned musician despises as silly and insipid. I do not know whether the old air 'Hey tuttie tattie' may rank among this number; but well I know that with Frazer's hautboy, it has often filled my eyes with tears. 'There is a tradition, which I have met with in many parts of Scotland, that it was Robert Bruce's, at the battle of Bannockburn. This I, in my solitary wanderings, warmed

Scots, wha hae wi' *Wallace* bled,
Bruce has aften led:
o your gory bed,
victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let [illegible] and flee.

Wha for *Scotland*'s king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand or *Free-man* fa',
Let him follow me:

By oppression's [illegible] and paine!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low:
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us *Do* or *Die!*

So may God ever defend the cause of Truth and Liberty, as he did that day!—Amen.

P. S.—I showed the air to Urbani, who was highly pleased with it, and begged me to make soft verses for it; but I had no idea of giving [illegible] trouble on the subject, till the acci-

ress wight, it gets so [illegible]
tinkle-ringle, tinkle-ring
that it is sure to run pro
lam jockey, quite beyon
post in the common rase
The following song
'Oran gaoil, the Highla
in your last, you have re
to in your book. I have
the song; so you have
ment. If it suit you,
well!

Tune—"Ort

Behold the hour, the bo
Thou goest, thou darl
Severed from thee can I
But fate has will'd, a
I'll often greet this surg
Yon distant isle will
"E'en here I took the
There lavest mark'd h

Along the solitary shore,
While flitting sea-fow
Across the rolling, dash
I'll westward turn my
Happy, thou Indian gro
Where now my Nan
While through thy swe
O tell me does she m

No. 1

MR THOMSON

Edinbu

sh airs—I say I never heard any one speak of . as worthy of notice.

I have been running over the whole hundred airs of which I lately sent you the list; nd I think 'Lewie Gordon' is most happily dapted to your ode; at least with a very short ariation of the fourth line, which I shall presently submit to you. There is in 'Lewie Gordon' more of the grand than the plaintive, articularly when it is sung with a degree of pirit, which your words would oblige the inger to give it. I would have no scruple bout substituting your ode in the room of Lewie Gordon,' which has neither the interest, the grandeur, nor the poetry that characterise your verses. Now the variation I have o suggest upon the last line of each verse, ie only line too short for the air, is as follows:

erse 1st, Or to *glorious* victorie.
2d, *Chains*—chains and slaverie.
3d, Let him, *let him* turn and flie.
4th, Let him *bravely* follow me.
5th, But *they shall*, they shall be free.
6th, Let us, *let us* do or die!

If you connect each line with its own verse, do not think you will find that either the entiment or the expression loses any of its nergy. The only line which I dislike in the hole of the song is, "Welcome to your gory ed." Would not another word be preferable *welcome?* In your next I will expect to be formed whether you agree to what I have roposed. These little alterations I submit ith the greatest deference.

The beauty of the verses you have made for Oran-gaoil,' will insure celebrity to the air.

No. XLII.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

September, 1793.

have received your list, my dear sir, and ere go my observations on it.*

'Down the burn, Davie,' I have this moent tried an alteration, leaving out the last alf of the third stanza, and the first half of e last stanza, thus:

As down the burn they took their way,
And through the flowery dale;
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And love was aye the tale.

With "Mary, when shall we return,
Sic pleasure to renew?"
Quoth Mary, "Love, I like the burn,
And aye shall follow you."†

'Through the wood laddie:' I am decidedly of opinion, that both in this and 'There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame,' the second or high part of the tune being a repetition of the first part an octave higher, is only for instrumental music, and would be much better omitted in singing.

'Cowden-knowes.' Remember in your index that the song in pure English to this tune, beginning

"When summer comes, the swains on Tweed,"

is the production of Crawford: Robert was his Christian name.

'Laddie lie near me,' must lie by me for some time. I do not know the air; and until I am complete master of a tune in my own singing, (such as it is,) I never can compose for it. My way is: I consider the poetic sentiment correspondent to my idea of the musical expression; then choose my theme; begin one stanza; when that is composed, which is generally the most difficult part of the business, I walk out, sit down now and then, look out for objects in nature around me, that are in unison or harmony with the cogitations of my fancy, and workings of my bosom; humming every now and then the air with the verses I have framed. When I feel my music beginning to jade, I retire to the solitary furnishe of my study, and there commit my effusions to paper, swinging at intervals on the hind legs of my elbow-chair by way of calling forth my own critical strictures, as my pen goes on. Seriously, this at home, is almost invariably my way.

What cursed egotism!

'Gill Morice' I am for leaving out. It is a plaguey length; the air itself is never sung: and its place can well be supplied by one or two songs for fine airs that are not in your list. For instance, 'Craigieburn-wood' and 'Roy's Wife.' The first, beside its intrinsic merit, has novelty; and the last has high merit, as well as great celebrity. I have the original words of a song for the last air, in the hand-writing of the lady who composed it; and they are superior to any edition of the song which the public has yet seen.*

'Highland laddie.' The old set will please a mere Scottish ear best; and the new an Italianized one. There is a third, and what Oswald calls the old 'Highland laddie,' which pleases me more than either of them. It is sometimes called 'Gingham Johnnie;' it being the air of an old humorous tawdry song of that name. You will find it in the Museum, 'I have been at Crookie-den,' &c. I would advise you, in this musical quandary, to offer up your prayers to the muses for inspiring direction; and in the meantime, waiting for this direction, bestow a libation to Bacchus; and there is not a doubt but you will hit on a judicious choice. *Probatum est.*

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* Mr Thomson's list of songs for his publication. In his remarks the bard proceeds in order, and goes through the whole; but on *any of them he merely signifies his approbation. All his remarks of any importance are inserted to the reader.*

† *This alteration Mr Thomson has adopted, at least intended to adopt,)* instead of the original song, which is objectionable in point of delicacy.

* This song, so much admired by every lover of the pathetic, will be found in the future part of the volume.

[illegible] ten thousand, nine hundred and ninety nine times, and always with the chorus to the low part of the tune; and nothing has surprised me so much as your opinion on this subject. If it will not suit, as I proposed, we will try two of the stanzas together, and then make the chorus follow.

'For him father'—I inclose you Frazer's set of this tune when he plays it slow; in fact, he makes it the language of despair. I shall here give you two stanzas in that style; merely to try if it will be any improvement. Were it possible, in singing, to give it half the pathos with which Frazer gives it in playing, it would make an semi-tragic pathetic song. I do not give these verses for any merit they have. I composed them at the time in "which Patie Allan's mither died, that was about the back o' midnight;" and by the beside of a bowl of punch, which had overset every mortal in company except the hautbois and the muse.

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie, Thou hast left me ever,
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie, Thou hast left me ever.
Aften hast thou vow'd that death, Only should us sever,
Now thou's left my love for aye—I maun see thee never, Jamie,
I'll see thee never.*

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, Thou hast me forsaken.
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, Thou hast me forsaken,
Thou canst love anither Jo, While my heart is breaking:
Soon my weary e'en I'll close—never mair to

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou't the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidlet i' the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.*
For auld, &c.

Now, I suppose I have tired your patience fairly. You must, after all is over, have a number of ballads, properly so called. 'Gill Morice, Tranent Muir, M'Pherson's Farewell, Battle of Sheriff-muir,' or 'We ran and they ran, (I know the author of this charming ballad and his history), Hardiknute, Barbara Allan,' (I can furnish a finer set of this tune than any that has yet appeared), and besides, do you know that I really have the old tune to which 'The Cherry and the Slae' was sung; and which is mentioned as a well known air in Scotland's Complaint, a book published before poor Mary's days. It was then called 'The banks o' Helicon;' an old poem which Pinkerton has brought to light. You will see all this in Tytler's History of Scottish Music. The tune, to a learned ear, may have no great merit; but it is a great curiosity. I have a good many original things of this kind.

No. XLIII.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

September, 1793.

I am happy, my dear sir, that my ode pleases you so much. Your idea, "honour's bed," is, though a beautiful, a hackneyed idea: so, if you please, we will let the line stand as it is. I have altered the song as follows:

BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;
Scots wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory.

Now's the day and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward! chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw!
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be—shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do or die!

N. B.—I have borrowed the last stanza from the common stall edition of Wallace.

"A false usurper sinks in every foe,
And liberty returns with every blow."

A couplet worthy of Homer. Yesterday you had enough of my correspondence. The post goes, and my head aches miserably. One comfort; I suffer so much, just now in this world, for last night's joviality, that I shall escape scot-free for it in the world to come. Amen!

No. XLIV.

MR THOMSON TO MR BURNS.

24th Sept. 1793.

A thousand thanks to you, my dear sir, for your observations on the list of my songs. I am happy to find your ideas so much in unison with my own respecting the generality of the airs as well as the verses. About them we differ, but there is no disputing about hobby-horses. I shall not fail to profit by the remarks you make; and to reconsider the whole with attention.

'Dainty Davie' must be sung two stanzas together and then the chorus—'tis the proper way. I agree with you, that there may be something of pathos, or tenderness at least, in the air of 'Fee him, father,' when performed with feeling; but a tender cast may be given to almost any lively air, if you sing it very slowly, expressively, and with serious words. I am, however, clearly and invariably for retaining the cheerful tunes joined to their own humorous verses, wherever the verses are passable. But the sweet song for 'Fee him, father,' which you began about the back of one night, I will publish as an additional one. James Balfour, the king of good fellows, the best singer of the lively Scottish airs that ever existed, has charmed thousands companies with 'Fee him, father,' a

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* *This song of the olden times is excellent.—It is worthy of our bard.*

[illegible] to the "Welcome to your gory bed,' seems [illegible] a grating coldness, but notwithstanding [illegible] which follows, I have shown [illegible] to the influence of excellent taste, and [illegible] to this line which em[illegible] to use the freedom of bringing it [illegible] your notice. I would suggest,

"Now prepare for honour's bed,
Or for glorious victorie."

No. XLV.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

Sept. 1793.

"Who will decide when doctors disagree?" My [illegible] pleases me so much that I cannot al[illegible] it. Your proposed alterations would, in my opinion, make it tame. I am exceedingly [illegible] to you for putting me on re-consider[illegible] I think I have much improved it. [illegible] of "soldier! hero!" I will have it "Obedience! on me! me!"

I have scrutinized it, over and over; and to the world some way or other it shall go as it [illegible] at the same time it will not in the least hort me, should you leave it out altogether and [illegible] to your first intention of adopting Logan's verses.*

---

verses.

FAIR JENNY.

Tune—"Saw ye my father

Where are the joys I has'e met in th
That danced to the lark's early
Where is the peace that awaited
ing,
At evening the wild woods amon

No more a-winding the course of y
And marking sweet flow'rets so

---

not composed. Bruce's troops
to war, and familiar with all its s
dangers. On the eve of that men
their spirits were without doubt
a pitch of enthusiasm suited to t
a pitch of enthusiasm at which da
attractive, and the most terrific fo
are no longer terrible. Such a st
ment this heroic "welcome"
posed well calculated to elevate—
hearts high above fear, and ner
to the utmost pitch of mortal exe
observations might be illustrated a
by a reference to the martial poe
tions, from the spirit-stirring stre
us, to the war-song of General
Thomson's observation, that "
your gory bed, is a discourag
seems not sufficiently considered.
deed, it may be admitted, that th
somewhat objectionable, not on
presenting a frightful but a disag

* Mr Thomson has very properly adopted this song, if it may be so called, as the bard presented it to him. He has attached it to the air of "Lewie Gordon," and perhaps among [illegible] he could not find a better;

No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad-sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
And grim surly winter is near?
No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known:
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor Hope dare a comfort bestow;
Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

Adieu, my dear sir! The post goes, so I shall defer some other remarks until more leisure.

No. XLVI.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

Sep. 93.

I have been turning over some volumes of songs, to find verses whose measures would suit the airs for which you have allotted me to find English songs.

For 'Muirland Willie' you have, in Ramsay's Tea-table, an excellent song, beginning 'Ah, why those tears in Nelly's eyes?' As for 'The Collier's Dochter,' take the following old Bacchanal.

Deluded swain, the pleasure
The fickle fair can give thee,
Is but a fairy treasure,
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.

The billows on the ocean,
The breezes idly roaming,
The cloud's uncertain motion,
They are but types of woman.

O! art thou not ashamed,
To doat upon a feature?
If man thou wouldst be named,
Despise the silly creature.

Go, find an honest fellow;
Good claret set before thee,
Hold on till thou art mellow
And then to bed in glory.

The faulty line in Logan-water, I mend thus:

"How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?"

The song, otherwise will pass. As to 'M'Gregoirs Rus-Ruth,' you will see a song of mine to its with a set of the air superior to ours, in the Museum Vol. ii. p. 161. 'The ing begins,

'Raving winds around her blowing,'*

Your Irish airs are pretty, but they are downright Irish. If they were like the 'Banks of Banna,' for instance, though really Irish, yet in the Scottish taste, you might adopt them. Since you are so fond of Irish music, what say you to twenty-five of them in an additional number? We could easily find this quantity of charming airs; I will take care that you shall not want songs; and I assure you that you would find it the most saleable of the whole. If you do not approve of 'Roy's wife,' for the music's sake we shall not insert it. 'Deil tak the wars,' is a charming song; so is 'Saw ye my Peggy.' 'There's the luck about the house,' well deserves a place; I cannot say that 'O'er the hills and far awa' strikes me as equal to your selection. 'This is no mine ain house,' is a great favourite air of mine; and if you will send me your set of it, I will task my muse to her highest effort. What is your opinion of 'I hae laid a herrin in sawt?' I like it much. Your Jacobite airs are pretty; and there are many others of the same kind pretty—but you have not room for them. You cannot, I think, insert 'Eye let us a' to the bridal' to any other words than its own.

What pleases me, as simple and *naïve*, disgusts you as ludicrous and low. For this reason, 'Eye, gie me my cogie, sirs'—'Eye let us a' to the bridal,' with several others of that cast, are, to me, highly pleasing; while, 'Saw ye my Father, or saw ye my Mother,' delights me with its descriptive simple pathos. Thus, my song, 'Ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten?' pleases myself so much, that I cannot try my hand at another song to the air; so I shall not attempt it. I know you will laugh at all this; but "like man wears his belt his ain gait."

No. XLVII.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

October, 1793.

Your last letter, my dear Thomson, was indeed laden with heavy news. Alas, poor Erskine! The recollection that he was a coadjutor in your publication, has, till now, scared me from writing to you, or turning my thoughts on composing for you.

I am pleased that you are reconciled to the air of the 'Quaker's Wife,' though, by the bye, an old Highland gentleman, and a deep antiquarian, tells me it is a Gaelic air, and known by the name of 'Leiger'm choss.' The following verses I hope will please you, as an English song to the air,

---

* This will be found in the latter part of this volume.

† The Honourable A. Erskine, brother to Lord Kelly, whose melancholy death Mr Thomson had communicated to an excellent letter which he has suppressed.

What is life when wanting love?
Night without a morning:
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.

Your objection to the English song I proposed for 'John Anderson, my jo,' is certainly just. The following is by an old acquaintance of mine, and I think has merit. The song was never in print, which I think is so much in your favour. The more original good poetry your collection contains, it certainly has so much the more merit.

SONG,

BY GAVIN TURNBULL.

O condescend, dear, charming maid,
My wretched state to view;
A tender swain to love betray'd,
And sad despair by you.

While here all melancholy,
My passion I deplore,
Yet, urged by stern resistless fate,
I love thee more and more.

I heard of love, and with disdain
The urchin's power denied;
I laugh'd at every lover's pain,
And mock'd them when they sigh'd:

But how my state is alter'd!
Those happy days are o'er;
For all thy unrelenting hate,
I love thee more and more.

All day, with
In sport she
Their tales ap
The notes o

When evening
And bring t
Begin, sweet
And soothe

I shall just tra
which would g
don.'

BY

Let me wan
By shady
Where the
Paint the m
Where the
Echoes swe
Let me wa
Laura hau

If at rosy d
To indulge
If I court
To avoid t
If beneath
Through n
Let me wa
Laura han

When at n

No. XLVIII.

MR THOMSON TO MR BURNS.

7th Nov. 1793.

MY DEAR SIR,

After so long a silence, it gave me peculiar pleasure to recognise your well-known hand, for I had begun to be apprehensive that all was not well with you. I am happy to find, however, that your silence did not proceed from that cause, and that you have got among the ballads once more.

I have to thank you for your English song to 'Leiger 'm choss,' which I think extremely good, although the colouring is warm. Your friend Mr Turnbull's songs have doubtless considerable merit; and as you have the command of his manuscripts, I hope you may find out some that will answer as English songs to the airs yet unprovided.

No. XLIX.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

December, 1793.

Tell me how you like the following verses to the tune of 'Jo Janet.'

Husband, husband cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, sir;
Though I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, sir.

"One of two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy,
Is it man or woman, say,
My spouse Nancy?"

If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience;
I'll desert my sovereign lord,
And so, good bye, allegiance!

"Sad will I be so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy;
Yet I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse Nancy."

My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I'm near it;
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think, how you will bear it.

"I will hope and trust in heaven,
Nancy, Nancy;
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse Nancy."

Well, sir, from the silent dead,
Still I'll try to daunt you;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you.

"I'll wed another, like my dear
Nancy, Nancy,
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse Nancy."

Air.—"The Sutor's Dochter."

Wilt thou be my dearie:
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
Wilt thou let me cheer thee?
By the treasure of my soul,
That's the love I bear thee!
I swear and vow that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie.
Only thou, I swear and vow
Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
Or if thou wilt na be my sin,
Say na thou'lt refuse me;
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me,
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me;
Lassie let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.

No. L.

MR THOMSON TO MR BURNS.

Edinburgh, 7th April, 1794.

MY DEAR SIR,

Owing to the distress of our friend for the loss of his child, at the time of his receiving your admirable but melancholy letter, I had not an opportunity till lately of perusing it.* How sorry am I to find Burns saying, "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?" while *he* is delighting others from the one end of the island to the other. Like the hypochondriac who went to consult a physician upon his case: Go, says the doctor, and see the famous Carlini, who keeps all Paris in good humour. Alas! sir, replied the patient, I am that unhappy Carlini!

Your plan for our meeting together pleases me greatly, and I trust that by some means or other it will soon take place; but your Bacchanalian challenge almost frightens me, for I am a miserable weak drinker!

Allan is much gratified by the good opinion of his talents. He has just begun a sketch from your Cotter's Saturday Night, and if it pleases himself in the design, he will probably etch or engrave it. In subjects of the pastoral or humorous kind, he is perhaps unrivalled by any artist living. He fails a little in giving beauty and grace to his females, and his colouring is sombre, otherwise his paintings and drawings would be in greater request.

I like the music of the 'Sutor's Dochter,' and will consider whether it shall be added to the last volume; your verses to it are quaint, but your humorous English to suit 'Jo Janet' is inimitable. What think you of the air,

---

* A letter to Mr Cunningham to be found in p. 155.

May, 1[illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible], with which I am high-
[illegible] I will [illegible] humbly propose, instead
[illegible] ing stockings, to put a
[illegible] his hands. A friend of
[illegible] positively the ablest judge on the
[illegible] met with, and, though
[illegible] yet a superior artist w[illegible] the
[illegible] quite charmed with Allan's
[illegible] has a peep of the Gentle Shep-
[illegible] pronounces Allan most original
[illegible] genius.
[illegible] my part, I look Mr Allan's choosing
favourite poem [illegible] his subject, [illegible]
[illegible] highest compliments I have

[illegible] a quite vexed at Pleyel's being scooped
[illegible] France, as it will put an entire stop to
[illegible] ork. Now, and for six or seven months,
[illegible] had be quite in song," as you shall see
[illegible] d bye. I got an air, pretty enough,
[illegible] ned by Lady Elizabeth Heron of Heron,
[illegible] she calls 'The banks of Cree.' Cree
[illegible] beautiful romantic stream; and as her
[illegible] ally is—a particular friend of mine, I have
written the following song.

BANKS OF CREE.

Here is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath the birchen shade;
The village bell has told the hour,—
O what can stay my lovely maid!

'Tis not Maria's whispering call;
'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale,
Mix'd with some warbler's dying fall
[illegible] the dewy star of eve to hail.

In sacred strains and tuneful [illegible]
[illegible] join'd,
Accent the gift though humble [illegible]
gives,
Rich is the tribute of the grateful [illegible]

[illegible] may no ruffian feeling in thy
Discordant jar thy bosom chord
But peace attune thy gentle soul
Or love ecstatic wake his scrap

Or pity's not in luxury of tears
As modest [illegible] the tale of woe
While conscious virtue all the st[illegible]
And heaven-born piety her sa[illegible]

No. LIII.

MR THOMSON TO MR [illegible]

Edinburgh, 10th A[illegible]

MY DEAR SIR,

I owe you an apology, for havi[illegible]
layed to acknowledge the favour
I fear it will be as you say. I
more songs from Pleyel till F
are friends: but nevertheless, I
ons to be prepared with the poe
season approaches in which
Coila visits you, I trust I shall,
frequently gratified with the
amorous and tender interviews

No. LIV.

usual candid criticism. I was pleased with several lines in it, at first; but I own, that now it appears rather a dimsy business.

This is just a hasty sketch, until I see whether it be worth a critique. We have many sailor songs; but, as far as I at present recollect, they are mostly the effusions of the jovial sailor, not the wailings of his lovelorn mistress. I must here make one sweet exception—'Sweet Annie frae the Sea-beach came.' Now for the song.

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

Tune—'O'er the Hills,' &c.

How can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my sailor lad;
How can I the thought forego,
He's on the seas to meet the foe;
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love;
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
Are with him that's far away.

Chorus.

On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away.
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
Are aye with him that's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in this scorching sun,
My sailor's thundering at his gun:
Bullets, spare my only joy!
Bullets, spare my darling boy!
Fate do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away!
On the seas, &c.

At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with boundless power;
As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
List'ning to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can—I weep and pray,
For his weal that's far away.
On the seas, &c.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild war his ravage end,
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet:
Then may heaven, with prosp'rous gales,
Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.
On the seas, &c.

I give you leave to abuse this song, but do it in the spirit of Christian meekness.

No. LV.

MR THOMSON TO MR BURNS.

Edinburgh, 16th Sept. 1794.

MY DEAR SIR,

You have anticipated my opinion of 'On the seas and far away;' I do not think it one of your very happy productions, though it certainly contains stanzas that are worthy of all acceptation.

The second is the least to my liking, particularly, 'Bullets, spare my only joy.' Confound the bullets. It might perhaps be objected to the third verse, 'At the starless midnight hour,' that it has too much grandeur of imagery, and that greater simplicity of thought would have better suited the character of a sailor's sweetheart. The tune, it must be remembered, is of the brisk cheerful kind. Upon the whole, therefore, in my humble opinion, the song would be better adapted to the tune, if it consisted only of the first and last verses, with the choruses.

LVI.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

Sept. 1794.

I shall withdraw my 'On the seas and far away' altogether; it is unequal, and unworthy of the work. Making a poem is like begetting a son; you cannot know whether you have a wise man or a fool, until you produce him to the world and try him.

For that reason I send you the offspring of my brain, *abortions* and all; and as such, pray look over them and forgive them, and burn them.* I am flattered at your adopting 'Ca' the yewes to the knowes,' as it was owing to me that it ever saw the light. About seven years ago I was well acquainted with a worthy little fellow of a clergyman, a Mr Clunzie, who sung it charmingly; and at my request, Mr Clarke took it down from his singing. When I gave it to Johnson, I added some stanzas to the song, and mended others, but still it will not do for you. In a solitary stroll which I took to-day, I tried my hand on a few pastoral lines, following up the idea of the chorus, which I would preserve. Here it is, with all its crudities and imperfections on its head.

Chorus.

Ca' the yewes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

---

* This Virgilian order of the poet should, I think, be disobeyed with respect to the song in question, the second stanza excepted.—Note by Mr Thomson.

Doctors differ. The objection to the second stanza does not strike the Editor

[illegible]

[illegible]

Cautiou, &c.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Cautiou, &c.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Cautiou, &c.

I [illegible] give you my opinion of [illegible] adapted songs; my first acquaintance [illegible]

No. LVII.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

September, 1794.

Do you know a blackguard Irish song, called 'Cough's Water-fall?' The air is charming, and I have often regretted the want of decent verses to it. It is too much, at least for my humble rustic muse, to expect that every effort of hers shall have merit; still I think that it is better to have mediocre verses to a favourite air, than none at all. On this principle I have all along proceeded in the Scots Musical Museum, and as that publication is at its last volume, I intend the following song, to the air above mentioned, for that work.

cessful or otherwise; should she "let him in" or not.

Did you not once propose 'The Sow's tail to Geordie,' as an air for your work; I am quite delighted with it; but I acknowledge that is no mark of its real excellence. I once set about verses for it, which I meant to be in the alternate way of a lover and his mistress chanting together. I have not the pleasure of knowing Mrs Thomson's Christian name, and yours, I am afraid, is rather burlesque for sentiment, else I had meant to have made you the hero and heroine of the little piece.

How do you like the following epigram, which I wrote the other day on a lovely young girl's recovery from a fever? Doctor Maxwell was the physician who seemingly saved her from the grave, and to him I address the following.

TO DR MAXWELL,

ON MISS JESSIE STAIG'S RECOVERY.

Maxwell, if merit here you crave,
That merit I deny:
You save fair Jessy from the grave!
An angel could not die!

God grant you patience with this stupid epistle!

No. LVIII.

MR THOMSON TO MR BURNS.

I perceive the sprightly muse is now attendant upon her favourite poet, whose "wood-notes wild" are become as enchanting as ever. 'She says she loes me best of a',' is one of the pleasantest table songs I have seen, and henceforth shall be mine when the song is going round. I'll give Cunningham a copy, he can more powerfully proclaim its merit. I am far from undervaluing your taste for the strathspey music; on the contrary, I think it highly animating and agreeable, and that some of the strathspeys, when graced with such verses as yours, will make very pleasing songs, in the same way that rough Christians are tempered and softened by lovely woman, without whom, you know, they had been brutes.

I am clear for having the 'Sow's tail,' particularly as your proposed verses to it are so extremely promising. Geordie, as you observe, is a name only fit for burlesque composition. Mrs Thomson's name (Katharine) is not at all poetical. Retain Jeanie, therefore, and make the other Jamie, or any other that sounds agreeable.

Your 'Ca' the yewes,' is a precious little morceau. Indeed I am perfectly astonished and charmed with the endless variety of your fancy. Here let me ask you whether you never seriously turned your thoughts upon dramatic writing. That is a field worthy of your genius, *in which it* might shine forth in *all its splendour. One or two successful pieces upon the London stage* would make your fortune. *The rage at present is for musical dramas; few or none of* those which have appeared since the 'Duenna,' possess much poetical merit: there is little in the conduct of the fable, or in the dialogue, to interest the audience. They are chiefly vehicles for music and pageantry. I think you might produce a comic opera in three acts, which would live by the poetry, at the same time that it would be proper to take every assistance from her tuneful sister. Part of the songs of course would be to our favourite Scottish airs; the rest might be left with the London composer—Storace for Drury Lane, or Shield for Covent garden; both of them very able and popular musicians. I believe that interest and manœuvring are often necessary to have a drama brought on: so it may be with the namby pamby tribe of flowery scribblers; but were you to address Mr Sheridan himself by letter, and send him a dramatic piece, I am persuaded he would, for the honour of genius, give it a fair and candid trial. Excuse me for obtruding these hints upon your consideration. *

No. LIX.

MR THOMSON TO MR BURNS.

Edinburgh, 14th October, 1794.

The last eight days have been devoted to the re-examination of the Scottish collections. I have read and sung, and fiddled, and considered, till I am half blind and wholly stupid. The few airs I have added, are inclosed.

Peter Pindar has at length sent me all the songs I expected from him, which are in general elegant and beautiful. Have you heard of a London collection of Scottish airs and songs, just published by Mr Ritson an Englishman. I shall send you a copy. His introductory essay on the subject is curious, and evinces great reading and research, but does not decide the question as to the origin of our melodies; though he shows clearly that Mr Tytler, in his ingenious dissertation, has adduced no sort of proof of the hypothesis he wished to establish; and that his classification of the airs, according to the eras when they were composed, is mere fancy and conjecture. On John Pinkerton, Esq. he has no mercy; but consigns him to damnation! He snarls at my publication, on the score of Pindar being engaged to write songs for it; uncandidly and unjustly leaving it to be inferred that the songs of Scottish writers had been sent e-packing to make room for Peter's! Of you he speaks with some respect, but gives you a passing hit or two, for daring to dress up a little some old foolish songs for the Museum. His sets of the Scottish airs are taken, he says, from the oldest collections and best authorities: many of them, however, have such a strange aspect, and are so unlike the sets which are sung by every person of taste, old or young, in town or country, that we can scarcely recognise the features of our favourites. By going to the oldest collections of our music, it does no

* Our bard had before received the advice, and certainly took it so far into consideration as to have cast about for a

---

[illegible] were first composed. In selecting the melodies for my own collection, I have been as much guided by the living as by the dead. Where these differed, I preferred the sets that appeared to me the most simple and beautiful, and the most generally approved; and, without meaning any compliment to my own capability of choosing, or speaking of the pains I have taken, I flatter myself that my sets will be found equally freed from vulgar errors on the one hand, and affected graces on the other.

No. LV.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

19th October, 1794.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

By this morning's post I have your list, and, in general, I highly approve of it. I shall, at more leisure, give you a critique on the whole. Clarke goes to your town by to-day's fly, and I wish you would call on him and take his opinion in general: you know his taste is a standard. He will return here again in a week or two, so, please do not miss asking for him. One thing I hope he will do, persuade you to adopt my favourite, 'Craigie-burn-wood,' in your selection: it is as great a favourite of his as of mine. The lady on whom it was made is one of the finest women in Scotland; and, in fact, (*entre nous*,) is in a manner to me what Sterne's Eliza was to him, a mistress, a friend, or what you will, in the guileless simplicity of Platonic love. (Now don't put any of your squinting constructions on this, or have-

O saw ye n
O saw ye r
She's dowr
She wint

What saye
What saye
She lets the
And for w

O had I ne',
O had I ne',
As light as t
Thou's br

Now for a
Posie' (in t
the air was
voice.* It i
ty, but the c
take a look at
do not think
'Roslin Cast
part, in partic
bars, is exce
Lament' is n
trusty and c
Masterton. '
wou'd give ten
first in the E
to the Edito
Newcastle pos

* 'The Pos
This and the ot
had appeared i
T. had inquired
† The reader

mine; the music said to be by a celebrated violin player in Dum- e beginning of this century. ruse, who was an honest man, rud Highlandman, constantly d by all the old musical people to be the author of it. l his cutty gun.' The song to t in the Museum, is mine; and on Miss Euphemia Murray, monoly and deservedly called, rathmore.

nd dreary is the night.' I met words in a collection of songs ich I altered and enlarged; and d to suit your favourite air, stride or two across my room, ced it anew, as you will find on

Cauld kail in Aberdeen.'

and dreary is the night,
am frae my dearie;
s frae e'en to morn,
I were ne'er sae weary.

Chorus.

ter lanely nights are lang;
, her dreams are eerie;
her widow'd heart is sair,
absent frae her dearie.

ink on the lightsome days
i' thee, my dearie;
hat seas between us roar,
I be but eerie?
ah, &c.

ye move, ye heavy hours;
ne day how dreary:
ne, ye glinted bye,
was wi' my dearie.
ah, &c.

you like this. I differ from expression of the tune. There reat deal of tenderness in it. my opinion, dispense with a lenda airs. A lady of my ac- pted performer, plays and sings

---

oice, O vow it's sweet,
h she bans and scaulds a wee;
tuned to sorrow's tale,
ts doubly dear to me!
l earl, I'll steer my fire,
bleeze a bonnie flame:
fhin, ye've tint the gate,
ta stray sae far frae hame.

have I, the minstrel said,
strife o'return'd my ha';
at the eve o' life,
arough a wreath o' snaw."

g poem is apparently incom- *hor need* not be ashamed to *t is worthy* of Burns, or of at the same time so charmingly, that I shall never bear to see any of her songs sent into the world as naked as Mr What-d'ye-call-um has done in his London collection.*

These English songs gravel me to death. I have not that command of the language that I have of my native tongue. I have been at 'Duncan Gray,' to dress it in English, but all I can do is deplorably stupid. For instance.

Tune—'Duncan Gray.'

Let not women e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love;
Let not women e'er complain,
Fickle man is apt to rove:
Look abroad through Nature's range,
Nature's mighty law is change;
Ladies would it not be strange;
Man should then a monster prove!

Mark the winds, and mark the skies;
Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow:
Sun and moon but set to rise,
Round and round the seasons go:
Why then ask of silly man,
To oppose great Nature's plan?
We'll be constant while we can—
You can be no more, you know.

Since the above, I have been out in the country taking a dinner with a friend, where I met with the lady whom I mentioned in the second page, of this odds-and-ends of a letter. As usual, I got into song; and returning home I composed the following.

THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS.

Tune—'Deil tak the wars.'

Sleep'st thou or wak'st thou, fairest creature?
Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
Numbering ilka bud which Nature
Waters wi' the tears o' joy:
Now through the leafy woods,
And by the reeking floods;
Wild Nature's tenants, freely, gladly stray;
The linnet warble in his bower
Chants o'er the breathing flower;
The lav'rock to the sky
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.†
Phœbus gilding the brow o' morning
Banishes ilka darksome shade,
Nature gladdening and adorning;
Such to me my lovely maid.

---

* Mr Ritson.

† *Variation.*

Now to the streaming fountain,
Or up the heathy mountain,
The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly wan-
ton, stray;
In twining hazel bowers
Hie lay the linnet pours;
The lav'rock, &c.

it English enough to be understood.

I inclose you a musical curiosity, an East Indian air, which you would swear was a Scottish one. I know the authenticity of it, as the gentleman who brought it over is a particular acquaintance of mine. Do preserve me the copy I send you, as it is the sole one I have. Clarke has set a bass to it, and I intend putting it into the Musical Museum. Here follow the verses I intend for it.

THE AULD MAN.

But lately seen in gladsome green
The woods rejoiced the day,
Thro' gentle showers the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay!
But now our joys are fled,
On winter blasts awa!
Yet maistlins May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow, nae kindly thaws
Shall melt the snows of age;
My trunk of eld, but buss or bield,
Sinks in time's wintry rage.
Oh, age has weary days,
And nights o' sleepless pain!
Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
Why cam'st thou not again!

I would be obliged to you if you would procure me a sight of Ritson's collection of English songs, which you mention in your letter. I will thank you for another information, and that as speedily as you please: whether this miserable drawling Scotch-patch epistle has not completely tired you of my correspondence.

No. LXI.

MR THOMSON [illegible]

to the world naked as th
generous. They must a
decent by our friend Clar
I find I am anticipated
singhson, in sending you
lection. Permit me, th
with his English collectio
cive by the coach. I d
ral every no Scottish song
anecdotes and miscellanea
are sure, he much more
sketched a charming Jeni
dee. She is dancing wi
elector's the piper, who a
too, while he is playing
site glee.

I am much inclined to p
to have it engraved to t
prints.

P. S.—Pray, what do
concerning 'Maggie Lau
personage, and of what
surely spire for her if you
town.

No. LX

MR BURNS TO M

Many thanks to you, my
present: it is a book of cha
to me. I have yesterday b
&c. for your work. I lo
the form of a letter to you,
from the tedious dull bus
arrangement. Indeed, as
mixt of unconnected remarks
old songs, &c. it would be

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings:
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
In lordly lighted ha';
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blythe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd, in the flowery glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo:
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine:
The courtier's gems may witness love—
But 'tis na love like mine.

How do you like the simplicity and tenderness of this pastoral? I think it pretty well.

I like you for entering so candidly and so kindly into the story of *ma chere amie*. I assure you, I was never more in earnest in my life, than in the account of that affair which I sent you in my last. Conjugal love is a passion which I deeply feel and highly venerate; but, somehow, it does not make such a figure in poesy as that other species of the passion,

"Where Love is liberty, and nature law."

Musically speaking, the first is an instrument of which the gamut is scanty and confined, but the tones inexpressibly sweet; while the last has power equal to all the intellectual modulations of the human soul. Still, I am a very poet in my enthusiasm of the passion. The welfare and happiness of the beloved object is the first and inviolate sentiment that pervades my soul; and whatever pleasures I might wish for, or whatever might be the raptures they would give me, yet, if they interfere with that first principle, it is having these pleasures at a dishonest price; and justice forbids, and generosity disdains to purchase!

Despairing of my own powers to give you variety enough in English songs, I have been turning over old collections to pick out songs, of which the measure is something similar to what I want; and with a little alteration, so as to suit the rhyme of the air exactly, to give you them for your work. Where the songs have hitherto been but little noticed, nor have ever been set to music, I think the shift a fair one. A song, which, under the same first verse, you will find in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, I have cut down for an English dress to your 'Dainty Davie,' as follows.

SONG.

ALTERED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH ONE.

It was the charming month of May,
When all the flowers were fresh and gay,
One morning, by the break of day,
The youthful, charming Chloe;

From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flowery mead she goes,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

Chorus.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feather'd people you might see
Perch'd all around on every tree,
In notes of sweetest melody
They hail the charming Chloe.

Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Outrival'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe.
Lovely was she, &c.

You may think meanly of this, but take a look at the bombast original, and you will be surprised that I have made so much of it. I have finished my song to 'Rothiemurche's Rant;' and you have Clarke to consult, as to the set of the air for singing.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

Tune—'Rothiemurche's Rant.'

Chorus.

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie, O.

Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee;
O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou'lt be my dearie, O.
Lassie wi', &c.

And when the welcome summer shower
Has cheer'd sik drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower,
At sultry noon my dearie, O.
Lassie wi', &c.

When Cynthia lights wi' silver ray,
The weary shearers' hameward way;
Through yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi', &c.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest;
Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.*

* In some of the MSS. this stanza runs thus:

And should the howling wintry blast,
Disturb my lassie's midnight rest;
I'll fauld thee to my faithfu' breast,
And comfort thee, my dearie, O.

the stick is gone to [illegible] song, though now pretty well modernized into the Scottish language, is, originally, and in the early editions, a bangling low imitation of the Scottish manner, by that genius, Tom D'Urfey; so has no pretensions to be a Scottish production. There is a pretty English song by Sheridan, in the 'Duenna,' to this air, which is out of sight superior to D'Urfey's. It begins,

"When sable n'ght each drooping plant restoring."

[illegible] air, [illegible] understand the expression of property, is the very native language of simplicity, tenderness, and [illegible] I have again gone over my song to the tune [illegible] follows.*

Now for my English song to 'Nancy's Greenwood,' &c.]

There is [illegible] air, 'The Caledonian Hunt's delight,' which I [illegible] song that [illegible] will find [illegible] Johnson. Ye [illegible] and lines o' bonnie Doon:' this air, I think, might find place among your hundred, as Lear says of his knights. Do you know the history of the [illegible]

It is curious enough. A good many years ago, Mr James Miller, writer in your good town, a gentleman whom possibly you know, was in company with my friend Clarke and talking [illegible] Scottish music, Miller expressed

* See the song in its first and best dress in p. 289. Our bard remarks upon it, "I could easily throw this into an English mould; but, to my taste, in the simple and the tender of pastoral song, a sprinkling of the old Scottish has an inimitable effect."

that he h
women;
informed
duced th
lady of h
notes fro
Nan. H
truth res
myself, I
sung thro
name at t
it was th
I than
wood,' s
with a n
not my w
the air.
ordinarily
new 'C
heart is n
I am a
request;
a monon
rich or p
songs. I
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so, by a
amends,
sary info
you Ritso
The la
make so
tion, and
it in my
it is for
for when
not when

ies, cannot be sung, at concert
a female voice. A song thus
s an agreeable variety, but few
ten in this form: I wish you
it in some of those that remain.
' the kind you have sent me is
will be a universal favourite.
for 'Rothiemurche' are so
, and your serenade to Chloris,
e wars,' so passionately tender,
ng myself into raptures with
song for 'My lodging is on
' is likewise a diamond of the
im quite dazzled and delighted
your Chlorises I suppose have
m your partiality for this col-
fiver about it; for I should
e a woman to be a beauty, on
had lint-white locks.
ne stream that winding flows,'
t; but it is much too serious to
ncy;' at least it would seem an
rovide the same air with merry
lancholy English verses! The
so sets of verses resemble each
general character, the better.
e manufactured for 'Dainty
iver charmingly. I am happy
begun your anecdotes. I care
ay be, for it is impossible that
your pen can be tedious. Let
to use no ceremony in telling
sh to prevent any of your friends
the next carrier will bring you
d you are as welcome to twenty
snuff.

No. LXIV.

[S TO MR THOMSON.

19th *November*, 1794.

dear sir, what a punctual cor-
m; though indeed you may
for the tedium of my letters,
lattered me on my horseman-
vourite hobby, and have prais-
his ambling so much, that I
r off his back. For instance,
ough a keen blowing frost, in
breakfast, I finished my duet
pleased to praise so much.
uniformly succeeded, I will
ure it is for you, though it is

—"The sow's tail."

He.

py be that day
through the gather'd hay
heart was stown away,
charms, my Philly.

She.

I bless the grove
wn'd my maiden love,
lst pledge the powers above,
dear Willie.

He.

As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Philly.

She.

As on the brier the budding rose
Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willie.

He.

The milder sun and bluer sky,
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
As is a sight of Philly.

She.

The little swallow's wanton wing,
Though wafting o'er the flowery spring,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring
As meeting o' my Willie.

He.

The bee, that through the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the opening flower,
Compar'd wi' my delight is poor,
Upon the lips o' Philly.

She.

The woodbine in the dewy weet
When evening shades in silence meet,
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willie.

He.

Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
And fools may tine, and knaves may win;
My thoughts are a' bound upon sae,
And that's my ain dear Philly.

She.

What's a' the joys that gowd can gie?
I care nae wealth a single flie;
The lad I loe's the lad for me,
And that's my ain dear Willie.

Tell me honestly how you like it: and point out whatever you think faulty.

I am much pleased with your idea of singing our songs in alternate stanzas, and regret that you did not hint it to me sooner. In those that remain, I shall have it in my eye. I remember your objections to the name, Philly; but it is the common abbreviation of Phillis Sally, the only other name that suits, has, to my ear, a vulgarity about it, which unfits it for any thing except burlesque. The legion of Scottish poetasters of the day, whom your brother editor, Mr Ritson, ranks with me, as my coevals, have always mistaken vulgarity for simplicity; whereas simplicity is as much *disjunct* from vulgarity on the one hand, as from affected point and puerile conceit on the other.

I agree with you as to the air, 'Craigie-burn wood,' that a chorus would in some degree spoil the effect, and shall certainly have some in my projected song to it. It is not however a case in point with 'Rothiemurche's' chorus, as in 'Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch' a chorus goes to my taste well enough. As to

and
Compare with, { Roy's wife of Aldivalloch.
wi' the hair-white locks.

the tameness of prefixed syllable strike you. In the last case, the true of genius, you strike at into the wild originality of the air first insipid method, it like the grating of the pins before the brought tune. This is my taste; if I am wrong I beg pardon of the connoisseurs.

'The Caledonian Hunt' is so charming, that it would make any subject in a song go down; but pathos is certainly its native tongue. Scottish Bacchanalians we certainly want, though the few we have are excellent. For instance, 'Todlin hame' is, for wit and humour, an unparalleled composition; and 'Andro and his cutty gun' is the work of a master. By the way, you quite vexed to think that those on of genius, for such they certainly were, who composed our fine Scottish lyrics, should be unknown! as given many a heart-ache. Apropos to Bacchanalian songs in Scottish; I composed one yesterday for air I like much—'Lumps o' pudding.'

Contented wi' little and cantie wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care
I gie them a skelp, as they're creeping along,
Wi' a cog o' good ale to and in auld Scottish sang.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;
But man is a songer, and life is a faught:
My mirth and good humour are coin in my

Well! I think this, to be done in two or three turns across my room, and with two or three pinches of Irish Blackguard, is not so far amiss. You see I am determined to have my quantum of applause from somebody.

Tell my friend Allan (for I am sure that we only want the trifling circumstance of being known to one another, to be the best friends on earth), that I much suspect he has, in his plates, mistaken the figure of the stock and horn. I have, at last, gotten one; but it is a very rude instrument. It is composed of three parts; the stock, which is the hinder thigh-bone of a sheep, such as you see in a mutton-ham; the horn, which is a common Highland cow's horn, cut off at the smaller end until the aperture be large enough to admit the stock to be pushed up through the horn, until it be held by the thicker end of the thigh-bone; and lastly, an oaken reed exactly cut and notched like that which you see every shepherd-boy have, when the corn stems are green and full-grown. The reed is not made fast in the bone, but is held by the lips, and plays loose in the smaller end of the stock; while the stock, with the horn hanging on its larger end, is held by the hands in playing. The stock has six or seven ventiges on the upper side, and one back-ventige, like the common flute. This of mine was made by a man from the braes of Athole, and is exactly what the shepherds wont to use in that country.

However, either it is not quite properly bored in the holes, or else we have not the art of blowing it rightly; for we can make little use of it. If Mr Allan chooses, I will send him a sight of mine; as I look on myself to be a kind of brother-brush with him. 'Pride in Poets is nae sin,' and, will I say it, that I look on Mr Allan and Mr Burns to be the only genuine and real painters of Scottish custom in the world.

No. LXV.

MR THOMSON TO MR BURNS.

28th Nov. 1794.

I acknowledge, my dear sir, you are not only the most punctual, but the most delectable correspondent I ever met with. To attempt flattering you never entered my head; the truth is, I look back with surprise at my impudence, in so frequently nibbling at lines and couplets of your incomparable lyrics, for which perhaps, if you had served me right, you would have sent me to the devil. On the contrary, however, you have all along condescended to invite my criticism with so much courtesy, that it ceases to be wonderful, if I have sometimes given myself the airs of a reviewer. Your last budget demands unqualified praise: all the songs are charming, but the duet is a *chef d'œuvre. Lumps of pudding* shall certainly make one of my family dishes: you have cooked it so capitally, that it will please all palates. Do give us a few more of this cast when you find yourself in good spirits: there convivial songs are more wanted than those of the amorous kind, of which we have great choice. Besides, one does not often meet with a singer capable of giving the proper effect to the latter, while the former are easily sung, and acceptable to every body. I participate in your regret that the authors of some of our best songs are unknown; it is provoking to every admirer of genius.

I mean to have a picture painted from your beautiful ballad, *The soldier's return*, to be engraved for one of my frontispieces. The most interesting point of time appears to me, when she recognizes her ain dear Willy, 'She gazed, she reddened'd like a rose.' The three lines immediately following, are no doubt more impressive on the reader's feelings; but were the painter to fix on these, then you'll observe the animation and anxiety of her countenance is gone, and he could only represent her fainting in the soldier's arms. But I submit the matter to you, and beg your opinion.

Allan desires me to thank you, for your accurate description of the stock and horn, and for the very gratifying compliment you pay him in considering him worthy of standing in a niche by the side of Burns in the Scottish Pantheon. He has seen the rude instrument you describe, so does not want you to send it; but wishes to know whether you believe it to have ever been generally used as a musical pipe by the Scottish shepherds, and when, and in what part of the country chiefly. I doubt much if it was capable of any thing but routing and roaring. A friend of mine says, he remembers to have heard one in his younger days (made of wood instead of your bone), and that the sound was abominable.

Do not, I beseech you, return any books.

No. LXVI.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

Dec. 1794.

It is, I assure you, the pride of my heart to do any thing to forward, or add to the value of your book; and as I agree with you that the Jacobite song, in the Museum, to *There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame*, would not so well consort with Peter Pindar's excellent love-song to the air, I have just framed for you the following.

MY NANNIE'S AWA.

Tune—'There'll never be peace,' &c.

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcome in lilting array,
In all the glad extent of the gay smiling day;
But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa.

---

dress in pure English; the reply, on the part *of the lassy*, in the Scottish dialect, is, if we *mistake not, by a young* and beautiful English-*woman.*

Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa.

Come, Autumn, sae pensive in yellow and grey,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay,
The dark dreary winter and wild driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa.

How does this please you? As to the point of time for the expression, in your proposed print from my *Sodger's return*; It must certainly be at—'She gazed.' The interesting doubtsy and suspense, taking possession of her countenance; and the gushing fondness, with a mixture of roguish playfulness in his, strike me as things of which a master will make a great deal. In great haste, but in great truth yours.

No. LXVII.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

January, 1793.

I fear for my songs; however, a few may please, yet originality is a coy feature in composition, and in a multiplicity of efforts in the same style, disappears altogether. For these three thousand years, we poetic folks have been describing the spring for instance; and as the spring continues the same, there must soon be a sameness in the imagery, &c. of these rhyming folks.

A great critic, Aiken, on songs, says, that love and wine are the exclusive themes for song writing. The following is on neither subject, and consequently, is no song; but will be al-

No. LXVIII.

MR THOMSON TO MR BURNS.

Edinburgh, 30th Jan. 1795.

MY DEAR SIR,

I thank you heartily for *Nannie's eyne*, as well as for *Craigie burn*, which I think a very comely pair. Your observation on the difficulty of original writing in a number of efforts, in the same style, strikes me very forcibly; and it has again and again excited my wonder to find you continually surmounting this difficulty, in the many delightful songs you have sent me. Your *vive la bagatelle* song, *For a' that*, shall undoubtedly be included in my list.

No. LXIX.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

February, 1793.

Here is another trial at your favourite air.

Tune—'Let me in this ae night.'

O lassie, art thou sleeping yet,
Or art thou wakin, I would wit,
For love has bound me hand and foot,
And I would fain be in, jo.

Chorus.

O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night,
For pity's sake this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks through the driving sleet,
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

HER ANSWER.

O tell na me o' wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain,
Gae back the road ye cam again,
I winna let you in, jo.

Chorus.

I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And ance for a' this ae night;
I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
Nought to what poor she endures
That's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed:
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her sin, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let wiliness, trusting woman say
How aft her fate's the same, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

I do not know whether it will do.

No. LXX.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

Ecclefechan, 7th February, 1795.

MY DEAR THOMSON,

You cannot have any idea of the predicament in which I write to you. In the course of my duty as supervisor (in which capacity I have acted of late) I came yesternight to this unfortunate, wicked, little village. I have gone forward, but snows of ten feet deep have impeded my progress; I have tried to gae back the gate I cam again,' but the same obstacle has shut me up within insuperable barr. To add to my misfortune, since dinner, a scraper has been torturing catgut, in sounds that would have insulted the dying agonies of a sow, under the hands of a butcher, and thinks himself, on that very account, exceeding good company. In fact, I have been in a dilemma, either to get drunk to forget these miseries; or to hang myself to get rid of them: like a prudent man, (a character congenial to my every thought, word and deed,) I, of two evils have chosen the least, and am very drunk, at your service!*

I wrote you yesterday from Dumfries. I had not time then to tell you all I wanted to say; and heaven knows, at present, I have not capacity.

Do you know an air—I am sure you must know it, *We'll gang nae mair to yon town?* I think it slowish time, it would make an excellent song. I am highly delighted with it; and if you should think it worthy of your attention, I have a fair dame in my eye to whom I would consecrate it.

As I am just going to bed, I wish you a good night.

No. LXXI.

MR THOMSON TO MR BURNS.

25th February, 1795.

I have to thank you, my dear sir, for two epistles, one containing Let me in this ae night, and the other from Ecclefechan, proving, that

* The bard must have been tipsy indeed, abuse sweet Ecclefechan at this rate.

No. LXXII.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

May, 1795.

ADDRESS TO THE WOODLARK.

Tune—'Where'll bonnie Annie lie.'

Or, 'Loch-Erroch Side.'

O stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
A helpless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art;
For surely that wad touch her heart,
Wha kills me wi' disdaining.

Say, thy little mate unkind,
And I thee as the careless wind?
Oh, nicht but love and sorrow join'd,
Sic notes o' woe could wauken.

Thou tells o' never-ending ca
O' speechless grief, and dark despair:
My sake, sweet bird, cae mair:
Or my poor heart is broken

Let know your very first leisure how you like this song.

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL.

Tune—'Aye wakin'.'

Their groves o' sweet myrtle le
reckon,
Where bright-beaming sum
perfume,
Far dearer to me you lone
breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under
broom:
Far dearer to me are you
bowers,
Where the blue bell and gow
nosegen;
For there, lightly tripping
flowers,
A-listening the linnet, aft wa

Tho' rich is the breeze in th
valleys,
And cauld Caledonia's blast
Their sweet-scented woodlands
proud palace,
What are they? The haun
and slave!
The slave's spicy forests, and
fountains,
The brave Caledonian views
He wanders as free as the wind
ta-ns,
Save Love's willing fetters, th
Jean.

SONG.

Tune—'Laddie, lie ne

'Twas na her bonny blue e'n wa
Fair tho' she be, that was no'
'Twas the dear smile when nae
us,
[illegible] the bewitching, sweet, w

No. LXXIII.

MR THOMSON TO MR BURNS.

You must not think, my good sir, that I have any intention to enhance the value of my gift, when I say, in justice to the ingenious and worthy artist, that the design and execution of 'the Cotter's Saturday Night' is in my opinion, one of the happiest productions of Allan's pencil. I shall be grievously disappointed if you are not quite pleased with it.

The figure intended for your portrait, I think strikingly like you, as far as I can remember your phiz. This should make the piece interesting to your family every way. Tell me whether Mrs Burns finds you out among the figures.

I cannot express the feeling of admiration with which I have read your pathetic 'Address to the woodlark,' your elegant 'Panegyric on Caledonia,' and your affecting verses on 'Chloris' illness.' Every repeated perusal of these gives new delight. The other song to 'Laddie, lie near me,' though not equal to these, is very pleasing.

No. LXXIV.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

ALTERED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH SONG.

Air—'John Anderson my jo.'

How cruel are the parents
Who riches only prize,
And to the wealthy booby,
Poor woman sacrifice.
Meanwhile the hapless daughter
Has but a choice of strife;
To shun a tyrant father's hate,
Become a wretched wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies,
To shun impelling ruin
A while her pinions tries;
Till of escape despairing,
No shelter or retreat,
She trusts the ruthless falconer,
And drops beneath his feet.

SONG.

Tune—'Dell tak the wars.'

Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion,
Round the wealthy, titled bride:
But when compared with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride.
What are their showy treasures?
What are their noisy pleasures?
The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art.
The polish'd jewel's blaze,
May draw the wond'ring gaze,
And courtly grandeur bright,
The fancy may delight,
But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris,
In simplicity's array;
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
Shrinking from the gaze of day.
O then the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,
In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul?
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown,
Even Av'rice would deny
His worship'd deity,
And feel through every vein Love's raptures roll.

Well this is not amiss. You see how I answer your orders: your tailor could not be more punctual. I am just now in a high fit of poetizing, provided that the strait-jacket of criticism don't cure me. If you can in a post or two administer a little of the intoxicating potion of your applause, it will raise your humble servant's phrensy to any height you want. I am at this moment "holding high converse" with the Muses, and have not a word to throw away on such a prosaic dog as you are.

No. LXXV.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

May, 1794.

Ten thousand thanks, for your elegant present! though I am ashamed of the value of it, being bestowed on a man who has not by any means merited such an instance of kindness. I have shown it to two or three judges of the first abilities here, and they all agree with me in classing it as a first-rate production. My phiz is "sae kaupeckle," that the very joiner's apprentice whom Mrs Burns employed to break up the parcel (I was out of town that day) knew it at once. My most grateful compliments to Allan, who has honoured my rustic muse so much with his masterly pencil. One strange coincidence, is, that the little one who is making the felonious attempt on the cat's tail, is the most striking likeness of an "ill-deedie, damn'd, wee, rumble-garie urchin" of mine, whom, from that propensity to witty wickedness and manfu' mischief, which even at twa days auld I foresaw would form the striking features of his disposition, I named Willie Nicol, after a certain friend of mine, who is one of the masters of a grammar-school in a city which shall be nameless.

Give the inclosed epigram to my much-valued friend Cunningham, and tell him that on Wednesday I go to visit a friend of his, to whom his friendly partiality in speaking of me, in a manner introduced me—I mean a well known military and literary character, Colonel Dirom.

You do not tell me how you liked my two last songs. Are they condemned?

No. LXXVI.

MR THOMSON TO MR BURNS.

13th May 17

It gives me great pleasure to find the

into the spirit of my undertaking, which could not have been perfected without you: So I beg you would not make a fool of me again, by speaking of obligation.

I like your two last songs very much, and am happy to find you are in such a high fit of poetizing. Long may it last. Clarke has made a fine pathetic air to Mallet's superlative ballad of 'William and Margaret,' and is to give it to me to be enrolled among the elect.

No. LXXVII.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

In 'Whistle and I'll come to ye, my lad, the iteration of that line is tiresome to my ear. Here goes what I think is an improvement.

O whistle and I'll come to ye, my lad;
O whistle and I'll come to ye, my lad;
Tho' father and mother, and a' should gae mad,
Thy Jenny wil venture wi' ye, my lad.

In fact, a fair dame at whose shrine, I, the Priest of the Nine, offer up the incense of Parnassus: a dame whom the Graces have attired in witchcraft, and whom the Loves have armed with lightning, a Fair One, herself the heroine of the song, insists on the amendment; and dispute her commands if you dare!

SONG.

Tune—'This is no my ain House.

Chorus.

O' witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall o' care.

O had my fate been Greenland's snows,
Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' man and nature leagued my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
The wretch whase doom is 'hope nae mair,'
That tongue his woes can tell!
Within whase bosom, save despair,
Nae kinder spirits dwell.

SCOTTISH SONG.

O bonny was you rosy brier,
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;
And bonnie she, and ah! how dear!
It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew
How pure, amang the leaves sae green;
But purer was the lover's vow
They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
That crimson rose, how sweet and fair!
But love is far a sweeter flower
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
And I the world, nor wish, nor scorn,
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

Written on the blank leaf of a copy of the last edition of my poems presented to the lady, whom, in so many fictitious reveries of passion, but with the most ardent sentiments of real friendship, I have so often sung under the name of Chloris.

'Tis friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend,
Nor thou the gift refuse,
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralizing muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
Must bid the world adieu,
(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms)
To join the friendly few.

Since thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Chill came the tempest's lour;
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower.)

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
Still much is left behind;
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store,
The comforts of the mind!

Thine is the self approving glow,
On conscious honour's part;
And, dearest gift of heaven below,
Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joys refined of sense and taste
With every muse to rove;
And doubly were the poet bless'd
These joys *could he* improve.

Une bagatelle de l'amitie.

No. LXXVIII.

MR THOMSON TO MR BURNS.

Edinburgh, 3*d Aug.* 1795.

MY DEAR SIR,

This will be delivered to you by a Dr Brianton, who has read your works, and pents for the honour of your acquaintance. I do not know the gentleman, but his friend who applied to me for this introduction, being an excellent young man, I have no doubt he is worthy of all acceptation.

My eyes have just been gladdened, and my mind feasted, with your last packet—full of pleasant things indeed. What an imagination is yours! It is superfluous to tell you that I am delighted with all the three songs, as well as your elegant and tender verses to Chloris.

I am sorry you should be induced to alter 'O whistle and I'll come to ye, my lad,' to the prosaic line, 'Thy Jeany will venture wi' ye, my lad.' I must be permitted to say, that I do not think the latter either reads or sings so well as the former. I wish, therefore, you would in my name petition the charming Jeany, whoever she be, to let the line remain unaltered. *

I should be happy to see Mr Clarke produce a few songs to be joined to your verses. Every body regrets his writing so very little, as every body acknowledges his ability to write well. Pray, was the resolution formed coolly before dinner, or was it a midnight vow made over a bowl of punch with the bard!

I shall not fail to give Mr Cunningham what you have sent him.

P. S.—The lady's 'For a' that and a' that' is sensible enough, but no more to be compared to your's than I to Hercules.

No. LXXIX.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

ENGLISH SONG

Tune—"Let me in this ae night."

Forlorn, my love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee I wander here;
Far, far from thee, the fate severe
At which I most repine, love.

Chorus

O wert thou, love, but near me,
But near, near, near me;
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, love.

* The Editor, who has heard the heroine this song sung it herself in the very spirit arch simplicity that it requires, thinks Thomson's petition unreasonable. If take not, this is the same lady who the lines to the tune of 'Roy's Wife

...ut weary though the mome
O let me think we yet shall
That only ray of solace sweet
Can on thy Chloris shine,
O wert, &c.

How do you like the foregoin
written it within this hour; so m
speed of my Pegasus; but what sa
'bottom?'

No. LXXX.

MR BURNS TO MR THOM

SCOTTISH BALLAD.

Tune—'The Lothian Lassie.

Last May a braw wooer came down
glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave
I said their was naething I hated like
The deuce gae wi m, to believe me,
me,
The deuce gie wi'm, to believe me.

He spak o' the darts in my bonnie black
And vow'd for my love he was dying
I said he might die what he liked for Je
The Lord forgi'e me for lying, for lyi
The Lord forgi'e me for lying!

A weel-stocked mailen, himsel' for the la
And marriage aff hand, were his profi
I never loot on that I kend it, or cared,
But thought I might hae waur offers,
offers,

No. LXXXII.

MR THOMSON TO MR BURNS.

5th February, 1796.

O Robby Burns, are you sleeping yet?
Or are ye wauking, I would wit?

The pause you have made, my dear sir, is awful! Am I never to hear from you again? I know and I lament how much you have been afflicted of late, but I trust that returning health and spirits will now enable you to resume the pen, and delight us with your musings. I have still about a dozen Scottish and Irish airs that I wish "married to immortal verse." We have several true-born Irishmen on the Scottish list; but they are now naturalized, and reckoned our own good subjects. Indeed we have none better. I believe I before told you that I have been much urged by some friends to publish a collection of all our favourite airs and songs in octavo, embellished with a number of etchings by our ingenious friend Allan; what is your opinion of this?

No. LXXXIII.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

February, 1796.

Many thanks, my dear sir, for your handsome, elegant present, to Mrs B——, and for my remaining volume of P. Pindar.—Peter is a delightful fellow, and a first favourite of mine. I am much pleased with your idea of publishing a collection of our songs in octavo with etchings. I am extremely willing to lend every assistance in my power. The Irish airs I shall cheerfully undertake the task of finding verses for.

I have already, you know, equipped three with words, and the other day I strung up a kind of rhapsody to another Hibernian melody, which I admire much.

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

Tune—'Balinamona Ora.'

Awa wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms;
O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
O, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stocket farms.

Chorus.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher, then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher; the nice yellow guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
And withers the faster, the faster it grows;
But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green knowes,
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonnie white
And e'en when this beauty your bosom has bless'd,
The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possess'd:
But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie impress'd,
The langer ye hae them—the mair they're caress'd.

Then, hey, &c.

If this will do, you have now four of my Irish engagement. In my bye past songs, I dislike one thing: the Chloris—I meant it as the fictitious name of a certain lady; but, on second thoughts, it is a high incongruity to have a Greek appellation to a Scottish pastoral ballad.—Of this and some things else, in my next: I have more amendments to propose.—What you once mentioned of "Bazen rocks" is just: they cannot enter into an elegant description of beauty.—Of this also again.—God bless you!*

No. LXXXIV.

MR THOMSON TO MR BURNS.

Your "Hey for a lass wi' a tocher" is a most excellent song, and with you the subject is something new indeed. It is the first time I have seen you debasing the god of soft desire into an amateur of acres and guineas.

I am happy to find you approve of my proposed octavo edition. Allan has designed and etched about twenty plates, and I am to have my choice of them for that work. Independently of the Hogarthian humour with which they abound, they exhibit the character and costume of the Scottish peasantry with inimitable felicity. In this respect he himself says, they will far exceed the aquatinta plates he did for the 'Gentle Shepherd,' because in the etching, he sees clearly what he is doing; but not so with the aquatinta, which he could not manage to his mind.

The Dutch boors of Ostade are scarcely more characteristic and natural, than the Scottish figures in those etchings.

No. LXXXV.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

April, 1796.

Alas, my dear Thomson, I fear it will be some time ere I tune my lyre again! "By Babel streams I have sat and wept," almost ever since I wrote you last; I have only known existence by the pressure of the heavy hand of sickness; and have counted time by the repercussions of pain! Rheumatism, cold, and fever, have formed to me a terrible combination. I close my eyes in misery, and open them without hope. I look on the vernal day, and say with poor Ferguson—

* Our poet never explained what name [illegible]

to Jockie.' Besides the female being in her appearance . . . . If you take her stooping into the account, she is at least two inches taller than her lover. Poor Cleghorn! I sincerely sympathize with him. Happy I am to think that he has a well-grounded hope of health and enjoyment in this world. As for me —but that is a . . . . subject!

No. LXXXV

MR THOMSON TO MR BURNS.

4th May, 1796.

I need not tell you, my good sir, what concern the receipt of your last gave me, and how much I sympathize in your sufferings. But do not, I beseech you, give yourself up to despondency, nor speak the language of despair. The vigour of your constitution, I trust, will soon set you on your feet again; and then, it is to be hoped, you will see the wisdom and the necessity of taking due care of a life so valuable to your friends and to the world.

Trusting that your next will bring agreeable accounts of your convalescence, and returning good spirits, I remain, with sincere regard, yours.

P. S.—Mrs Hyslop, I doubt not, delivered the gold seal to you in good condition.

No. LXXXVII.

MR BURNS TO MR THOMSON.

soon, and will infallibly put me into jail. Do, for God's sake, send me that sum, and that by return of post. Forgive me this earnestness, but the horrors of a jail have made me half distracted. I do not like all this gratuitously; for upon returning health, I hereby promise and engage to furnish you with five pounds worth of the neatest song genius you have seen. I tried my hand on 'Rothiemurche' this morning. The measure is so difficult, that it is impossible to infuse much genius into the lines; they are on the other side. Forgive, forgive me!

SONG.

TUNE.—'Rothiemurche.

Fairest maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou were wont to do.

Full well thou know'st I love thee dear,
Couldst thou to malice lend an ear!
O did not, love, exclaim 'Forbear!
Nor use a faithful lover so.'
Fairest maid, &c.

Thou come thou fairest of the fair,
Those wonted smiles, O let me share;
And by that beauteous self I swear,
No love but thine my heart shall know.
Fairest maid, &c.*

No. XC.

MR THOMSON TO MR BURNS.

14th July, 1796.

MY DEAR SIR,

Ever since I received your melancholy letter by Mrs Hyslop, I have been ruminating in what manner I could endeavour to alleviate your sufferings. Again and again I thought of a pecuniary offer, but the recollection of one of your letters on this subject, and the fear of offending your independent spirit, checked my resolution. I thank you heartily, therefore, for the frankness of your letter of the 12th, and with great pleasure inclose a draft for the very sum I proposed sending. Would I were the Chancellor of the Exchequer but for one day, for your sake.

Pray, my good sir, is it not possible for you to muster a volume of poetry? If too much trouble to you in the present state of your health, some literary friend might be found here, who would select and arrange from your manuscripts, and take upon him the task of Editor. In the meantime it could be advertised to be published by subscription? Do not shun this mode of obtaining the value of your labour; remember Pope published the Iliad by subscription. Think of this, my dear Burns, and do not reckon me intrusive with my advice. You are too well convinced of the respect and friendship I bear you, to impute any thing I say to any unworthy motive. Yours faithfully.

The verses to 'Rothiemurche' will answer finely. I am happy to see you can still tune your lyre.

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* These verses, and the letter inclosing them, are written in a character that marks the very feeble state of their author. Mr Syme is of opinion that he could not have been in any danger of a jail at Dumfries, where certainly he had many firm friends, nor under any necessity of imploring aid from Edinburgh. But about this time his mind began to be at times unsettled, and the horrors of a jail perpetually haunted his imagination. He died on the 21st of this month.

It may gratify curiosity to know some particulars of the histor which the celebrity of our Bard has been hitherto founded; an extract is made from a letter of Gilbert Burns, the brother of ou bdant from his earliest years.

Mossgiel, 21 *April*, 1798.

DEAR SIR,

Your letter of the 14th of March I received in the due course, but from the hurry of the season, have been hitherto hindered from answering it. I will now try to give you what satisfaction I can in regard to the particulars you mention. I cannot pretend to be very accurate in respect to the dates of the poems, but none of them, except 'Winter, a Dirge' (which was a juvenile production,) the 'Death and Dying words of poor Mailie,' and some of the songs, were composed before the year 1784. The circumstances of the poor sheep were pretty much as he has described them; he had, partly by way of frolic, bought a ewe and two lambs from a neighbour, and she was tethered in a field adjoining the house at Lochlie. He and I were going out with our teams, and our two younger brothers to drive for us, at midday, when Hugh Wilson, a curious-looking awkward boy, sind in plaiding, came to us with much anxiety in his face, with the information that the ewe had entangled herself in the tether, and was lying in the ditch. Robert was much tickled with Hugh's appearance and posture on the occasion. Poor Mailie was set to rights, and when we returned from the plough in the evening, he repeated to me

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received by pe
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peated the verses to me next afternoon, as I was holding the plough, and he was letting the water off the field beside me. The 'Epistle to John Lapraik' was produced exactly on the occasion described by the author. He says in that poem, 'On fasten-e'en we had a rockin' (p. 214). I believe he has omitted the word rocking in the glossary. It is a term derived from those primitive times, when the country-women employed their spare hours in spinning on the rock, or distaff. This simple instrument is a very portable one, and well fitted to the social inclination of meeting in a neighbour's house; hence the phrase of 'going a-rocking, or with the rock.' As the connection the phrase had with the implement was forgotten when the rock gave way to the spinning-wheel, the phrase came to be used by both sexes on the social occasions, and men talk of going with their rocks as well as women.

It was at one of these rockings at our house, when we had twelve or fifteen young people with their rocks, that Lapraik's song, beginning—'When I upon thy bosom lean,' was sung, and we were informed who was the author. Upon this Robert wrote his first epistle to Lapraik; and his second in reply to his answer. The verses to the Mouse and Mountain Daisy were composed on the occasions mentioned, and while the author was holding the plough: I could point out the particular spot where each was composed. Holding the plough was a favourite situation, with Robert for poetic compositions, and some of his best verses were produced while he was at that exercise. Several of the poems were produced for the purpose of bringing forward some favourite sentiment of the author. He used to remark to me, that he could not conceive a more mortifying picture of human life, than a man seeking work. In casting about in his mind how this sentiment might be brought forward, the elegy, 'Man was made to Mourn,' was composed. Robert had frequently remarked to me, that he thought there was something peculiarly venerable in the phrase, "Let us worship God," used by a decent sober head of a family introducing family worship. To this sentiment of the author, the world is indebted for the 'Cotter's Saturday Night.' The hint of the plan, and title of the poem, were taken from Fergusson's Farmer's Ingle. When Robert had not some pleasure in view in which I was not thought fit to participate, we used frequently to walk together when the weather was favourable on the Sunday afternoons (those precious breathing-times to the labouring part of the community), and enjoyed such Sundays as would make one regret to see their number abridged. It was in one of these walks that I first had the pleasure of hearing the author repeat the 'Cotter's Saturday Night.' I do not recollect to have read or heard any thing by which I was more highly electrified. The fifth and sixth stanzas, and the eighteenth, thrilled with peculiar ecstasy through my soul. I mention this to you, that you may see what hit the taste of unlettered criticism. *I should be glad to know*, if the *enlightened mind* and refined taste of Mr *Hoseoe, who has borne* such honourable testi*mony to this poem*, agrees with me in the selection. Fergusson, in his 'Hallow Fair of Edinburgh,' I believe, likewise furnished a hint of the title and plan of the 'Holy Fair.' The farcical scene the poet there describes was often a favourite field of his observation, and the most of the incidents he mentions had actually passed before his eyes. It is scarcely necessary to mention, that 'The Lament' was composed on that unfortunate passage in his matrimonial history, which I have mentioned in my letter to Mrs Dunlop, after the first distraction of his feelings had a little subsided. 'The Tale of Two Dogs' was composed after the resolution of publishing was nearly taken. Robert had a dog, which he called Luath, that was a great favourite. The dog had been killed by the wanton cruelty of some person the night before my father's death. Robert said to me, that he should like to confer such immortality as he could bestow upon his old friend Luath, and that he had a great mind to introduce something into the book under the title of 'Stanzas to the Memory of a quadruped Friend;' but this plan was given up for the Tale as it now stands. 'Cæsar' was merely the creature of the poet's imagination, created for the purpose of holding chat with his favourite Luath. The first time Robert heard the spinnet played upon was at the house of Dr Lawrie, then minister of the parish of Loudon, now in Glasgow, having given up the parish in favour of his son. Dr Lawrie has several daughters; one of them played; the father and mother led down the dance; the rest of the sisters, the brother, the poet, and the other guests, mixed in it. It was a delightful family scene for our poet, then lately introduced to the world. His mind was roused to a poetic enthusiasm, and the stanzas, p. 197, were left in the Room where he slept. It was to Dr Lawrie that Dr Blacklock's letter was addressed, which my brother, in his letter to Dr Moore, mentions as the reason of his going to Edinburgh.

When my father feued his little property near Alloway-Kirk, the wall of the churchyard had gone to ruin, and cattle had free liberty of pasture in it. My father, with two or three other neighbours, joined in an application to the town council of Ayr, who were superiors of the adjoining land, for liberty to rebuild it, and raised by subscription a sum for inclosing this ancient cemetery with a wall: hence he came to consider it as his burial place, and we learned that reverence for it people generally have for the burial-place of their ancestors. My brother was living in Ellisland, when Captain Grose, on his peregrinations through Scotland, stayed some time at Carse-house in the neighbourhood, with Captain Robert Riddel of Glenriddel, a particular friend of my brother's. The Antiquarian and the Poet were "Unco pack and thick thegither." Robert requested of Captain Grose, when he should come to Ayrshire, that he would make a drawing of Alloway-Kirk, as it was the burial-place of his father, where he himself had a sort of claim to lay down his bones when they should be no longer serviceable to him; and added, by way of encouragement, that it was the scene of many a good story of witches and apparitions, of which he knew the Captain was very fond. The Captain agreed to the

[illegible] short sark!"—with the melancholy catastrophe of the piece; it is all a true story that can be well attested by many respectable old people in that neighbourhood.

I do not at present recollect any circumstances respecting the other poems, that could be at all interesting; even some of those I have mentioned, I am afraid, may appear trifling enough, but you will only make use of what appears to you of consequence.

The following poems in the first Edinburgh edition were not in that published in Kilmarnock. 'Death and Dr Hornbook;' 'The Brigs of Ayr;' 'The Calf;' (the poet had been with Mr Gavin Hamilton in the morning, who said peculiarly to him when he was going to church, in allusion to the injunction of some parents to their children, that he must be sure to bring a note of the sermon at mid-day; this address to the Reverend Gentleman on his text was accordingly produced;) 'Ordination;' 'The Address to the Unco Guid;' 'Tam Samson's Elegy;' 'A Winter Night;' 'Stanzas on the same occasion as the preceding prayer;' 'Verses left at a Reverend Friend's house;' 'The first Psalm.' 'Prayer under the pressure of violent anguish;' 'The first six Verses of the ninetieth Psalm;' 'Verses to Miss Logan, with Beattie's Poems;' 'To a Haggis;' 'Address to Edinburgh;' 'John Barleycorn;' 'When Guildford Guid;' 'Behind yon hills where Stinchar flows;' 'Green grow the Rashes;' 'Again rejoicing Nature sees;' 'The gloomy Night;' 'No Churchman am I.'

If you have never seen the first edition, it will, perhaps, not be amiss to transcribe the preface, that you may see the manner in which the Poet made his first awe-struck approach

istory of the poems which are con- his volume, it may be added, that appears to have made little altera- n after their original composition, ome few instances, where consider- ions have been introduced. After ncted the notice of the public by his s, various criticisms were offered peculiarities of his style, as well as ments, and some of these which re- g his manuscripts, are by persons of and judgment. Some few of these se accepted, but far the greater part s and, though something has by this n lost in point of delicacy and ever- st a deeper impression is left of the id originality of his genius. The our poet's character, arising from idence in his own powers, may, in n his tenaciousness of his peculiar ; but it may be in some degree ac- also, by the circumstances under poems were composed. Burns did nen of genius born under happier stire, in the moment of inspiration, ice and solitude of his study, and s verses to paper as they arranged in his mind. Fortune did not af- ris indulgence. It was during the ily labour that his fancy exerted muse, as he himself informs us, at the plough. In this situation, it ary to fix his verses on his memory, often many days, nay weeks, after as finished, before it was written iring all this time, by frequent re- ss association between the thought pression was confirmed, and the im- f taste with which written language and retouched after it has faded on y, could not in such instances be The original manuscripts of many ns are preserved, and they differ in terial from the last printed edition. ariations may be noticed.

The 'Author's earnest Cry and ler the Stanza, p. 93, beginning,

ie, a spunkie Norsland Billie,

rs, in his book of manuscripts, the —

r Hugh, my watchman stented
'er are represented ;
t your sword were wanted
Ye'd lend your hand,
here's ought to say anent it.
Ye're at a stand.

Hugh' is evidently the present Earl n, then Colonel Montgomery of nd representing in Parliament the hyr. Why this was left out in oes not appear. The noble Earl sorry to see this notice of him, ugh it be, by a bard whose genius and whose fate he lamented.

he Address to the Deil,' the seventh *ige 176, ran originally thus :*

Eden's happy scene,
in' Adam's days were green,
And Eve was like my bonnie Jean,
My dearest part,
A dancin', sweet, young, handsome quean,
Wi' guiltless heart.

2. In The Elegy on poor Mailie, the second stanza, in page 177, beginning,

She was nae gut o' moorland tips,

was, at first, as follows :

She was nae gut o' runted rams,
Wi' woo' like goats, and legs like trams ;
She was the flower o' Fairlie lambs,
A famous breed ;
Now Robin, greetin, chows the hams
O Mailie dead.

It were a pity that the Fairlie lambs should lose the honour once intended them.

4. But the chief variations are found in the poems introduced, for the first time, in the edition in two volumes small octavo, published in 1792. Of the poem written in Friar's Carse Hermitage there are several editions, and one of these* has nothing in common with the printed poem but the four first lines. The poem that is published, which was his second effort on the subject, received considerable alterations in printing.

Instead of the six lines beginning,

Say man's true genius estimate,

in manuscript the following are inserted,

Stay ; the criterion of their fate,
Th' important query of their state,
Is not, art thou high or low ?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow ?
Wert thou cottager or king ?
Prince or peasant ?—no such thing.

5. The 'Epistle to R. G. of F. Esq.' that is, to R. Graham of Fintry, Esq. also underwent considerable alterations, as may be collected from the volume of Correspondence. This style of poetry was new to our poet, and though he was fitted to excel in it, it cost him more trouble than his Scottish poetry. On the contrary, 'Tam o' Shanter seems to have issued perfect from the author's brain. The only considerable alteration made on reflection is the omission of four lines, which had been inserted after the poem was finished, at the end of the dreadful catalogue of the articles found on the 'haly table,' and which appeared in the first edition of the poem, printed separately. They came after the sixth line from the bottom of p. 216.

Which even to name would be unlawfu',

and are as follow :

Three lawyers' tongues turn'd inside out,
Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout,

* This is given in the Correspondence.

6. "The Address to the shade of
page 217, began in the manuscrip
following manner:

While cold-eyed Spring, a virgi
Unfolds her verdant mant'e a
Or prunks the sod in frolic joy,
A carpet for her youthful feet:

GLOSSARY.

and gh have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *ea*, is com-
y spelled *ea*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is
ed *ea*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or
wed by *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*.
Scottish diphthong *ai*, always, and *ea*, very often, sound like the French, *e* masculine.
Scottish diphthong *oy*, sounds like the Latin *ei*.

A

, away, sloof.
at a shy distance.
above, up.
abroad, in sight.
in breadth.
ontrid water, &c.

; Aff loof, unpremeditated.
efore.

ften.
ff the right line; wrong.
perhaps.
.
ny, Airles, earnest money.
a.
eath.
.
old horse.
hot cinder.
an.
one.
awkward.
almost.
among.
; An, if.
n.
; and.
ar against.
another.
.
equint; aslant.
road; stirring.
hwart.
ssession; as, In a my aught, in all
ession.
ayse, olden time, days of other

, or, auld farrant, sagacious, cun-
ndent.
.
y.
el.
ard *of barley*, oats, &c.

Awnie, bearded.
Ayont, beyond.

B

Ba', Ball.
Backets, ash boards.
Backins coming, coming back, returning.
Back, returning.
Bad, did bid.
Baide, endured, did stay.
Baggie, the belly.
Bainie, having large bones, stout.
Bairn, a child.
Bairntime, a family of children, a brood.
Baith, both.
Ban, to swear.
Bane, bone.
Bang, to beat; to strive.
Bardie, diminutive of bard.
Bareft, barefooted.
Barmie, of, or like barm.
Batch, a crew, a gang.
Bats, bots.
Baudrons, a cat.
Bauld, bold.
Bawk, bank.
Bawsn't, having a White stripe down the face.
Be, to let be; to give over, to cease.
Bear, barley.
Beastie, diminutive of beast.
Beet, to add fuel to fire.
Beld, bald.
Belyve, by and by.
Ben, into the spence or parlour; a spence.
Benlomond, a noted mountain in Dumbartonshire.
Bethankit, grace after meat.
Beuk, a book.
Bicker, a kind of wooden dish; a short race.
Biel or Beild, shelter.
Bien, wealthy, plentiful.
Big, to build.
Biggin, building; a house.
Biggit, built.
Bill, a bull.
Billie, a brother; a young fellow.
Bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, &c.
Birk, birch.

... to show, to boast. ... think

Bleerit, bleared, sore with rheum

Bleerr and blin', bleared and bli

Blewing, blazing.

Blellum, an idle talking fellow.

Blether, to talk idly; nonsense.

Bleth'rie', talking idly.

Blink, a little while; a smiling lo
kindly; to shine by fits.

Blinker, a term of contempt.

Blinkin, smirking.

Blue-gown, one of those beggars, u
nually, on the king's birth-day, a
or gown, with a badge.

Bluid, blood.

Blunde, a snivellier, a stupid person.

Blype, a shred, a large piece.

Bock, to vomit, to gush intermittently

Bocked, gushed, vomited.

Bodle, a small gold coin.

Bogles, spirits, hobgoblins.

Bonnie or Bonny, handsome, beautifu

Bannock, a kind of thick cake of
small jannock, or loaf made of oat-m

Board, a board.

Boortree, the shrub elder; planted a
old in hedges of barn-yards, &c.

Boost, behoved, must needs.

Bore, a hole in the wall.

Botch, an angry tumour.

Bousing, drinking.

Bow-kail, cabbage.

Bowt, bended, crooked,

Brackens, fern,

Brae, a declivity; a precipice; the slope
hill.

Braid, broad.

Braindg'e, reeled forward.

Brait, a kind of harrow.

Braindge, to run ...

Chimla or Chimlie, a fire-grate, a fire-place.
Chimla-lug, the fireside.
Chittering, shivering, trembling.
Chockin, choking.
Chow, to chew: Cheek for chow, side by side.
Chuffie, fat-faced.
Ciachan, a small village about a church; a hamlet.
Claise or Claes, clothes.
Claith, cloth.
Claithing, clothing.
Claivers, nonsense; not sense.
Clap, clapper of a mill.
Clarkit, wrote.
Clash, an idle tale, the story of the day.
Clatter, to tell idle stories; an idle story.
Claught, snatched at, laid hold of.
Clat, to clean; to scrape.
Clauted, scraped.
Clavers, idle stories.
Claw, to scratch.
Cleed, to clothe.
Cleeds, clothes.
Cleekit, having caught.
Clinkin, jerking, clinking.
Clinkumbell, he who rings the church-bell.
Clips, shears.
Clishmaclaver, idle conversation.
Clock, to hatch; a beetle.
Clockin, hatching.
Cloot, the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.
Clootie, an old name for the devil.
Cleur, a bump or swelling after a blow.
Cluds, clouds.
Coaxin, wheedling.
Coble, a fishing boat.
Cockernony, a lock of hair tied upon a girl's head; a cap.
Coft, bought.
Cog, a wooden dish.
Coggie, diminutive of cog.
Coila, from Kyle, a district of Ayrshire; so called, saith tradition, from Coil, or Coilus, a Pictish monarch.
Collie, a general and sometimes a particular name for country curs.
Collieshangie, quarrelling, an uproar.
Commaun, command.
Cood, the cud.
Coof, a blockhead, ninny.
Cookit, appeared and disappeared by fits.
Coost, did cast.
Coot, the ancle or foot.
Cootie, a wooden kitchen dish;—also, those fowls whose legs are clad with feathers are said to be cootie.
Corbies, a species of the crow.
Core, corps; party; clan.
Corn'd, fed with oats.
Cotter, the inhabitant of a cot-house, or cottager.
Couthie, kind, loving.
Cove, a cave.
Cowe, to terrify; to keep under, to lop; to cut, fright; a branch of furze, broom, &c.
Cowp, to barter; tumble over; a gang.
Cowpit, tumbled.
Cowrin, cowering.
Cowt, a colt.
Coxie, snug.
Coxily, snugly.
Crabbit, crabbed, fretful.
Crack, conversation; to converse.
Crackin, conversing.
Craft, or croft, a field near a house (in o husbandry).
Craiks, cries or calls incessantly; a bird.
Crambo-clink or Crambo-jingle, rhymes, do gral verses.
Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel.
Crankous, fretful, captious.
Cranreuch, the hoar frost.
Crap, a crop; to crop.
Craw, the crow of a cock; a rook.
Creel, a basket; to have one's wits in a cre to be crazed; to be fascinated.
Creepie-stool, the same as cutty-stool.
Creeshie, greasy.
Croud, or croud, to coo as a dove.
Croon, a hollow and continued moan; t make a noise like the continued roar of bull; to hum a tune.
Crooning, humming.
Crouchie, crook backed.
Crouse, cheerful; courageous.
Crousely, cheerfully; courageously.
Crowdie, a composition of oat-meal and boil ed water, sometimes from the broth of beef motion, &c.
Crowdie-time, breakfast time.
Crowlin, crawling.
Crummock, a cow with crooked horns.
Crump, hard and brittle; spoken of bread.
Crunt, a blow on the head with a cudgel.
Cuif, a blockhead, a ninny.
Cummock, a short staff with a crooked head.
Curchie, a courtesy.
Curler, a player at a game on the ice, prac tised in Scotland, called curling.
Curlie, curled, whose hair falls naturally i ringlets.
Curling, a well known game on the ice.
Curmurring, murmuring; a slight rumblin noise.
Curpin, the crupper.
Cushat, the dove, or wood-pigeon.
Cutty, short; a spoon broken in the middle.
Cutty-stool, the stool of repentance.

D

DADDIE, a father.
Daffin, merriment; foolishness.
Daft, merry, giddy; foolish.
Daimen, rare, now and then; daimen-icker, an ear of corn now and then.
Dainty, pleasant, good humoured, agreeable.
Daise or Dazz, to stupify.
Dales, plains, valleys.
Darklins, darkling.
Daud, to thrash, to abuse.
Daur, to dare.
Daurt, dared.
Daurg or Daurk, a day's labour.
Davoc, David.
Dawd, a large piece.
Dawtit or Dawtie, fondled, caressed.
Dearies, diminutive of dears.
Dearthfu', dear.
Deave, to deafen.
Deil-ma-care, no matter, for all that.
Delecrit, delirious.
Deucive, to deafen.
Dight, to wipe; to clean corn from chaf

[illegible] nice.
Douce or Douse, sober, wise, prudent.
Doucely, soberly, prudently.
Dought, was or were able.
Doup, backside.
Doup-skelper, one that strikes the tail.
Dour and din, sullen and sullow.
Doure, stout, durable; sullen, stubborn.
Dow, am or are able, can.
Dowff, pithless, wanting force.
Dowie, worn with grief, fatigue, care; half asleep.
Downa, am or are [illegible] able, cannot.
Doyt, stupid.
Dozent, stupified, impotent.
Drap, a drop; to drop.
Draigle, to soil by trailing, to draggle among wet, &c.
Drapping, dropping.
Drauting, drawling; of a slow enunciation.
Dreep, to ooze, to drop.
Driegh, tedious, long about it.
Dribble, drizzling; slaver.
Drift, a drove.
Droddum, the breech.
Drone, part of a bagpipe.
Droop-rumpl't, that droops at the crupper.
Droukit, wet.
Drousing, drawling.
Drouth, thirst, drought.
Drucken, drunken.
Drumly, muddy.
Drummock, meal and water mixed in a raw state.
Drunt, pet, sour humour.
Dub, a small pond.
Duds, rags, clothes.
Duddie, ragged.
Dung, worsted; pushed, driven.
Dunted, beaten, bozed.
Dush, to push [illegible]

Fash, trou
Fasht, tro
Fasteren e
Fauld, a f
Faulding,
Faut, fau
Faute, wa
Fawsont, c
Feal, a fie
Fearfu', fr
Feart, frig
Feat, neat,
Fecht, to f
Fechten, fi
Feck, quan
Fecket, an
Feckfu', la
Feckless, p
Feckly, ne
Feg, a fig.
Feide, feud
Feire, stou
Fell, keen,
der the al
or top of
Fen, succee
Fend, to liv
Ferlie or l
term of co
Fetch, to p
Fetch't, pul
Fidge, to fi
Fiel, soft, s
Fient, fiend
Fier, sound,
Fiesie, to a
a bustle.
Fit, a foot.
Fittie-lan', t
pair in the

Flittering, fluttering, vibrating.
Flunkie, a servant in livery.
Fodgel, squat and plump.
Foord, a ford.
Forbears, forefathers.
Forbye, besides.
Forfairn, distressed; worn out, jaded.
Forfoughten, fatigued.
Forgather, to meet, to encounter with.
Forgie, to forgive.
Forjeaket, jaded with fatigue.
Fother, fodder.
Fou, full; drunk.
Foughten, troubled, harassed.
Fouth, plenty, enough, or more than enough.
Fow, a bushel, &c; also a pitch-fork.
Frae, from; off.
Frammit, strange, estranged from, at enmity with.
Freath, froth.
Frien', friend.
Fu', full.
Fud, the scut, or tail of the hare, cony, &c.
Fuff, to blow intermittently.
Fuff't, did blow.
Funnie, full of merriment.
Fur, a furrow.
Furm, a form, bench.
Fyk, trifling cares; to piddle, to be in a fuss about trifles.
Fyle, to soil, to dirty.
Fyl't, soiled, dirtied.

G

Gab, the mouth; to speak boldly, or pertly.
Gaberlunzie, an old man.
Gadsman, a ploughboy, the boy that drives the horses in the plough.
Gae, to go; gaed, went; gaen or gane, gone; gaun, going.
Gaet, or gate, way, manner; road.
Gairs, triangular pieces of cloth sewed on the bottom of a gown, &c.
Gang, to go, to walk.
Gar, to make, to force to.
Gar't, forced to.
Garten, a garter.
Gash, wise, sagacious, talkative; to converse.
Gashin, conversing.
Gaucy, jolly, large.
Gaud, a plough.
Gear, riches; goods of any kind.
Geck, to toss the head in wantonness or scorn.
Ged, a pike.
Gentles, great folk, gentry.
Genty, elegantly formed, neat.
Geordie, a guinea.
Get, a child, a young one.
Ghaist, a ghost.
Gie, to give; gied, gave; gien, given.
Giftie, diminutive of gift.
Gigiets, playful girls.
Gillie, diminutive of gill.
Gilpey, a half grown, half informed boy or girl, a romping lad, a hoiden.
Gimmer, a ewe from one to two years old.
Gin, if; against.
Gipsey, a young girl.
Girn, to grin, to twist the features in rage, agony, &c.
Girning, grinning.
Gizz, a periwig.
Glaiket, inattentive, foolish.
Glaive, a sword.
Gawky, half-witted foolish, romping.
Glaizie, glittering; smooth like glass.
Glaum, to snatch greedily.
Glaum'd, aimed, snatched.
Gleek, sharp, ready.
Gleg, sharp, ready.
Gliek, glebe.
Glen, a dale; a deep valley.
Gley, a squint; to squint; a-gley, off at a side, wrong.
Glib-gabbet, smooth and ready in speech.
Glint, to peep.
Glinted, peeped.
Glintin, peeping.
Gloamin, the twilight.
Glowr, to stare, to look; a stare, a look.
Glowred, looked, stared.
Gluush, a frown, a sour look.
Goavin, looking round with a strange, inquiring gaze, staring stupidly.
Gowan, the flower of the wild daisy, hawkweed, &c.
Gowany, daisied, abounding with daisies.
Gowd, gold.
Gowff, the game of golf; to strike as the bat does the ball at golf.
Gowff'd, struck.
Gowk, a cuckoo; a term of contempt.
Gowl, to howl.
Grane, or grain, a groan; to groan.
Grain'd and grunted, groaned and grunted.
Graining, groaning.
Graip, a pronged instrument for cleaning stables.
Graith, accoutrements, furniture, dress, gear.
Grannie, grandmother.
Grape, to grope.
Grapit, groped.
Grat, wept, shed tears.
Great, intimate, familiar.
Gree, to agree; to bear the gree, to be decidedly victor.
Gree't, agreed.
Greet, to shed tears, to weep.
Greetin, crying, weeping.
Grippet, catched, seized.
Groat, to get the whistle of one's groat, to play a losing game.
Groussome, loathsomely grim.
Grozet, a gooseberry.
Grumph, a grunt; to grunt.
Grumphie, a sow.
Grun', ground.
Grunstane, a grindstone.
Gruntie, the pig; a grunting noise.
Grunzie, mouth.
Grushie, thick; of thriving growth.
Gude, the Supreme Being; good.
Guid, good.
Guid-morning, good morrow.
Guid-e'en, good evening.
Guidman and guidwife, the master and mistress of the house; young guidman, a man newly married.
Guid-willie, liberal; cordial.
Guid-father, guid-mother, father-in-law, mother-in-law.
Gully, or gullie, a large knife.
Gumlie, muddy.

...ums, nearly half, parts.
Hag, a scar, or gulf in mosses, and moors.
Haggis, a kind of pudding boiled in the ste
mach of a cow or sheep.
Hain, to spare, to save.
Hain'd, spared.
Hairst, harvest.
Hait h, a petty oath.
Haivers, nonsense, speaking without thought.
Hal', or Hald, an abiding place.
Hale, whole, tight, healthy.
Haly, holy.
Hallan, a particular partition-wall in a cot-
tage, or more properly a seat of turf at the
outside.
Hallowmas, Hallow-eve, the 31st of October.
Hame, home.
Hamely, homely, affable.
Han', or Haun', hand.
Hap, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c. to
wrap, to cover; to hop.
Happer, a hopper.
Happing, hopping.
Hap step an' loup, hop skip and leap.
Harkit, hearkened.
Harn, very coarse linen.
Hash, a fellow that neither knows how to
dress nor act with propriety.
Hastit, hastened.
Haud, to hold.
Haugh, low lying, rich lands; valleys.
Hauri, to drag; to peel.
Haurlin, peeling.
Haverel, a half-witted person; half-witted.
Having, good manners, decorum, good sense.
Hawkie, a cow, properly one with a white
face.
Heapit, heaped.
Healsome, healthful, wholesome.
Hearse, hoarse.

ing o
Hog-sc
draw
Hog-sh
with
Hool, o
cod.
Hoolie,
Hoolie!
Hoord, a
Hoordit,
Horn, a
Horsie, c
Host, or
Hostin, c
Ho-ts, co
Hotch'd,
Houghma
Houlet, a
Housie, di
Hove, to h
Hoved, he
Howdie, a
Howe, holl
Howsebacki
horse, &c
Howff, a ti
Howk, to d
Howkit, dig
Howkin, dig
Howlet, an
Hoy, to urg
Hoy't, urged
Hoyse, to pu
Hoyte, to an
Hughoe, dim
Hurcheon, a
Hurdies, the
Hushion, a ca

jerkin, or short gown.
, a giddy girl.
imp; slender in the waist; hand-

stays.
dge, to turn a corner; a sudden
a corner.
it turns quickly; a gay sprightly
ag.
ging.

kind of knife.
op, to bow the head.
r, a verb which includes both the
motion and pealing sound of a

ustle.

K

w.
ort; a kind of broth.
the stem of colewort.
, &c. paid as rent by a farmer.
cheese.
rigle; to titter.
p, to peep.
sort of mischievous spirits, said to
ds and ferries at night, especially

ow; Kend or Kenn'd, known.
small matter.
, well known, easily known.
, hairy; a fleece of wool.
se up the clothes.
young girl, a gossip.
d; Kin', kind, (adj.)
l, a certain part of the entrails of
s.
ntry.
ser, country stallion.
arvest supper; a churn.
christen, to baptize.
t; a shop counter.
ny thing that eats with bread; to
soup, gravy, &c.
ed.
ckle; ticklish; lively, apt.
young cat.
uddle.
ddling.
he knags, or points of rocks.
rike smartly, a smart blow.
ammer, a hammer for breaking

mall round hillock.
warf.

riet in Ayrshire.
illy.
incover; to show one's self.

L

diminutive of lad.
a angle between the side and bot-
wooden dish.

ding, and sinking in snow, mud,

ful, sheepish.

Lallans, the Scottish dialect of the English language.
Lambie, diminutive of lamb.
Lampit, a kind of shell fish, a limpit.
Lan', land; estate.
Lane, lone; my lane, thy lane, &c. myself alone, &c.
Lanely, lonely.
Lang, long; To think lang, to long, to weary
Lap, did leap.
Lave, the rest, the remainder, the others.
Laverock, the lark.
Lawin, shot, reckoning, bill.
Lawlan, lowland.
Lea'e, to leave.
Leal, loyal, true, faithful.
Lea-rig, grassy ridge.
Lear, (pronounced lare), learning.
Lee-lang, live long.
Leesome, pleasant.
Leeze-me, a phrase of congratulatory endearment; I am happy in thee, or proud of thee.
Leister, a three-pronged dart for striking fish.
Leugh, did laugh.
Leuk, a look; to look.
Libbet, gelded.
Lift, the sky.
Lightly, sneeringly; to sneer at.
Lilt, a ballad; a tune; to sing.
Limmer, a kept mistress, a strumpet.
Limp't, limped, hobbled.
Link, to trip along.
Linkin, tripping.
Linn, a waterfall; a precipice.
Lint, flax; Lint i' the bell, flax in flower.
Lintie, Linthwhite, a linnet.
Linthwhite, white as flax; flaxen.
Loan, or loanin, the place of milking.
Loof, the palm of the hand.
Loot, did let.
Looves, plural of loof.
Loun, a fellow, a ragamuffin; a woman of easy virtue.
Loup, jump, leap.
Lowe, a flame.
Lowin, flaming.
Lowrie, abbreviation of Lawrence.
Lowse, to louse.
Lowe'd, loosed.
Lug, the ear; a handle.
Lugget, having a handle.
Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle.
Lum, the chimney.
Lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.
Lunt, a column of smoke, to smoke.
Luntin, smoking.
Lyart, of a mixed colour, grey.

M

MAE, more.
Mair, more.
Maist, most, almost.
Maistly, mostly.
Mak, to make.
Makin, making.
Mailen, a farm.
Mallie, Molly.
Mang, among.
Manse, the parsonage house, where the minister lives.

[illegible] by shepherds, &c.
Maukin, a hare.
Maun, must.
Mavis, the thrush.
Maw, to mow.
Mawin, mowing.
Meare, a mare.
Meikle, Mickle, much.
Melancholious, mournful.
Melder, corn, or grain of any kind, sent to the mill to be ground.
Meil, to meddle. Also a mallet for pounding barley in a stone trough.
Meivie, to soil with meal.
Men', to mend.
Mense, good manners, decorum.
Menseless, ill bred, rude, impudent.
Mesan, a small dog.
Midden, a dunghill.
Midden-hole, a gutter at the bottom of a dung-hill.
Mim, prim, affectedly meek.
Min', mind; resemblance.
Mind't, mind it; resolved, intending.
Minnie, mother, dam.
Mirk, Mirkest, dark, darkest.
Misca', to abuse, to call name
Misca'd, abused.
Mislear'd, mischievous, unmannerly
Mistenk, mistook.
Mither, a mother.
Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly mixed.
Moistify, to moisten.
Mony, or Monie, many.
Mould, dust, earth, the earth of the grave; To rake i' the mools; to lay in the dust.
Moo'w, to nibble as a sheep.
Moorlan', of or belonging to moors.
Morn, the next day, to-morrow.
Mou, the mouth.
Moudiwort, a mole.

O', of.
Ochils,
O haith
Ony, or
Or, is o
Ora, or
spared
O't, of i
Ouris, sl
Ourself, c
Outlers,
Owre, ov
Owre-hip
hamme

PACK, i
wool.
Paiach, p
Paitrick,
Pang, to c
Parle, spe
Parritch,
Scottish
Pat, did p
Pattle, or
Paughty,
Pauky, or
Pay't, pai
Pech, to f
ma.
Pechan, th
Pe'lin, pe
Pet, a don
Pettle, to
Philibegs,
landmen
Phrase, fi
[illegible]

herse.
ther, powder.
powder.

; print.

n; to dispute.
ening.
re, precise.
y down, to propose.
ots.
, a mushroom, fungus.
pounds.
caff, a single grain of chaff.

Q

t.
e.
rom one to two years old.

R

, the herb ragwort.
tle nonsense.

dden, to inflame.
fatigued; overspread.
houghtless, forward.
operly a coarse cloth; but used
un for coarse.
lently, very well.
; rash-bust, a bush of rushes.
.
; stout; fearless.
shed.

ch.
; to cream.
rimful, frothing.

d.
el; to counsel.
d, walking in blood over the shoe-

tark mad.
unk, fuddled.
e.
oking.
ked; smoky.
moody.
quited.
ud restive.
d restive; stunted; withered.
restricted.
pent, to compassionate.
plenty.
s, sturdy beggars.
e.
rigwoodie, the rope or chain that
he saddle of a horse to support the
f a cart; spare, withered, sapless.
a, to melt; Rinnin, running.
course of the stones; a term in curl-
e.
ridful of unthreshed corn.
ide a noise like the tearing of roots.
inning on the rock, or distaff.
ds likewise for the plural roods.
red, a border or selvage.

Roose, to praise, to commend.
Rosty, rusty.
Roun', round, in the circle of neighbourhood.
Roupet, hoarse, as with a cold.
Routhie, plentiful.
Row, to roll, to wrap.
Row't, rolled, wrapped.
Rowte, to low, to bellow.
Rowth, or Routh, plenty.
Rowtin, lowing.
Rozet, rosin.
Rung, a cudgel.
Runkled, wrinkled.
Runt, the stem of cole-wort or cabbage.
Ruth, a woman's name; the book so called; sorrow.
Ryke, to reach.

S

SAE, so.
Saft, soft.
Sair, to serve; a sore.
Sairly, or Sairlie, sorely.
Sair't, served.
Sark, a shirt; a shift.
Sarkit, provided in shirts.
Saugh, the willow.
Saul, soul.
Saumont, salmon.
Saunt, a saint.
Saut, salt, (adj.) salt.
Saw, to sow.
Sawin, sowing.
Sax, six.
Scath, to damage, to injure; injury.
Scaur, a cliff.
Scald, to scald.
Scauld, to scold.
Scaur, apt to be scared.
Scawl, a scold; a termagant.
Scon, a cake of bread.
Scouner, a loathing; to loathe.
Scraich, to scream as a hen, partridge, &c.
Screed, to tear; a rent.
Scrieve, to glide swiftly along.
Scrievin, gleesomely; swiftly.
Scrimp, to scant.
Scrimpet, did scant; scanty.
See'd, did see.
Seizin, seizing.
Sel, self; a body's sel, one's self alone.
Sell't, did sell.
Sen', to send.
Sen't, I, &c. sent, or did send it; send it.
Servan', servant.
Settlin, settling; to get a settlin, to be frightened into quietness.
Sets, sets off, goes away.
Shachled, distorted; shapeless.
Shaird, a shred, a shard.
Shaugan, a stick cleft at one end for putting the tail of a dog, &c. into, by way of mischief, or to frighten him away.
Shaver, a humorous wag; a barber.
Shaw, to show; a small wood in a hollow.
Sheen, bright, shining.
Sheep-shank; to think one's self nae sheep-shank, to be conceited.
Sherra-moor, Sherriff-moor, the famous battle fought in the rebellion, A. D. 17 15.
Sheugh, a ditch, a trench, a sluice.

Sicker, sure, steady.
Sidelins, sidelong, slanting.
Siller, silver; money.
Simmer, summer.
Sin, a son.
Sin', since.
Skaith, see Scaith.
Skalium, a worthless fellow.
Skalp, to strike, to slap; to walk with a smart tripping step; a smart stroke.
Skalpe-limmer, a reproachful term in female scolding.
Skelpin, stepping, walking.
Skiegh, or Skeigh, proud, nice, highmettled.
Skinklin, a small portion.
Skirl, to shriek, to cry shrilly.
Skirling, shrieking, crying.
Skirl't, shrieked.
Skleet, slant; to run aslant, to deviate from truth.
Skleeted, ran, or hit, in an oblique direction.
Skouth, freedom to converse without restraint; range, scope.
Skriegh, a scream; to scream.
Skyrin, shining; making a great show.
Skyte, force, very forcible motion.
Slae, a sloe.
Slade, did slide.
Slap, a gate; a breach in a fence.
Slaver, saliva; to emit saliva.
Slaw, slow.
Slee, sly; sleest, sliest.
Sleekit, sleek; sly.
Sliddery, slippery.
Slype, to fall over, as a wet furrow from the plough.
Slypet, fell.
Sma', small.
Smeddum, dust, powder; mettle, sense.
Smiddy, a smithy.

Stimpart, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel.
Stirk, a cow or bullock a year old.
Stock, a plant or root of colewort, cabbage, &c.
Stockin, a stocking; Throwing the stockin, when the bride and bridegroom are put into bed, and the candle out, the former throws a stocking at random among the company, and the person whom it strikes in the next that will be married.
Stoiter, to stagger, to stammer.
Stooked, made up in shocks as corn.
Stoor, sounding hollow, strong, and hoarse.
Stot, an ox.
Stoup, or Stowp, a kind of jug or dish with a handle.
Stoure, dust, more particularly dust in motion.
Stowlins, by stealth
Stown, stolen.
Stoyte, to stumble.
Strack, did strike.
Stree, straw; to die a fair stree death, to die a natural death.
Strak, did strike.
Strakit, stroked.
Strappin, tall and handsome.
Straught, straight, to straighten.
Streek, stretched, tight; to stretch.
Striddle, to straddle.
Stroan, to spout, to piss.
Studdie, a stithy.
Stumple, diminutive of stump.
Strunt, spirituous liquor of any kind; to walk sturdily; huff, sullenness.
Stuff, corn or pulse of any kind.
Sturt, trouble; to molest.
Sturtin, frighted.
Sucker, sugar.
Sud, should.
Sough, the continued rushing noise of wind or water.
Southron, southern; an old name for the English nation.
Swaird, sward.
Swall'd, swelled.
Swank, stately, jolly.
Swankie, or swanker, a tight strapping young fellow or girl.
Swap, an exchange; to barter.
Swarf, to swoon; a swoon.
Swat, did sweat.
Swatch, a sample.
Swats, drink; good ale.
Swaten, sweating.
Swer, lazy, averse; dead-swer, extremely lazy.
Swore, swore, did swear.
Swy, to beat; to whip.
Swyre, a curve; an eddying blast, or pool; a knot in wood.
Swyrtle, knaggie, full of knots.
Swyt, get away.
Sy, to hesitate in choice; an irresolute being in choice.
Syne, ago; then.

T

Tacks, a kind of nails for driving into the soles of shoes.
Tae, three-tae'd, having three prongs.
Tairge, a target.
Tak, to take; takin, taking.
Tamtallan, the name of a mountain.
Tangle, a sea-weed.
Tap, the top.
Tapeless, heedless, foolish.
Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance.
Tarrow't, murmured.
Tarry-breeks, a sailor
Tauld, or talt, told.
Taupie, a foolish, thoughtless young person.
Tauted, or Tautie, matted together; applied of hair or wool.
Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled; spoken of a horse, cow, &c.
Teat, a small quantity.
Teen, to provoke; provocation.
Tedding, spreading after the mower.
Tee-hours bite, a slight feed to the horse while in the yoke, in the forenoon.
Teet, a field-pulpit; heed, caution; to take heed; to tend or herd cattle.
Teetin, heedful, cautious.
Teetless, heedless.
Teugh, tough.
Thack, thatch; Thack an' rope, clothings, necessaries.
Thae, these.
Thairms, small guts; fiddle-strings.
Thankit, thanked.
Theekit, thatched.
Thegither, together.
Themsel, themselves.
Thick, intimate, familiar.
Thieveless, cold, dry, spited; spoken of a person's demeanour.
Thir, these.
Thirl, thrill.
Thirled, thrilled, vibrated.
Thole, to suffer, to endure.
Thowe, a thaw; to thaw.
Thowless, slack, lazy.
Throng, throng; a crowd.
Thrapple, throat, windpipe.
Thrave, twenty-four sheaves or two shocks of corn; a considerable number.
Thraw, to sprain, to twist; to contradict.
Thraws, sprained, twisted; contradicted.
Threap, to maintain by dint of assertion.
Threshin, thrashing.
Thretteen, thirteen.
Thristle, thistle.
Through, to go on with; to make out.
Throuther, pell-mell, confusedly.
Thud, to make a loud intermittent noise.
Thumpit, thumped.
Thyself, thyself.
Tilt't, to it.
Timmer, timber.
Tine, to lose; Tint, lost.
Tinkler, a tinker.
Tint the gate, lost the way.
Tip, a ram.
Tippence, twopence.
Tirl, to make a slight noise; to uncover.
Tirlin, uncovering.
Tither, the other.
Tittle, to whisper.
Tittlin, whispering.
Tocher, marriage portion.
Tod, a fox.
Toddle, to totter, like the walk of a child.

Tryte, to totter like old age.
Transmogrified, transmigrated, metamorphosed.
Trashtrie, trash.
Trows, trowsers.
Trickie, full of tricks.
Trig, spruce, neat.
Trimly, excellently.
Trow, to believe.
Trowth, truth, a petty oath.
Tryste, an appointment, a fair.
Trysted, appointed; To tryste, to make an appointment.
Try'd, tried.
Tug, raw hide, of which in old times ploughtraces were frequently made.
Tuizie, a quarrel; to quarrel, to fight.
Twa, two.
Twa-three, a few.
Twad, it would.
Twal, twelve; Twal-pennie worth, a small quantity, a penny-worth. *N. B.* One penny English is 12d. Scotch
Twin, to part.
Tyke, a dog.

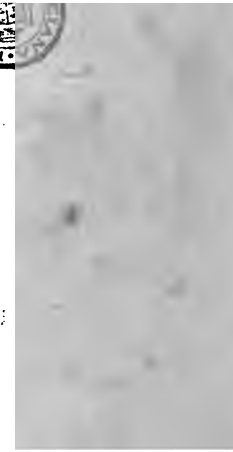
U

UNCO, strange, uncouth; very, very great, prodigious.
Uncos, news.
Unkenn'd, unknown.
Unsicker, unsure, unsteady.
Unskaith'd, undamaged, unhurt.
Unweeting, unwittingly, unknowingly.
Upo', upon.
Urchin, a hedgehog.

V

Wimpl't, meandered.
Wimplin, waving, meandering.
Win, to Win, to winnow.
Win't, winded as a bottom of yarn.
Win', wind; Win's, winds.
Wonna, will not.
Winnock, a window.
Winsome, hearty, vaunted, gay.
Wintle, a stagger.ng motion; to stagger, to reel.
Wisze, an oath.
Wiss, to wish.
Withoutten, without.
Wizen'd, hide-bound, dried, shrunk.
Wonner, a wonder; a contemptuous appellation.
Wons, dwells.
Woo', wool.
Woo, to court, to make love to.
Woodie, a rope, more properly one made of withes or willows.
Wooer-bab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops.
Wordy, worthy.
Worst., worsted.
Wow, an exclamation of pleasure or wonder.
Wrack, to teaze, to vex.
Wraith, a spirit, or ghost; an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forbode the person's approaching death.
Wrang, wrong; to wrong.
Wreath, a drifted heap of snow.
Wud, mad, distracted.
Wumble, a wimble.
Wyle, to beguile.
Wyliecoat, a flannel vest.
Wyte, blame; to blame.

Y

YAD, an old mare; a worn out horse.
Ye; this pronoun is frequently used for thou.
Y-arns, longs much.
Yearlings, born in the same year, coevals.
Year is used both for singular and plural years.
Yearn, earn, an eagle, an osprey.
Yell, barren, that gives no milk.
Yerk, to lash, to jerk.
Yerkit, jerked, lashed.
Yestreen, yesternight.
Yett, a gate, such as is usually at the entrance into a farm-yard or field.
Yill, ale.
Yird, earth.
Yokin, yoking; a bout.
Yond, beyond.
Yoursel, yourself.
Yowe, a ewe.
Yowie, diminutive of yowe.
Yule, Christmas.

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